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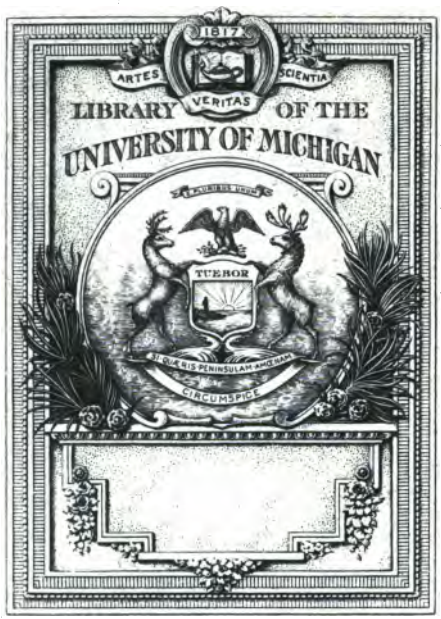
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TRAVELS IN FRANCE.

VOLUME SECOND.

Alison, Sir Archibald, bart

TRAVELS IN FRANCE,

DURING THE YEARS

1814-15.

COMPRISING A

RESIDENCE AT PARIS DURING THE STAY OF THE ALLIED ARMIES,

AND

AT AIX,

AT THE PERIOD OF THE LANDING OF

BONAPARTE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

SECOND EDITION, CORRECTED AND ENLARGED.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR MACREDIE, SKELLY, AND MUCKERSY, 52, PRINCE'S STREET;
LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN; BLACK,
PARRY AND CO. T. UNDERWOOD, LONDON;
AND J. CUMMING, DUBLIN.

1816.

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Edwards
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CHAPTER I.

JOURNEY TO AIX.

It was thought advisable, by the gentleman who is now about to commence his journal, to avoid making many remarks on the state of the country, or the manners of the inhabitants, until he should have remained fixed for a few months in France. In no country is it so difficult as there, to obtain information regarding the most interesting points, whether commerce, manufactures, agriculture, manners, or religion; and this arises from the multitude of people of all descriptions, who are willing, and who at least appear able, to afford you infor-

mation. Strange paradox. A Frenchman makes it a rule, never to refuse information on any subject when it is demanded of him; and although he may, in fact, never have directed his attention to the matter in question, and may not possess the slightest information, he will yet descant most plausibly, and then seeking some opportunity of bidding you good day, he will fly off with the velocity of an arrow, leaving you astonished at the talent displayed: But sit down and analyse what he has said, and you will commonly find it the most thorough trifling—" *vox et præterea nihil.*" This observation, however, I mean only to apply to the information which a traveller obtains *en passant;* for there are undoubtedly to be found in France, men of eminent talents and of solid information; but these you can only pick out from the mass of common acquaintances, by dint of perseverance, and by the assistance of time. The result of the observations collected during a residence of five months at Aix, in Provence, will be given at the end of the following Journal.

JOURNAL.

As our present journey was undertaken principally for the benefit of my health, it was necessary that we should travel slowly, and take occasional rests. After our journey from Dieppe to the capital, we remained five days in Paris for this purpose. The first part of this book having conducted the reader by another route to Paris, and given a better description of that city than I am able to supply, I have not thought it necessary to insert the details of our journey thither; I shall content myself with remarking, that we had already gained considerable experience in French travelling, and were pretty well prepared to commence our journey toward the south.—On the 7th of November, therefore, we arranged matters for our departure with the *voiturier*, or

carriage-hirer, who agrees to carry us (six in number), with all our baggage, which weighs nearly four cwt. to Lyons, a distance of 330 miles, for the sum of 630 francs, or, at our exchange, nearly L.30. As this bargain was made for us by Mr B——, a French gentleman, it may afford a good standard for this style of travelling.

We travel at the rate of 10 or 12 leagues a-day; and for invalids or persons wishing to see the country, this is by far the most pleasant, as well as the most economical way. There are two other methods of travelling, namely, *en poste*, which, though rapid, is very expensive; the charge being, at least a horse, often more, for each person, and very little baggage being taken; and the other is in a diligence, which, as it travels night and day, would not do for us. The carriage we now have is a large and commodious coach, very neat and clean, and we have three good strong horses. Our journey has as yet been varied by very little incident. The amusement derived from travelling in a foreign country, and becoming gradually familiarised to foreign manners,—the contrast between the style of travelling here, and that which you are accustomed to in England,—the amusing groupes of the vil-

lagers, who flock out of their houses to see the English pass,—the grotesque and ludicrous figures of the French beggars, who, in the most unbounded variety of costume, surround the carriage the moment we stop,—and the solemn taciturnity of Monsieur Roger, our coachman, who is an extraordinary exception to the general vivacity of his nation; these are the only circumstances which serve at present to exhilarate our spirits, and to remove the tedium of French travelling.

Between Paris and Montargis, as we travelled during the day, we had a good opportunity of seeing the country. But we passed through it, to be sure, at an unfavourable season of the year. The vines were all withered, and their last leaves falling off. The elm, oak, and maple, were almost bare. There is not much fine wood in that part of the country through which we passed; and on the side of the road, there were many wild and sad looking swamps, with nothing but willow and poplars docked off for the twigs. The chief produce seems to be in grapes and wheat; the wheat here is further advanced than between Dieppe and Paris. The cows are of the same kind, the horses smaller, weaker, and yet dearer than those of Normandy; the agricultural instru-

ments are massy and awkward; their ploughing is, however, very neat and regular, though not deep; their plough here has wheels, and seems easily managed; they harrow the land most effectually, having sometimes 10 or 12 horses in succession, each drawing a separate harrow over the same ground. The farm-horses, though very poor to an English eye, are fortunately much better than the horses for travelling. The stacks of grain, though rarely seen, are very neatly built. We left the grand road at Fontainbleau, and took the route by Nevers to Lyons. We have found it hitherto by no means equal to the other. No stone causeway in the middle, and at this time of the year, I should fear it is always as we found it, very heavy and dirty.

Our journey hitherto has not allowed of our mixing much among or conversing with the people; but still we cannot but be struck with the dissimilarity of manners from those of our own country. The French are not now uniformly found the same merry, careless, polite, and sociable people they were before the revolution; but we may trust that they are gradually improving; and although one can easily distinguish among the lower ranks, the fierce uncivilized ruffians, who have been raised from

their original insignificance by Napoleon to work his own ends, yet the real peasantry of the country are generally polite.

At the inns, the valets and ostlers were for the most part old soldiers who had marched under Napoleon; they seemed happy, or at least always expressed themselves happy, at being allowed to return to their homes: one of them was particularly eloquent in describing the horrors of the last few months; he concluded by saying, " that had things gone on in this way for a few months longer, Napoleon must have made the women march." They affirm, however, that there is a party favourable to Bonaparte, consisting of those whose trade is war, and who have lived by his continuance on the throne; but that this party is not strong, and little to be feared: Would that this were true! When we were in Paris, there were a number of caricatures ridiculing the Bourbons; but these miserable squibs are no test of the public feeling. Napoleon certainly has done much for Paris; the marks of his magnificence are there every where to be seen; but the further we travel, the more are we convinced that he has done little for the interior of the country.

There is about every town and village an air of desolation; most of the houses seem to have wanted repairs for a long time. The inns must strike every English traveller, as being of a kind entirely new to him. They are like great old castles half furnished. The dirty chimneys suit but ill with the marble chimney-pieces, and the gilded chairs and mirrors, plundered in the revolution; the tables from which you eat are of ill polished common wood; the linen coarse though clean. The cutlery, where they have any, is very bad; but in many of the inns, trusting, no doubt, to the well known expedition of French fingers, they put down only forks to dinner.

We left Montargis at seven in the morning, and travelled very slowly indeed. At five o'clock, after a very tedious journey, we arrived at Briare, a distance of only 27 miles from Montargis. The landlord here was the most talkative, and the most impudent fellow I ever saw. Although demanding the most unreasonable terms, he would not let us leave his house; at last he said that he would agree to our terms, namely, 18 francs for our supper

and beds; It is best to call it supper in France, as this is their own phrase for a meal taken at night.

The road between Montargis and Briare, though not of hard mettle and without causeway, is yet level and in good condition. The country, except in the immediate vicinity of Briare, is flat and uninteresting; no inclosures; the soil of a gravelly nature, mixed in some parts with chalk. It seems, from the stubble of last year and the young wheat of this, to be very poor indeed. There is here an odd species of wheat cultivation, in which the grain, like our potatoes, is seen growing on the tops of high separate ridges. It struck me that the deep hollows left between each ridge, might be intended to keep the water. The instruments of agriculture are quite the same as we have seen all along. Almost all of the peasants whom we saw to-day wore cocked hats, and had splendid military tails; we supposed at first that they had all *marched*. There are great numbers of soldiers returning to their homes, pale, broken down and wearied. Some of them very polite, many of them rough and ruffian-looking enough. About Briare, there are innumerable vineyards, and yet we had very bad grapes; but

that was our landlord's fault, not that of the vines.

The rooms at this inn (Au Grand Dauphin), smoke like the devil, or rather like his abode. It is a wretched place; the inn opposite, called La Poste, is said to be better. The weather is now as cold here (10th of November), as I have ever felt it in winter at home, and it is a more piercing and searching cold.

We had last night a good deal of rain. The weather is completely broken up, and we are at least three weeks or a month later than we ought to have been.

We have arrived at Cosne to-night, (the 11th), after a journey through a country better wooded, more varied, and upon the whole, finer than we have seen yet on this side of Paris, though certainly not so beautiful as Normandy. The road is pretty good, though not paved, excepting in small deep vallies. It lies along-side of the river Loire, and on each side, there are well cultivated fields, chiefly of wheat, but interspersed with vineyards.

For the first time, this day we had a very severe frost in the morning, but with the aid of the sun, which shone bright and warm, we enjoyed one of the finest days I ever saw. I sat and chatted with the coachman, or rather with *Monsieur le Voiturier*. I led the conversation to the past and present state of France, and the character of Napoleon, and immediately he, who till this moment appeared to be as meek and gentle as a lamb, became the most eloquent and energetic man I have seen. It is quite wonderful, how the feelings of the people, added to their habits of extolling their own efforts, and those of Bonaparte, supply them with language. They are on this subject all orators. He declared, that Paris was sold by Marmont and others, but that we English do not understand what the Parisians mean when they say that Paris was sold. They do not mean that any one was paid for betraying his trust by receiving a bribe, but that Marmont and others having become very rich under Bonaparte, desired to spend their fortunes in peace, and had, therefore, deserted their master. He said that Bonaparte erred only in having too many things to do at once; but that if he had either relinquished the Spanish war for a while, or not gone to Moscow, *no human power would have*

been a match for him, and even we in England would have felt this. He seemed to think, that it was an easy thing for Bonaparte to have equipped as good a navy as ours. He was quite insensible to the argument, that it was first necessary to have commerce, which nourishes our mariners, from among whom we have our fighting seamen. He said, that though *this was a work of years for others, it would have been nothing for Napoleon:* In short, he venerates the man, and says, that till the day when he left Paris, he was the greatest of men. He says, he knows well that there is still a strong party favourable to him among the military; yet that if they can once be set down at their own firesides, they will never wish to quit them, but that the danger will be, while they remain together in great bodies.

To-day we saw several soldiers wounded, and returning to their homes in carts; they were fierce swarthy looking fellows, but very merry, and travelled singing all the way. To-morrow we expect to be at Nevers. At Cosne, the only objects of curiosity to the traveller are the manufactories of cutlery and ship anchors. The cutlery seems as good as any we have seen, but far inferior to even our inferior English cutlery: It is also dear. Thousands of boxes,

with cutlery, were, immediately on our arrival at the inn, presented to us. Their great deficiency is in steel, for their best goods are nearly as highly polished as in England. We bought here some very pretty little toys for children, made of small coloured beads. We start to-morrow at six.——Distance about 19 miles to Cosne.

This day's journey (the 12th), was the most fatiguing and the least interesting we have had. The country between Cosne and Nevers is, with the exception of one or two fine views from the heights on the road, the poorest, and, though well cultivated, has the least pretensions to beauty of any we have seen, particularly in the vicinity of Pouilly. It seems also to be nearly as poor as it is ugly. The soil is gravelly, with a mixture of chalk, and there occurs what I have not yet elsewhere seen, a great deal of fallow land, and even some common. The face of the country is considerably diversified by old wood, but we have only seen one plantation of young trees since we left Paris. The instru-

ments of agriculture and carriage the same as before mentioned. The farm horses good. There seems a scarcity of milk, but this may be from the winter having set in. At the inn here I met with a young officer, who although only (to appearance) 17 or 18, had been in the Spanish war, at Moscow, and half over the world. He struck his forehead, when he said, * "Nous n'avons plus la guerre." There were at the inn here a number of officers and soldiers of the cavalry. Their horses are not to be compared with ours, either in size or beauty, and those of their officers are not so good, by any means, as the horses of our men in the guards.——Distance, 34 miles—to Nevers.

We went to walk in the town this morning, the 13th. The description of one French town on the Sunday will serve for all which we have seen. They are every day sufficiently filthy, but on Sunday, from the concourse of people, more

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"* We have no more war."

than commonly so. They never have a pavement to fly to for clean walking, and for safety from the carriages. If you are near a shop, a lane, or entry when a carriage comes along, you may fly in, if not, you must trust to the civility of the coachman, who, if polite, will only splash you all over. On Sundays, their markets are held the same as on other days, and nearly all the shops had their doors open, but *their windows shut*. Thus they cheat the Devil, and, as they think, render sufficient homage to him who hath said, on that day "thou shalt do no manner of work." Yet while all this is going on, the churches are open, and those who are inclined go in, and take a minute, a quarter, half an hour, or an hour's devotion, as they think fit. We entered the nearest of these churches, and saw, what is always to be seen in them, a great deal, at least, of the outward shew of religion, and something in a few individuals of the congregation which looked like real devotion. After church, we went to the convent of St Mary, and were all admitted, both ladies and gentlemen. The nuns there are not, by any means, strictly confined; they are of that description who go abroad and attend the sick. Their pensioners (chiefly children from four to sixteen) are allowed to

go and see their friends; and they were all presented to us. They are taught to read, write, work, &c. and are well fed and clothed. This convent was very neat and clean. The building formed a complete square, and the ground in the interior was very beautifully laid out as a garden. The cloisters were ornamented with pots of roses and carnations in full bloom, with the care of which the young pensioners amused themselves. They have a very pretty small chapel, over the outer door of which is written, * "Grand silence;" and over the inner this inscription, whose menacing promises is so ill suited to the spirit and temper of its conclusion: "Ah, que ce maison est terrible, c'est la maison de Dieu, et la porte du ciel." The holy sisters were of all ages, and many of them pretty—one, the handsomest woman I have seen in France.

The ladies are just returned from a longer walk, and report the town to be ugly, and the streets insufferably dirty. Its manufactures are china, glass, and enamelled goods; toys of glass beads, and little trifles. The shopkeepers

* "Great silence."—"Ah! how terrible is this house! It is the house of God, and the gate of Heaven."

are, as in every town we have been at, perfect Jews, devoid of any thing like principle in buying and selling. We are every day learning more and more how to overcome our scruples with regard to *beating them down*. They always expect it, and only laugh at those who do not practise it.

This day we left Nevers at six in the morning. It appears to be a large town, when viewed from the bridge over which we crossed; but it is far from being a fine town in the interior. The streets are, like all French streets, narrow, and the houses have a look of antiquity, and a want of all repair; nothing like comfort, neatness, or tidiness, in any one of them. This is a melancholy desideratum in France, a want for which nothing can compensate. The road this day conducted us through a finer district than we have observed on this side of Paris; more especially between Nevers and St Pierre, where we have travelled through a richer and more beautiful country than we have yet seen. No longer the sand, and gravel, and chalk, which we have long been accustomed to, but

a dark rich soil over a bed of freestone. Here also all the land is well enclosed. I have not yet been able to find the reason of this sudden change in the manner of preserving the fields: The face of the country is also more generally wooded; but from the necessity the French are under of cutting down whatever wood they find near the towns for their fires, all the fine trees are ruined in appearance, by their branches being lopped off: The effect of this on the appearance of the country is very sad.—Still we find a want of that agreeable alternation of hill and dale, of the enclosed meadows, and wooded vallies; of the broad and beautiful rivers and the small winding streams, which, as the finest features in their native landscape, have become necessary to a Scotch or an English eye.

The dress of the women is here different from what we have elsewhere seen: the peasants' wives wearing large gipsey straw hats, very much turned up behind and before; the men have still the immense broad-brimmed black felt affairs, more like umbrellas than Christian hats. At the inn here, I saw a number of wounded soldiers returning to their homes; one of them, I observed, had his feet outside of his shoes. On entering into conversation with him, he told me that his toes had

been nearly frozen off, but *that he expected to get them healed :* poor fellow, he was not above twenty. He told me that all the *young conscripts* were delighted to return to their homes, and that only the old veterans were friends to the war.—I hope this may be true, but I doubt it. The country here shows that the winter is not so far advanced; many of the trees are still green; the roads had become heavy with the rain that has fallen; we have had two days hard frost, but to-day the weather is mild, and the air moist. We were recommended to the Hotel des Allies here, but preferred stopping at the first good-looking inn we found, as in great towns things are very dear at the houses of great resort; we have had a very good supper and tolerable lodgings for 18 francs.

To-morrow, we set out at seven.—We find our way of travelling tedious; but I think in summer it would be by far the best. Our three horses seldom take less than 10, sometimes 13 hours to their day's journey, of from 28 to 32 miles; but our carriage is large and roomy; and had we any thing like comfort at our inns, as at home, we should find the travelling very pleasant. The greatest annoyance arises from your having always to choose from the two evils, of being either shamefully imposed upon,

or of having to bargain before-hand for the price of your entertainment.

It was near eight o'clock this morning, the 16th, before we got under weigh, and according to our coachman's account, we had been delayed by the horses being too much fatigued the night before. He continued to proceed so slowly, that we only reached Varrenes at four o'clock, a distance of 22 miles from Moulins, where we had last slept. Moulins is the finest town we have seen since we left Paris. The streets are there wider, and the houses, though old and black, are on a much better plan, and in better repair than any we have passed through; there is also somewhat of neatness and cleanliness about them. It is famous for its cutlery, and has a small manufacture of silk stockings; we saw some of the cutlery very neat and highly polished in some parts, but coarse and ill finished in others. The variety of shapes which the French give their knives is very amusing.

The road between Moulins and Varrenes is through a much prettier country than we have

seen since we left Paris; there is more wood, with occasional variety of orchards and vineyards and corn fields. The ploughing is here carried on by bullocks, and these are also used in the carts. All the country is enclosed, and the lands well dressed. The wheat is not nearly so far advanced here, which must arise from its being more lately sowed, for the winter is only commencing; many of the trees are still in full leaf.

We cannot well judge of any change of climate, as we have just had a change from hard frost to thaw; but every thing has the appearance of a milder atmosphere. I enquired into the reason of the want of hedges hitherto, and their abundance here, and was told, that it arose from the greater subdivision of property as well as from the number of cows: that every man almost had his little piece of land, and his cow, pigs, hens, &c. and that they could not afford to have herds. The yoke of the bullocks here, is not, as in India, and in England, placed on the neck and shoulders, but on the forehead and horns: this, though to appearance the most irksome to the poor animals, is said here to be the way in which they work best. The sheep are very small, and of a long-legged and poor kind: the hogs

are the poorest I have ever seen; they are as like the sheep as possible, though with longer legs, and resembling greyhounds in the drawn-up belly and long slender snout; they seem content with wondrous little, and keep about the road sides, picking up any thing but wholesome food.

The cottages on the road, and in the small towns, are generally very dirty, and inhabited by a very motley and promiscuous set of beings; the men, women, children, indeed pigs, fowls, &c. all huddled together. The pigs here appear so well accustomed to a cordial welcome in the houses, that when by chance excluded, you see them impatiently rapping at the door with their snouts.

We left Varrenes this morning, at six o'clock, and entered on a new country, which presented to us a greater variety of scenery. The road between Varrenes and St Martin D'Estreaux is almost all the way among the hills, which are often covered to the top with wood. After travelling for so long a time through a country which was almost uniformly

flat, our sensations were delightful in again approaching something like a hilly district. The roads we found extremely bad, and although we have had rain, I do not think that their condition is to be ascribed to the weather. They want repair, and appear to have been insufficient in their metal from the first. We were obliged here to have a fourth horse, which our coachman ordered and paid for; he went with us as far as Droiturier, and then left us. We made out 28 miles of bad road, between six in the morning and four in the evening. The hilly country throughout is extremely well cultivated, and the soil apparently pretty good. France has indeed shewn a different face from what an Englishman would expect, after such a draining of men and money.

In our route to-day, the country became very interesting, the swelling hills were beautiful, and the first clear stream we have seen in France winded through a wooded valley, along whose side we travelled. Many little cottages were scattered up and down in the green intervals of the woods, or crept up the brows of the hills; and after the monotonous plains we had passed, the whole scene was truly delightful. At the inn at La Palisse, I met with a very pleasant French lady, who strongly advised me

to avoid Montpellier, as the winds there are very sharp in winter; she said two friends of her's had been sent from it on account of complaints contracted there. She recommended Nice.

(*Thursday*, 17th.)—The road to-day was through ranges of hills, and, for the latter part of it, we were obliged to have a fourth horse. The road very heavy in most places, and in some wretchedly ill-paved, with stones of unequal size, and not squared. From the top of these hills the view of the several vallies through which we passed was very beautiful, though certainly not equal in beauty to Devonshire, or to some parts of Perthshire, and other of the more fertile districts in Scotland: the soil far from good, and the crops of wheat thin;—yet there is not an atom of the soil lying waste, the hills being cultivated up to the summit. The cultivation is still managed by oxen, as is the carriage of farm produce, and all kinds of cart-work. They have had a sad mortality among the cattle about St Germain L'Epinèsse; and all things appear to

have been affected by this disaster, for we found the milk, butter, fowls, grain, every thing very dear indeed. In France, when a disease seizes the cattle, parties of soldiers are sent to prevent the people from selling their cattle, or sending them to other parts of the country. One of these parties (a small troop of dragoons) we met on the road.

On our route to-day, we crossed the Loire at a pretty large and busy town, called Roanne. The river here is very large, but has only a wooden bridge over it: there are some fine arches, forming the commencement of a most magnificent new stone bridge, the work of Napoleon; the work had the appearance of having been some time interrupted. Alas, that the good King cannot continue such works!

Here, for the first time, we saw coals, and in great quantity; the boats on which they are carried, are long, square flat-bottomed boxes. Although in a mountainous country, and with a poor soil, the houses of the peasants were here much better than any we have seen, though a good deal out of repair; they are high and comfortable, having many of them two flats, and all with windows. We saw a number of fields in which the people were turning up and dressing the soil with spades: This, and indeed many

other things in this mountainous part of the country, reminded me of parts of the Highlands of Scotland, and the island of St Helena. But it would not be easy to conceive yourself transported to those parts of the world, when here you every now and then encounter a peasant in a cocked hat, with a red velvet coat, or with blue velvet breeches: this proclaims us near Lyons, the country of silks and velvets. The climate is very delightful at present; during a great part of to-day, I sat on the box with *Monsieur le Voiturier*, who is now become so attached to us, that I think he will go with us to our journey's end. He is a most excellent, sober and discreet man, and has given us no trouble, and ample satisfaction. To-day, we passed two very pretty clear streams. The country seats are numerous here, but none of those that we have yet seen are fine; they are either like the very old English manor-houses, or if of a later date, are like large manufactories; a mass of regular windows, and all in ruinous condition; nothing like fine architecture have we yet met with. To-morrow we start again at six, and hope to sleep within four leagues of Lyons.——Distance 34 miles—to St Simphorien de Lay.

This morning, we set off, as usual, at six, and only made out in five hours a distance of 16 miles, arriving at the small town of Tarrare, which is beautifully situated in the bosom of the hills. This difficulty in travelling is occasioned by the road being extremely precipitous. It winds, however, for several miles very beautifully through the valley, by the banks of a clear stream; and the hills which rise on each side, are in many places cultivated to the top, while others are richly wooded: towards the bases they slope into meadows, which are now as green as in the middle of summer, and where the cows are grazing by the water-side. The air is warm and pleasant, the sky unclouded, and the light of a glorious sun renders every object gay and beautiful. This valley is, I think, much more beautiful than any part of France we have yet seen. Through the passes in the hills, we have had some very fine peeps at the country to which we are travelling. Every inch of the ground on these mountains is turned to good account; as the grass, from the soil and exposure, is very scanty, the peasants make use of the same method of irrigating as

at St Helena. Where there is found a spring of water, they form large reservoirs into which it is received, and from these reservoirs they lead off small channels, which overflow the field, and give an artificial moisture to the soil. The houses of the peasants are still excellent, but there appears a great want of cattle. The fields are ploughed with oxen, very small and lean; we had two of them to assist us on the way from St Simphorien to Pain Bouchain.

At Tarrare, I am sorry to say, we found a want of almost every comfort. It is a pretty large town, neater in exterior appearance than any we have seen, but very dirty within; it is famous for its muslins and calicoes.——All this day we have had nothing but constant ascending and descending; the country occasionally very fine, and always well cultivated. The ploughs here are very small and ill made; they have no wheels, and are drawn by oxen. Some of the valleys in our route to-day would be beyond any thing beautiful, if varied with a few of those fine trees, which we are accustomed to meet with every day in England and Scotland; but the manner in which the French trees are cut, clipped, and hacked, renders them very disgusting to our eyes. I have not

seen one truly fine tree since we left Paris, about the environs of which there are a few. There is also a great scarcity of gentlemen's seats, of castles and other buildings, and of gardens of every kind. France, one would suppose, ought to be the country of flowers; but not one flower garden have we yet seen. ——Distance about 31 miles—to the Half-way-House, between Arras and Salvagny.

(*Saturday*, 18*th*.)—We left the inn at the half-way village, whose name I forgot to ask, between Arras and Salvagny, at six this morning, and arrived at Lyons at half-past ten. On the subject of to-day's route very little can be said. The first part of it conducted over a long succession of very steep hills, for about four miles, after which we descended through a fine varied country to the city of Lyons.—— Distance, 16 miles to Lyons.

Lyons is certainly a fine town, although, like Paris, it has only a few fine public buildings, among a number of very old and ruinous-looking houses. It is chiefly owing to the ideas of

riches and commerce with which both of these towns *are connected*, that we would call them *fine*, for they have neither fine streets nor fine ranges of houses. I need not mention, that Lyons is the place of manufacture for all kinds of silks, velvets, ribbons, fringes, &c. But here, as at many manufactories, things bought by retail are as dear, or even dearer, than at Paris. The ladies of our party had built castles in the air all the way to Lyons; but they found every thing dearer than at Paris, and almost as dear as in England.

Now that I have seen a little of the manners and dress of the people in the two largest towns in France, I may hazard a few observations on these subjects. I think it is chiefly among the lower ranks that the superior politeness of the French is apparent. Although you still find out the ruffians and banditti who have figured on the stage under Napoleon, yet the greater, by far the greater number, are mild, cheerful, and obliging. A common Frenchman, in the street, if asked the way to a place, will generally either point it out very clearly, or say, "Allow me to accompany you, Sir." Among the higher ranks of society you will find many obliging people; but you will also discover many whose situation alone can

sanction your calling them gentlemen. There appears, moreover, in France, to be a sort of blending together of the high and low ranks of society, which has a bad effect on the more polite, without at all bettering the manners of the more uncivilized. To discover who are gentlemen, and who are not, without previously knowing something of them, or at least entering into conversation, is very difficult. In England, all the middling ranks dress so well, that you are puzzled to find out the gentleman. In France, they dress so ill in the higher ranks, that you cannot distinguish them from the lower. One is often induced to think, that those must be gentlemen who wear orders and ribbons at their buttons, but, alas! almost every one in France at the present day has one of these ribbons. In the dress of the women there is still less to be found that points out the distinction of their ranks. To my eye, they are all wretchedly ill dressed, for they wear the same dark and dirty-looking calicoes which our Scotch maid-servants wear only on week days. This gives to their dress an air of meanness; but here the English ought to consider, that these cotton goods are in France highly valued, and very dear, from their scarcity. Over these dresses they wear (at present) small imitation

shawls, of wool, silk, or cotton. They have very short petticoats, and shew very neat legs and ankles, but covered only with course cotton stockings, seldom very white; often with black worsted stockings. I have not seen one handsomely dressed woman as yet in France; the best had always an air of shabbiness about her, which no milliner's daughter at home would shew. They are said to dress much more gaily in the evening. When we mix a little more in French society, we shall be able to judge of this.

This want of elegance and richness in dress, is, I think, one of the marks of poverty in France. I have mentioned before the ruinous appearance of the villages and houses. The excessive numbers of beggars is another. The French themselves say that there is a great want of money in France; they affirm that there is no scarcity of men, and that with more money the French could have fought for many years to come. They certainly are the vainest people in the universe; they have often told me, *that could Bonaparte have continued his blockade of the Continental trade a few months more, England would have been undone.* They sometimes confess, that they would have been rather at a loss for Coffee, Sugar, and

Cotton, had we continued our war with the Americans, who were their carriers. The want of the first of these articles would annoy any country, but in France they cannot live without it: in England they might.

This day, *Monday* the 20th, we left Lyons at one o'clock in the forenoon, travelling in most unfavourable weather, and through almost impassable streets. The situation of Lyons is beautiful; the site of the town is at the conflux of the Soane and the Rhone; a fine ridge of hills rises behind the city; the innumerable houses which are scattered up and down the heights, the fine variety of wood and cultivation, and the little villages which you discern at a distance in the vallies, give it the appearance of a romantic, yet populous and delightful neighbourhood.

We were not able to see much of the interior of the town; but in passing once or twice through the principal streets, and more particularly in leaving the town, we had a good view of the public buildings. Many of them are very

fine, and the whole town has an appearance of wealth, the effect of commerce. But a better idea of the wealth is given, by the innumerable loads of goods of different kinds, which you meet with on the roads in the vicinity of this favoured city, on the Paris and Marseilles sides of the town. The roads are completely ploughed up at this season of the year, and almost impassable. The waggoners are even a more independent set of men than with us in England; they keep their waggons in the very middle of the road, and will not move for the highest nobleman in the land; this, however, is contrary to the police regulations. The land carriage here is almost entirely managed by mules. These are from 13 to 14 hands high, and surpass in figure and limb any thing I could have imagined of the sons and daughters of asses. The price of these animals varies from L.10 to L.40, according to size and temper. They are found of all colours; but white, grey, and bay are the most uncommon. Our journey this day was only as far as Vienne, a pretty large village, or it might be called a town. We entered it at night, and the rain pouring down upon us. These are two very great evils in French travelling; for either of them puts you into the hands of the innkeepers, who conceive, that at

night, and in such weather, you must have lodging speedily, at any price. At the first inn we came to, we met with a reception, (which, to those accustomed to the polite and grateful expression, with which in arriving at an English inn, you are received by the attentive host or hostess), was altogether singular. The landlady declared, with the voice and action of a virago, that at this time of night, the highest guests in the land should not enter her roof upon any terms. The landlord, on the contrary, behaved with great politeness, entreated not to take offence at his wife's uncommon appearance. "C'est seulement un tete chaud, Monsieur, mais faites moi l'honeur d'y entrer." We accordingly did so; and this was the signal for the comencement of a scene in the interior of the inn, which was probably never equalled in the annals of matrimonial dissension. The landlady first gave a kind of prefatory yell, which was only a prelude or war-whoop, introductory to that which was to follow. She then began to tear her hair in handfuls; and kept alternately brandishing knives, forks, pots, logs of wood, in short, whatever her hand fell upon in the course of her fury, at her poor passive help-mate, who appeared to consider the storm with a nonchalance, which

evidently could only have been produced by very long experience; while he kept saying to us all the time, * "*Soyez tranquille, Monsieur; ce n'est rien que cela.*" At length he commenced getting ready our supper, and I entered into conversation with a very great man, the mayor of the village, who, *adorned with a splendid order at his breast*, was quietly bargaining for his supper. Nothing more completely astonishes an Englishman than this extraordinary mixture of all ranks of society, which takes place at the kitchen fire of a French inn. You will there see, not only sitting, but familiarly conversing together, officers and gentlemen, coachmen, waggoners, and all classes of people, each addressing the other as *Monsieur*. The mayor here, being, to all appearance, a most communicative fellow, was easily got on the politics of the day. I began by enumerating the blessings of peace, and by extolling the character of the present King, in all of which he seemed to join with heart and soul. He told me how Bonaparte treated the mayors of the different towns,—how he would raise them up at all hours of the

* "Don't be alarmed, Sir; this is nothing."

night,—how he forced them to seize on grain wherever it was found. In short, he abused him in the vilest terms. I put in an observation or two in his favour, when suddenly my friend whispered me,—" Sir, to be frank with you, he was the greatest man ever lived, and the best ruler for France." I encouraged him a little, by assenting to all he said, and I found him a staunch friend of Napoleon, anxious for his return: I have no doubt, that time-serving gentlemen like these, would wish for nothing more. It appeared to me, that his highness, the mayor, was in very high spirits, either from wine, or that it was his nature—however, " In vino veritas."———Distance, nineteen miles to Vienne.

We had a miserable lodging at this vile inn, (Hotel du Parc at Vienne.) We left it with pleasure, this morning, (*Tuesday* the 21st), although the weather continued most unfavourable; yet any thing was better than remaining in such a house. The day continued to rain without intermission; and we made out with difficulty about 30 miles, to St Vallier.

The country through which we passed to-day, is the most bare and barren we have seen, particularly when we approached St Vallier. The soil, a deep gravel, producing nothing but grapes, and a wretched scanty crop of wheat. The grapes, however, are here the finest for wine in France. It is here that the famous wines of Cotè Rotie and Hermitage are made. To the very summits of the hills, you see this wretched-looking soil enclosed with stone dykes, and laid out in vineyards. We tasted some of the grapes here, and though out of season, we found them very fine; they were of a small black kind called Seeràn.

The woman at the inn here, was sent for from the church, to see whether she would receive us on our terms of 18 francs, which is what we now always pay; having asked 20, we settled with her, and she went back to her devotions. We have now had three days of continued rain, which renders travelling very uncomfortable, and the roads most wretched. We still rise every morning at five, and are on the road at six. The air is mild, but very damp. The honey of Narbonne, got at Lyons, is the finest in France. I forgot to mention, that at Lyons we tried the experiment of going to the *table d'hôte*. We ought not, however, to form

the opinion of a good *table d'hôte* from the one of the Hotel du Parc. It was mostly composed of what are here called *Pensionaires;* people who dine there constantly, paying a smaller sum than the common rate of three francs. The company was, therefore, rather low, and the table scantily provided; but I should think, that for gentlemen travellers, a *table d'hôte*, where a good one is held, would be the best manner of dining.———Distance 30 miles to St Vallier.

Wednesday, the 22d.—We left St Vallier at half past six in the morning, and only reached St Valence, a distance of 28 miles, by five o'clock. This delay was occasioned by the heavy fall of rain during these four last days, and by there being no bridge over the Isere, within four or five miles of Valence. The former bridge, (a most beautiful one, though only of wood), had been burnt down by General Augereau to intercept the progress of the Austrians. The French appear to hate Augereau as much as Marmont; they say

he was a traitor to Napoleon, to whom he owed every thing. The country through which we passed to-day, was as plain and uninteresting as yesterday's, though still all cultivated. Nothing but vines on the hills, and the plains almost bare—still gravelly. We found the Isere much swollen by the rain. The contrivance for carrying over the carts and carriages, is exceedingly simple and beautiful: Three very high trees are formed into a triangle, such as we raise for weighing coals. One of these triangles is placed on each side of the river, and a rope passes over a groove at the top, and is fixed down at each side of the river; to this rope that crosses the river is attached a block and pulley, and to this pulley is fixed the rope of the boat. The stream tries by its rapidity to carry the boat down; the rope across prevents this; and it therefore slides across, with a regular though rapid motion.

It appears to me that we are getting into a poorer country in every respect; for the inns are worse, the food worse, the roads worse, &c. There seems a want of poultry as well as butcher meat. Mutton here is very poor. Our inn to-night is the best we have seen since we left Lyons; it is at the Golden Cross, outside the town of Valence, and is neatly kept and well served.

The waiter here had served in the army for six years. He says, there are indeed many of the soldiers who wish for war; but that he really believes there are as many who wish for peace: I have little faith in this. We observed this morning a large party of men returning from the galleys, having passed the time of their imprisonment. They were all uniformly dressed in red flannel clothes and small woollen caps, and attended by gens-d'armes.———Distance 23 miles—to St Valence.

Thursday, the 23d.—We left St Valence well enough pleased with our lodging at the Golden Cross. It is, however, an exception to the bad set of inns we have lately been at. In the kitchen here, which I entered from curiosity, as the ladies went up stairs to the parlour, I found, as usual, a most extraordinary mixture of company. I listened, without joining at all in the conversation. The theme of discourse was a report that had been circulated, that all the young troops were to hold themselves in readiness again to take up arms. The only foundation I could find for this report was, *that a drum*

had been beat for some reason or other that evening. This was a good opportunity of attending to the state of the public feeling here;—all and every one seemed delighted at the thoughts of war, provided it was with the Austrians. One man (a shopkeeper to appearance), said, that his son, a trumpeter, when he heard the drum, leapt from his seat, and, dancing about the room, exclaimed, * "La guerre! la guerre!" On the route this morning, we met with a small party of five or six soldiers returning to their homes; two of them had lost their right arms, and two others were lamed for life. They all agreed that they would never have wished for peace; and that even in their present miserable state they would fight. They were very fine stout fellows, about 40 years of age; but they had the looks of ruffians when narrowly examined.

In the same inn the hostler, who had only fought one year, was as anxious for a continuation of peace as the others were for war. The wife of one of these soldiers gave a most lamentable description of the horrors of the last campaign, and ended by praying for a continuation of the peace.

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* "War! war!"

At a little village near Montelimart (our lodging place to-night), we were accosted in very bad English by a good-looking young Frenchman, who, from our appearance, knew us to be English. He told us that he had been four years a prisoner at Plymouth; he complained of bad treatment, and abused both the English and England very liberally, saying that France was a much finer country. Poor fellow! in a prison-ship at Plymouth he had formed his opinion of England. He gave us some good hints about the price of provisions in this part of the country. Wine (the vin ordinaire) is here at six sous, or three-pence the bottle. I had been very much astonished (on ordering some wine for the soldiers in the morning), to find that I had only ten sous to pay for each bottle.

The country through which we passed to-day is rather more interesting, with a considerable variety of hill and dale, wood and water, but the soil is still a miserable gravel. Both to-day and yesterday we observed that the fields on each side of the road were planted with clumsy cropt trees, somewhat like fruit-trees. We could not make out what these were until to-day, when we learnt that they were mulberry trees, and that this was a silk country. The

trees are of the size of our orchard trees; their branches, under the thickness of an inch, are all lopped off, and from the wounds thus made, spring up the tender young branches which produce the leaves. The trees have a most unnatural appearance from this cause. Under these the fields here are ploughed for a most wretched crop of wheat. The ploughs miserably constructed, but with wheels.

This part of the country abounds with mules, which are used in carriages, carts, waggons, ploughs, &c. These animals are of a remarkable size here. The roads, ever since we left Lyons, excepting where we met with a hundred or two hundred yards of pavement, have been uniformly bad. To-day, however, we made out about 33 miles between six and five o'clock. This town of Montelimart is celebrated for one manufacture only, viz. a sort of cake made of almonds and white sugar, called Nagaux. This article is sent from this place all over France! ——Distance 33 miles—to Montelimart.

Our journey to-day (*Friday* the 24th) though rather more rapid, was not by any means com-

fortable. The country hereabout has a great want of milk and butter;—not a cow to be seen. The soil is still to appearance wretchedly poor, yet it gives a rich produce, in grapes, figs, olives, and mulberry leaves, for the silk worms. The wine (vin ordinaire) sells here at six sous the bottle; it is poor in quality, yet by no means unpalatable. The roads continue as bad as ever, rather worse indeed, for the thin creamy mud has become thick doughy clay.

We did not arrive at Orange till half past five, but were fortunate in finding a civil reception at the Palais Royal, the first inn on entering the town. We met with no adventures to-day of any kind. The language of the people has now become completely unintelligible; it is a Patois of the most horrible nature. Many of the better sort of people among the peasants, are able to speak French with you, but where they have only their own dialect, you are completely at a loss. I had conceived, that there would be no more difference between French and Patois, than between the better and the lower dialects of Scotch and English; but the very words are here changed: A carter asked the landlord with whom we were

conversing, for a *"Peetso morcel du bosse," —"*petit morceau du bois.*" The landlord, a respectable-looking man, gave us a good deal of news regarding the state of the country. He says, that the people in the south are all anxious for peace, and that those in France, who wish for war, are those who have nothing else to live on; that nobody with a house over his back, and a little money, desires to have war again.

The people here seem to amuse themselves with a perpetual variety of reports. The story to-day is, that Alexander has declared his intention of sending 60,000 men to Poland, to take possession of that country for himself; and that Talleyrand would not hear of such a thing. The villages that we passed to-day have a greater appearance of desolation than any we have yet seen. Scarce a house which does not seem to be tumbling to pieces, and those which we were unlucky enough to enter, were as dirty and uncomfortable inside as they appeared without. On entering the town, or rather at a little distance from the town of Orange, we saw a beautiful triumphal arch, said to have been raised to commemorate the

* A small bit of wood.

victories of Marius over the Cimbri. The evening was too gloomy for us to observe in what state of preservation the sculpture is now, but the architecture is very grand. To-morrow we breakfast at Avignon. But alas, the weather will not permit of our visiting Vaucluse.——— Distance 39 miles—to Orange.

Saturday, the 25th.—We left Orange at half past six. Our road to-day lay through the same species of country, to which we have been condemned for four days, producing vines, olives, and mulberries; the soil is to all appearance a most wretched one for corn—gravel and stones. The roads have, ever since our leaving Lyons, been very bad. After breakfast at Avignon, we proceeded to see the ruins of the church of Notre Dame. There are now remaining but very few vestiges of a church; the ground formerly enclosed by the church, is now formed into a fruit garden, and a country house has been built on the ruins. The owner of this house wishes to let it, and hearing that a friend of ours was in need of a house, he offered it to him for two hundred a-year. The house was such as one could procure near London for

about L.30, and such as we ought to have in France for L.20. But the French do really think, that the English will give any sum they ask, and that every individual is a kind of animated bag of money.

The owner of the house was, to appearance, a broken-down gentleman; he had been ordered to Marseilles by his physician for an affection of the lungs; yet he strongly recommended the climate of Avignon. For my own part, I think the situation is too low and windy to be healthy. The town is one of the cleanest we have seen, and there are some excellent houses in it; of the rent we could not well judge from the account of this gentleman. We went through his garden, and were by him shewn the spot under which the tomb of Laura is now situated. A small cypress tree had been planted by the owner of the garden to mark the spot. He had heard the story of Laura, and recollected many particulars of it; but still he had not been at the pains to have the spot cleared, and the tomb exposed to view. To any one who was acquainted with the story of Petrarch, or who had perused his impassioned effusions, the dilapidation of this church, and the barbarous concealment of Laura's tomb, were most mortifying circumstances. But, neither the memory of Laura,

nor of the brave Crillon, whose tomb is also here, had any effect in averting the progress of the revolutionary barbarians. The tomb of Crillon is now only to be distinguished by the vestiges of some warlike embellishments in the wall opposite which it was situated. There is a large space now empty in the midst of these ornaments, from which a large marble slab had lately been taken out. On this slab, the owner of the garden said, an inscription, commemorating the virtues of Crillon, had been engraved. A small stone, with his arms very beautifully engraved, was shewn us in the garden. I could not leave the garden without stealing a branch from the cypress which shaded Laura's tomb.

Through this garden runs the rivulet of Vaucluse. Its course is through the town of Avignon; where we remained for three hours, and then continued our jonrney; but the day was far advanced, and by the evening we only arrived at a wretched little inn called Bonpas. We were here told that we could have no lodging. Luckily for us the moon was up, and very clear; we therefore pushed on for Orgon, which, although said in the post-book to be two posts and a half from Bonpas, we reached in about an hour and a half. On our

arrival we were fortunate enough to find lodging; and had scarcely seated ourselves in our parlour, when the people told us, that last night the mail had been robbed, and both the postillion and conducteur killed on the spot.——Distance 42 miles—to Orgon.

Sunday, the 26th.—We left Orgon, as usual, at six o'clock, and travelled before breakfast to Pont Royal, a distance of 11 miles. Here the unfortunate *conducteur* of the mail was lying desperately wounded; the surgeon, however, expected him to live. The postmaster here was not well satisfied with the conduct of the soldiers or gens-d'armes who attended the mail. The robbers were only four in number, and the attendants, viz. the postillion, conducteur and gens-d'armes, he thought, ought to have been a match for them. The robbers were frightened off while searching for the money, and fled without taking any thing of consequence.

It is a very bad arrangement which they have in France, of sending large sums of money in gold and silver by the mail; for it holds out a

much stronger inducement than would otherwise be given to the robbers. The mail, in France, is a very heavy coach, and has only three horses. The roads to-day were worse than any we have yet passed; and the country, for the first part of our journey, is as dull and insipid as it is possible to conceive. The soil most wretched, but still producing great riches in olives, grapes, figs, and mulberries. The grapes are delightful, even now when almost out of season, and the wine made from them is very fine. Within a mile or two of Aix, (from the top of a steep descent over a very barren and bleak hill), you are delighted with the most complete change in the scene: In a moment, an extensive valley, highly cultivated, opens on the view. It is divided into a beautiful variety of vineyards, wheat fields, gardens, plantations of olives and figs, and is enclosed by hedge-rows of almond and mulberry trees. Round the valley rise a succession of romantic hills, covered with woods, and forming a fine conclusion to the view. It was altogether an enchanting picture. If this is the case in winter, what must it be in summer? The town of Aix, situated in this valley, is, as far as we have seen, the cleanest, neatest, and most comfortable-looking town in France—we

are as yet all delighted with it; but when we shall have seen it for a day or two, I shall be better able to give an account of it.——Distance 33 miles—to Aix.

CHAPTER II.

RESIDENCE AT AIX, AND JOURNEY TO BOURDEAUX.

Monday, the 27th.—Having been employed the whole day in searching for furnished lodgings, I had no time to ride about and see the town. I shall describe it afterwards.—I saw, however, a little of the manners of some ranks of French society.

After this, I went into the best coffeehouse in the town here, and sat down to read the newspapers. I found in it people of all descriptions—several of a most unprepossessing appearance, and others really like gentlemen. One of the best dressed of these last, decorated with the white cockade and other insignia, and having several rings of precious stones on his fingers, a watch, with a beautiful assortment of seals and other trinkets, was playing at Polish drafts, with an officer, also apparently a

gentleman. I entered into conversation with him; and was surprised at his almost immediately offering me his watch, trinkets, and rings for sale. Still I thought this might arise from French manners: I had not a doubt he was a gentleman.—How great was my surprise, when a gentleman from the other side of the room called him by name, and bid him bring a cup of coffee and a glass of liqueur—My friend was one of the waiters of the coffeehouse. Such is the mixture of French society—such is the effect of citizenship.

Our landlord, Mr A——, keeps a retail shop for toys, perfumery, cutlery, and all manner of articles. I did not think that we had given him any encouragement on our first arrival; but he is now become a pest to us: he honours us with his company at all hours, and comes and seats himself with our other acquaintances, of whatever rank they may be. I have been forced at last to be rude to him, in never asking him to sit down when any one is with us. *The physician shakes him by the hand—so does the banker.* When I had purchased my horse, our banker spoke to a little mean-looking body, a paper-maker, to buy some corn and hay for it. I was astonished when the banker ended his speech by an affec-

tionate * "*Adieu, a revoir a souper.*" I am told, however, that this mixture of ranks, and this condescension on the part of superiors, is only practised at times, and to serve a purpose; and that, although the nobleman will sit down in the kitchen of an inn, and converse familiarly with the servants there, and though he will sit down in a shop, and prattle with the Bourgeoise, yet he keeps his place most proudly in society, inviting and receiving only his equals and superiors. The familiarity of all ranks with their own servants is most disgusting; but, from their poverty, the higher classes must condescend.

Yesterday evening, I had an interesting conversation with Mr L. B. an intelligent and well informed man, of good family, eminent in his profession, and high in the opinion of all the society here; he is a devoted royalist. Among other interesting anecdotes which he related, I can only recollect these:

Bonaparte had got into some scrape at Toulon, where he was well known as a bad and troublesome character; he was arrested, and put under a guard commanded by a near relation of Mr L. B. Barras, then at the height of his power in Paris, not knowing what to do

* "Adieu! to meet at supper."

with some of his royalist enemies, sent for Bonaparte, and proposed to him to collect a body of troops, and to fire on the royalists. Jourdan, and many other officers were applied to, but refused so base an employment. Bonaparte willingly accepted it—acquitted himself to Barras's satisfaction, and Barras then offered him the command in Italy, provided he would marry his cast-off mistress, Madame Beauharnois. To this Bonaparte consented. Bonaparte's mother had been, about this time, turned out of the Marseilles Theatre, on account of her bad character; for it was well known, that she subsisted herself and one of her daughters on the beauty of her other daughter. Shortly after Bonaparte's appointment to the Italian army, the same magistrate (the Mayor of Marseilles), who had formerly turned out Madame Bonaparte, perceived her again seated in one of the front boxes; he went up to her, and turned her out. She immediately wrote to her son, and the poor mayor was dismissed. This anecdote is, I find, mentioned by Goldsmith, who refers, in proof of its truth, to the newspapers of the time, in which the conduct and sentence of the mayor are fully discussed.

Bonaparte, extremely dissipated himself,

would yet often correct any propensities of that kind in his relations. Pauline, the Princess Borghese, had formed an attachment for a very handsome young Florentine; he was one night suddenly surprised by Bonaparte's emissaries, put into a carriage, and removed to a great distance, with orders not to return.

One of Bonaparte's relations had formed an attachment to Junot, who was one of the handsomest men in France; Junot was immediately after sent to Portugal; and upon his defeats there, he was disgraced publicly by Bonaparte, and killed himself, it was believed, in a fit of despair.

The Princess Borghese, though vain, fond of dress, of extravagance, and of pleasure of every sort, whether honest or otherwise, has yet a good heart. A cousin of Mr L. B.'s was ordered to join the Garde d'Honneur: One of the last and most cruel acts of Bonaparte, was the constitution of this corps, which was meant to receive the young men of noble or rich families. The mother and relations of this young man were inconsolable, and the sum of money which would have been required as a ransom, was more than they could give; for Bonaparte, well knowing that the better families would rather pay than allow of their sons serving in

his guard, had made the price of ransom immense. In their distress, they applied to Mr L. B., who had been at one time of service to the Princess Borghese in his legal capacity, and he paid a visit to the Princess. She received him most kindly, but told him that Bonaparte strictly forbade her interfering in military matters; that she would willingly apply for the situation of a prefect for Mr L. B. but could be of no service to his relation. She was, however, at last prevailed on; she wrote most warmly to her friends, and in three or four days the young man was sent back to his happy family.

The French here date Bonaparte's downfall from the time when he first determined on attacking the power of the Pope. They say that this attack and the Spanish war, were both contrary to the advice of Talleyrand. In a conversation which took place between the Emperor Alexander and Napoleon, Alexander represented his own power as superior to Napoleon's, because he had no Pope to controul him; and Bonaparte then replied, that "he would shew him and the world that the Pope was nobody."

Our conversation turned on the difference between the penal codes of France and Eng-

land. The French code, as revised, and, in many parts, formed by Napoleon, is much more mild than ours. There are not more than twelve crimes for which the punishment is death. In England, according to Blackstone, there are 160 crimes punished by death; on these subjects, I shall afterwards write more fully when I have received more information. Mr L. B. related a curious anecdote, from which the abolition of torture is said to have been determined.

A judge, who had long represented the folly of this method of trial, without any success, had recourse to the following stratagem:—He went into the stable at night, and having taken away two of his own horses, he had them removed to a distance. In the morning his coachman came trembling to inform him of the theft. He immediately had him confined. He was put to the torture, and, unable to bear the agony, he said that he had stolen the horses. The judge immediately wrote to the King, and informed him, that he himself had removed the horses. The man was pardoned, and the judge settled a large pension on him. The subject of the torture was considered, and the result was its abolition.

I found that the opinions as to some parts of

their criminal jurisprudence in France, were the same as are entertained on the same subject in England. Mr L. B., who has had occasion professionally to attend many criminal trials, is of opinion, that in this country, terrible punishments ought to be avoided, or at least performed in private. It is generally thought, that the horror of these punishments deters the robber and murderer, and has a good effect on the multitude; but I am afraid, said Mr L. B., that the multitude compassionate the sufferer, and think the laws unjust: and experience shews, that punishments, however horrid, do not deter the *hardened* criminal. My father, said he, filled the situation of judge in his native city. A very young man, son of his baker, was convicted before the court, and condemned to die, for robbery with murder. After sentence, my father visited him, and asked him how he had been led to commit such a crime? Since I was a child, said the boy, I have always been a thief. When at school, I stole from my school-fellows,—when brought home, I stole from my father and mother. I have long wished to rob on the high-way; the fear of death did not prevent me. The worst kind of death is the rack, but by going to see every execution, I have learnt to laugh even at the rack. When young,

it alarmed me, but habit has done away its terrors.

Mr L. B. is certainly a man of gentlemanly manners, and of much general information. He is received at Aix in the first society of the old nobility; and was, I afterwards found, reckoned a model of good breeding, and yet, (which, in the present condition of French manners, is by no means uncommon), I have frequently witnessed him, in general company, introducing topics, and employing expressions, which, in our country, would not have been tolerated for a moment, but must have been considered an outrage to the established forms of good breeding.

The day after our conversation with Mr L. B. we received a visit from the daughter of a Scotch friend, who is married to one of the first counsellors here. We returned home with her to hear some music. We were received in a very neat and very handsomely furnished house. The mother and daughter appeared to us polite and elegant women. But I was astonished to observe, seated on a sofa near them, a young man, whose costume, contrasted with the ease and confidence of his manners, gave me no small surprise. He wore an old torn great coat, a Belcher handkerchief about his neck, a

pair of worn-out military trowsers, stockings which had once been white, and shoes down in the heel. What my astonishment to find this shabby looking object was a brother of the counsellor's, and a correct model of the morning costume of the French noblemen!

From Mr L. B. I learnt, that the worst land in Provence, when well cultivated, produces only three for one. The common produce of tolerably good ground, is from five to seven for one. The greatest produce known in Provence is ten for one. But for this, the best soils are weeded, and plenty of manure used. Our banker's account of the soil here is more favourable; but I am doubtful whether he is a farmer. Mr L. B. has a farm, and superintends it himself.

I had the good fortune to attend a trial, which had excited much interest here. In the conscription which immediately preceded the downfall of Bonaparte, it appears, that the most horrid acts of violence and tyranny had been committed. People of all ranks, and of all ages, had been forced at the point of the bayonet to join the army. Near Marseilles, the *gens-d'armes*, in one of the villages, after exercising all kinds of cruelty, had collected together a number of the peasantry, and were

leading them to be butchered. The peasants, in Provence, are naturally bold and free. The party contrived to escape, and all but one man hid themselves in the woods. This poor fellow was conducted alone; his hands in irons. His comrades lay in wait for the party who were carrying him away, and in the attempt to deliver him, three of the gens-d'armes were killed. The unfortunate conscript was only released to die of his wounds. Three of his comrades were seized, and indicted to stand trial for the murder of the gens-d'armes.

I judged this a most favourable opportunity of ascertaining the public feeling, and attended the trial accordingly. The court was a special one, for this is one of the subjects which Bonaparte did not trust to a jury. It was composed of five civil and three military members. The forms of proceeding were the same as I have fully noticed in a subsequent chapter,—the same minute interrogations were made to the unhappy prisoners—the same contest took place between these and the Judges. One was acquitted, and the other two found guilty of "*meurtre volontaire, mais sans premeditation.*"—Voluntary, but unpremeditated murder. These two were condemned to labour for life, but a respite was granted, and an ap-

peal made to the King in their behalf. I was not disappointed in the ebullitions of public feeling which many of the incidents of the trial called forth. Mr L. B. and another young advocate pleaded very well. They both touched, though rather slightly, on the state of the country; but it was left to Mr Ayeau, the most celebrated pleader in criminal trials, and a zealous royalist, to develope the real condition of France, at the time of this last conscription. His speech was short, but I think it was the most energetic, and the most eloquent I ever heard. He began in an extraordinary manner, which at once shewed the scope of his argument, and secured him the attention of every one present—"Gentlemen, if that pest of society, from whom it has pleased God to release us, was a usurper and a tyrant, it was lawful to resist him. If Louis the XVIII. was our legitimate prince, it was lawful to fight for him." He then shewed, in a most ingenious argument, that the prisoners at the bar had done no more than this. Some parts of his speech were exceedingly beautiful. He ended by saying, that "he dared the Judges to condemn to death those who would have died for "*Louis le desiré.*"—It is generally thought here, that they will all be pardoned.

The situation of the town of Aix, and the scenery in the valley, is truly beautiful. It is now the middle of December, yet the air is even warmer, I think, than with us in summer. We sit with open windows, and when we walk, the heat of the sun is even oppressive. The flowers in the little gardens in the valley are in full bloom; and the other day we found the blue scented violet, and observed the strawberries in blossom. The fields are quite green, and the woods still retain their variegated foliage. When the mistral (a species of north-west wind, peculiar to this climate), blows, it is certainly cold; but since our arrival, we have only twice experienced this chilling interruption to the general beauty and serenity of our weather. The scenery in the interior of the hills which surround the valley, is very romantic; and the little grassy paths which lead through them, are so dry, that our party have had several delightful expeditions into the hills. Many of our French friends, although probably themselves no admirers of the country, profess themselves so fond of English society, that they insist upon accompanying us; and it is curious to witness the artificial French manners, and the noisy volubility of French tongues introduced into those retired and beautiful scenes, which, in

our own country, we associate with the simplicity and innocence of rural life.

Amidst these peaceful and amusing occupations, the easy tenor of our lives gliding on from day to day, interrupted by no variety of event, except the entertaining differences occasioned by foreign manners and a foreign country; we were surprised one morning by the entrance of our landlord, who came into our parlour with a face full of anxiety, and informed us, that Napoleon had landed at Cannes from Elba, and had already, with five hundred men, succeeded in reaching Grace. Mr L. B. soon came in and confirmed the report. Although certainly considerably alarmed at this event, especially as the greater portion of our party was composed of ladies, I could not help feeling, that we were fortunate in having an opportunity thus offered of ascertaining the state of public opinion, and the true nature of the political sentiments of that part of the country in which we are at present residing; for we are here at Aix, within twenty-five miles of the small town where Napoleon has landed.

I shall first detail the circumstances under which this singular event took place; afterwards attempt to give some idea of the effects

produced by it on the multitude. On the 1st of March 1815, Napoleon landed near Cannes, in the gulf of Juan. His first step was, to dispatch his Aide-de-Camp, Casabianca, with another officer and 25 men, to ask admittance into the Fort of Antibes; admitted into the Fort, they demanded its surrender to Bonaparte. The Governor paraded his garrison, and having made them swear allegiance to their Sovereign, he secured the rebels. Casabianca leaped from the wall and broke his back. In the meantime, Napoleon, finding his first scheme fail, marched straight to Grace, with between 700 and 800 men. He there encamped with his small force on the plain before the town, and summoned the mayor to furnish rations for his men; to which the mayor replied, that he acknowledged no orders from any authority except Louis XVIII. This conduct was the more worthy of praise, as the poor mayor had not a soldier to support him. The Emperor then attempted to have printed a proclamation in writing, signed by him, and counter-signed by General Bertrand, in which, among other rhodomontades, he tells the good people of France, that he comes at the call of the French nation, who, he knew, could not suffer themselves to be ruled by the Prince Regent of England, in the person of Louis XVIII.—The printer refused to print it.

Napoleon proceeded from Grace to Digne, from Digne to Sisteron, and from Sisteron to Gap, where he slept on the 6th of March. In all the villages, he endeavoured, apparently without success, to inflame the minds of the people, and strengthen, by recruits, his small body of troops. He has, as yet, got no one to join him; but, on the other hand, he has met with no resistance. This day, the 8th, he must meet with three thousand men, commanded by General Marchand. It is thought, that if these prove true to their allegiance, he will make good his way to Lyons; but if, on the contrary, they oppose him, he is ruined. The commotion excited in Aix, by this news, is not to be conceived. The hatred and detestation in which Bonaparte is held here, becomes, I think, more apparent as the danger is more imminent. With a very few exceptions, all ranks of people express these sentiments. The national guard were immediately under arms, and entreated their commanding officer and the civil authorities, to permit them to go in pursuit of the ex-Emperor. Unfortunately the chiefs were not well agreed on the measures which ought to be adopted. From the excessive *sang froid* with which Massena conducted himself, I should not be surprised if there were some truth in the re-

port which was current here, that he had intelligence of the whole scheme, and kept back, in order that he might join Bonaparte. The first and second day, nothing was done; on the 3d, the 83d regiment was dispatched in pursuit from Marseilles. I accompanied them for four miles, during which, they had made two short halts. I had an opportunity of talking with a number of the men: they were certainly liberal in their abuse of the ex-Emperor; but several of them remarked, that it *was a hard thing to make them fight against each other*. The French here are all of opinion, that the troops of the line are not to be trusted. Like all other soldiers, they long for war, and as they would be more likely to have war under Napoleon, than under Louis XVIII. I have little doubt they would join him. On the first news, the whole society of Aix were in the deepest affliction—the men agitated and disturbed—the women and children weeping. Each hour these feelings changed, for every hour there was some new report. The French believe every thing, and though each report belied the other, I saw no difference in the credit attached to them. There is no newspaper published in Aix, and the prefect, who is a person much suspected, has taken no steps to give the public correct infor-

mation, but allows them to grope in the dark; they have invented accordingly the most ridiculous stories, converting hundreds into thousands, and a few fishing boats and other small craft, into first a squadron of Neapolitans, and then a fleet of English ships. This report of the English ships is, I am sorry to say, still current, and the English are looked on with an evil eye by the lower orders. Even among our more liberal friends, there were some who asked me, what interest the English could have in letting him escape? After some cool reasoning, however, they acknowledged the folly of this story. The King is universally blamed for employing, in the most responsible situations, the Generals attached to Napoleon. The populace declare, that Soult, the Minister of War, is at the bottom of this attempt. Now, that one can reason on the matter, and that the impression of the magnanimity which dictated the conduct of the allied Powers to Napoleon, is somewhat diminished, it must be allowed, that there is some sense in the remark, that it was folly to dismiss him to Elba, with all the appointment, "pomp, and circumstance" of a little Sovereign, instead of confining him in a prison, or leaving him no head to plan mischief. The people affirm here, that this was done purpose-

ly by the English, to keep France in continual trouble.

15th.—All possibility of continuing this little Journal is precluded by the alarming progress of Napoleon, and the consequent necessity of taking immediate steps for our departure from this country. The ex-Emperor is every day making rapid strides to the capital; and we have to-day intelligence that it is believed the troops in Lyons are disaffected. I have now given up all hope, for I see plainly that every thing is arranged—not a blow has been struck. The soldiers have every where joined him, and there cannot be a doubt that he will reign in France. He may not, indeed, reign long; for it is to be hoped that the English will not shut their eyes, or be deceived by the fabricated reports of the journals—It is to be hoped that the allied Powers are better acquainted with the character of Napoleon than the too-good Louis XVIII. In the mean time, it is high time for us to be off; and I think we shall take the route of Bourdeaux. This unfortunate town (Aix), is now a melancholy spectacle; for all the thinking part believe that the cause of the Bourbons is lost. Our poor landlord, a violent royalist, has just been with us. He affirms that he could have predicted all this; for when he sold the white cockades to the military, they

often said, * "Eh bien; c'est bon pour le moment, mais cela ne durera pas long temps."—Poor man, he is in perfect agony, and his wife weeps all day long. If all the people of France thought as well as those at Aix, Napoleon would have little chance of success; but alas, I am much afraid he will find more friends than enemies.

The whole town is still in the greatest confusion. The national guard, amongst whom were many of our friends, were not allowed to march till the seventh day after the landing of Napoleon. By day-break, we were awoke by the music of the military bands, and saw, from the windows, the different companies, headed by their officers, many of whose faces were familiar to us, march out, seemingly in great spirits. It was a melancholy sight to us. There was something in our own situation; placed in a country already involved in civil commotion, finding our poor French friends, whose life seemed before this to be nothing but one continued scene of amusement, now weeping for the loss of their sons and husbands and brothers, who had marched to intercept Napoleon, and involved in uncomfortable uncertainty as to our future plans, which for some time made every

* "It is well enough for the moment, but this will not last long."

thing appear gloomy and distressing. The interval between the 8th and the 12th has been occupied by a constant succession of favourable and unfavourable reports; gloomy conjectures and fearful forebodings, have, however, with most people here, formed the prevailing tone of public opinion. The report which was, a few days ago, circulated here, that the escape of the ex-Emperor was a premeditated plan, invented and executed by the English, gains ground every day. It is completely credited by the lower classes here; and such is the enmity against the English, that we are now obliged to give up our country walks, rather than encounter the menacing looks and insulting speeches of the lower orders. To-day is the 8th, and we are in a state of the most extreme anxiety, waiting for the arrival of a courier. In this unfortunate country, owing to the imperfection of the system of posts, public news travel very slowly; and in proportion to the scarcity of accurate information, is the perplexing variety of unfounded reports. The prefect of Aix has just been here to tell us that as yet there appears to be nothing decided; but that upon the whole, things look favourably for the Bourbons. Bonaparte, he informs us, slept at Gape on Sunday, and dispatched from

that town three couriers with different proclamations. Not a man joined him, and it is said he left Gape enraged by the coolness of his reception. In the course of the day, another mail from Gape has arrived, but still brings no intelligence, which looks as if this unfortunate business would be speedily decided. Monsieur has arrived at Lyons, and intends, we hear, to proceed to Grenoble. Last night it was quite impossible for us to sleep. The crowds in the streets, and the confusion of the mob who parade all night, expecting the arrival of a new courier, creates a continual uproar. During the night, we heard our poor landlady weeping; and we found out next morning that her husband had been called off in the night to join the national guard, which had marched in pursuit of the ex-Emperor.

Friday, the 10th.—Still no decisive intelligence has arrived. Every thing, it is said, looks well, but there is a mystery and stillness about the town to-day which alarms us.

Saturday, the 11th.—We have this day received from Mr L. B., who marched with the national guard, a very interesting letter from Sisteron. The crisis, which will determine the result of this last daring adventure of the ex-Emperor, seems to be fast approaching. Our

friend tells us all as yet looks well. Bonaparte is surrounded and hemmed in to the space of two leagues by troops marching from all sides. These, however, how strong soever they may be, appear to maintain a suspicious kind of inaction, and he continues his progress towards Grenoble. Every thing depends on the conduct of the troops there, under General Marchand. Their force is such, that if they continue firm, his project is ruined. On the contrary, if their allegiance to the Bourbons is but pretended, and if their attachment to their old commander should revive, it is to be dreaded that this impulse will have an irresistible effect upon the troops; and if Marchand's division joins him, all is irretrievably lost: He will be at the head of a force sufficient to enable him to dictate terms to Lyons, and the pernicious example of so great a body of troops will poison the allegiance of the rest of the army.

Sunday, the 12th.—Our fears have been prophetic. We have heard again from Mr L. B. This letter is most melancholy; Marchand's corps have joined the ex-Emperor, and he is on his march to Lyons, the second town in the kingdom, with a force every day increasing. It is absolutely necessary now to form some decided plan for leaving this devoted country.

Whether it will be better to embark from Marseilles or to travel across the country to Bourdeaux, is the question upon which we have not yet sufficient information to decide. We expect to hear to-morrow of an engagement between the troops commanded by the Prince D'Artois at Lyons, and the force which has joined Napoleon. Every moment which we now remain in this kingdom is time foolishly thrown away. Bonaparte may have friends in the sea-port towns; the organization of this last scheme may be, and indeed every hour proves, that it has been deeper than we at first imagined, and the possibility of escape may in a moment be entirely precluded.

Monday, the 13th.—This has been a day of much agitation; a courier has arrived, and the intelligence he brings is as bad as possible. Every thing is lost. The Count d'Artois harangued his troops, and the answer they made, was a universal shout of *Vive l'Empereur*. The Prince has been obliged to return to Paris; Bonaparte has entered Lyons without the slightest opposition, and is now on his march to the capital. We have just been informed, that the Duc d'Angouleme is expected here this evening or to-morrow. The guarde nationale has been paraded upon the *Cours*, and a proclama-

tion, exhorting them to continue faithful to the King, read aloud to the soldiers. We hear them rapturously shouting Vive le Roi; and they are now marching through the streets to the national air of Henrie Quatre. Every house has displayed the white flag from its windows.

Thursday, the 16th.—We have determined now to run the risk of travelling across the country to Bourdeaux, trusting to embark from that town for England. I have visited Marseilles, and find that there are no vessels in that port; and in the present uncertain state of Italy, it would be hazardous attempting to reach Nice. Bonaparte, we hear, is near Paris, and is expected to enter that capital without opposition; but we now receive no intelligence whose accuracy can be relied on, as the couriers have been stopt, and all regular intercourse discontinued. The preparations, for the arrival of the Duc d'Angouleme, continued till this morning; and in the evening we witnessed his entry into Aix: It was an affecting sight. At the gate of the town, he got out of his carriage, mounted on horseback, and rode twice along the Cours, followed by his suite. The common people, who were assembled on each side of the street,

shouted Vive le Roi, Vivent les Bourbons, apparently with enthusiasm. The attention of the Duke seemed to be chiefly directed to the regiments of the line, which were drawn up on the Cours. As he rode along, he leant down and seemed to speak familiarly to the common soldiers; but the troops remained sullen and silent. No cries of loyalty were heard amongst them—not a single murmur of applause. They did not even salute the Duke as he past, but continued perfectly still and silent. In the midst of this, we could hear the sobs of the women in the crowd, and of the ladies, who waved their handkerchiefs from the windows. As he came near the balcony where we and our English friends were assembled, we strained our voices with repeated cries of Vive le Roi. He heard us, looked up, and bowed; and afterwards, with that grateful politeness, the characteristic of the older school of French manners, he sent one of his attendants to say, that he had distinguished the English, and felt flattered by the interest they took in his affairs. Although it was positively asserted by our French friends here, that Marseilles was in the greatest confusion; and that on account of the prevalence of the report of the English having favoured the

escape of Bonaparte, all our countrymen were liable to be insulted; I yet found the town perfectly tranquil. Massena, I heard, had sent for some troops from Toulon; and the 3000 national guards employ themselves night and day, in shouting *Vive le Roi.* We shall leave Aix to-morrow morning, taking the route to Bourdeaux.

Friday, the 17th of April.—Our leaving Aix this morning was really melancholy. French friends, hearing of our approaching departure, flocked in to bid us farewell. They were in miserably low spirits, deploring the state of their unhappy country, weeping over the fate of their sons and husbands, who had marched with the national guard in pursuit of the ex-Emperor; and full of fears as to the calamities this might bring upon them. You are happy English, said they, and are returning to a loyal and secure country, and you leave us exposed to all the calamities of a civil war.

After a long day's journey, we have at last arrived at Orgon, at seven in the evening. There has been little travelling on the road to-day. The country has nearly the same aspect as in November last. The only difference is, that the almond trees are in full blossom, and some few other trees, such as willows, &c. in leaf;

the wheat is about half a foot to a foot high: The day was delightfully mild; and as we drove along, we met numberless groups of peasants who lined the road, and were anxiously waiting for their Prince passing by. The road was strewed with lilies, and the young girls had their laps filled with flowers as we passed. As we past, they knew us to be English, and shouted Vive le Roi.

We are now in Languedoc, but as yet I cannot say that it equals, or at all justifies Mrs Radcliffe's description: Flat and insipid plains of *vignoble* or wheat. However, there is here, as every where in France, no want of cultivation. Napoleon had commenced, and nearly finished, a very fine quay and buttresses between the two bridges of boats. That man had always grand, though seldom good views. The walls of the inn here were covered with a mixture of "Vive le Roi!" and "Vive Napoleon!" this last mostly scratched out. National guards in every town demanded our passport. These men and the gens-d'armes are running about in every direction. No courier from Paris arrived here these three days. This looks ill. The houses are better in appearance than in Provence. The country very productive: Potatoes the finest I have seen in France.——— Distance 34 miles.

Sunday, 19th.—We left Nismes at six o'clock this morning, and breakfasted at Lunel, where they appear to be full of loyalty. It was a subject to us of much regret, that more time was not allowed us to examine a magnificent Roman amphitheatre, half of which is nearly entire, although the remaining part is quite ruinous. The troops in the town were drawn up on the parade, expecting the Duke d'Angouleme. We received a small printed paper from an officer on the road, containing the information last received from Paris, which secured us a good reception at the inn. The people were delighted to procure a piece of authentic intelligence, (a thing they seldom have); they flocked round us, and upon their entreaty, I gave them the paper to carry to the caffée. In the inn we found a number of recruits for the army forming by the Duke d'Angouleme; it is said that he has already collected at Nismes nineteen hundred men, all volunteers. The country does not improve in romantic beauty as we advance in Languedoc; but what is better, the cultivation is very supe-

rior; large fields of fine wheat. There seems to be all over the south the same want of horned cattle; horses also are very scarce and very bad:—milk never to be had unless very early, and then in small quantity. No land wasted here. All the houses about Montpellier are better than near Aix, and we even saw some neat country seats, a circumstance almost unknown in all the parts of France where we have hitherto been. The olive trees are here much larger and finer than in Provence; but the country, although covered with olives, vines, and wheat, is flat, ugly, and insipid. The instruments of agriculture are even inferior to those in Provence, which last are at least a century behind England. The plough here is as rude as in Bengal, and is formed of a crooked branch of a tree shod with iron. As we approached near Montpellier, the appearance of the country began to display more beautiful features. The ground is more varied, the fields and meadows of a richer green, a distant range of hills closes in the view, and the olive groves are composed of larger and more luxuriant trees. Nearer to the town, the country is divided into small nursery gardens, which, although inferior to those in the environs of London, give an unusual richness to the land-

scape. We arrived at Montpellier at six o'clock, and from the crowd in the town, found much difficulty in procuring an hotel.

Monday, 20th April.—We have better news to-day; letters from the Duke d'Angouleme announce that the whole conspiracy has been discovered, and that Soult (Ministre de Guerre) and several other generals have been arrested. In consequence of which, it is expected that the plans of the conspirators will be in a great measure defeated. The French change in a moment from the extreme of grief to the opposite, that of the most extravagant joy. To-day they are in the highest spirits;—but things still look very ill. No courier from Paris for these last four days. The ex-Emperor still marching uninterruptedly towards that city, yet no one can conceive that he will succeed, now that the King's eyes are open;—his clemency alone has occasioned all this—he would not consent to remove the declared friends of Napoleon.

We passed this day at Montpellier; but were prevented by the intense heat of the sun from seeing as much of the environs as we could

have wished. The town is old and the streets shabby; but the Peyroue is one of the most magnificent things I ever saw. It is a superb platform, which forms the termination of the Grand Aqueduct built by Louis XIV. and commands a magnificent extent of country. In front, the view is terminated by a long and level line of the Mediterranean. To the south-west the horizon is formed by the ridge of the Pyrenees; while, to the north, the view is closed in by the distant, yet magnificent summits of the Alps. Immediately below these extends, almost to the border of the Mediterranean, a beautiful *paysage*, spotted with innumerable country seats, which, seen at a distance, have the same air of neatness and comfort as those in England. At the end of this fine platform, is a Grecian temple, inclosing a basin, which receives the large body of water conveyed by the aqueduct, and which empties itself again into a wide basin with a bottom of golden-coloured sand. The limpid clearness of the water is beyond all description. The air, blowing over the basin from a plain of wheat and olives (evergreens in this climate), has a charming freshness. The Esplanade here is also a fine promenade, although the view which it commands is not so fine as that

from the Peyroue. The manufactures of Montpellier are, verdigris, blankets and handkerchiefs; little trade going on. The climate is delightful, though now too warm for my taste. Every thing is much farther advanced here than at Aix. They have some very pretty gardens here, though nothing equal to what we see every day in England. The botanical garden is very small. We start to-morrow at six for Beziers, where we expect to find water carriage to Toulouse.

Tuesday, 21st April.—We left Montpellier at five in the morning, and although the country round the town is certainly more beautiful than the greater part of Languedoc we have yet seen, it in a short time became very uninteresting; an extended plain, covered with uninclosed fields of wheat, and occasionally a plantation of olives. Before reaching Maize, a small town situated within a mile of the shore of the Mediterranean, we passed through a fine forest, the only considerable one we have seen in Languedoc. The road winded along the shore; the day was delightful, and as warm as with us in July;

and the waters of the Mediterranean lay in a perfect calm, clear and still, and beautiful, under the light of a glorious sun. The general appearance of the country is certainly not beautiful. It improves much upon coming near Pezenas, where the fields are divided into green meadows, and interspersed with little gardens, in which, although it is now only April, the fruit trees are in full blossom, and giving to the view an uncommon beauty. The blossom of the pears, peach, and apple-trees, is, I think, richer than I ever saw in England. The season is not only much more advanced here than at Aix, but the warmth and mildness of the climate gives to the fields and flowers a more than common luxuriancy. Many of the meadows are thickly sown with the white narcissus, and the hedges, which form their inclosures, are covered with the deepest verdure, which is finely contrasted with the pink-flowers of the almond trees, rising at intervals in the hedge-rows. The wheat round Montpellier was now, in the middle of April, in the ear. We set off to-morrow at half-past five, in order to get into the *coches d'eau* at Beziers before 12 (the hour of starting). Hitherto we have proceeded without the slightest molestation. The English, I am now thoroughly con-

vinced, are not popular amongst the lower orders; but as we are the couriers of good news, we are at present well received. Could it be believed by an Englishman, that we, who travel at the miserable rate of 30 miles a-day, *should be the first to spread the news wherever we go.* The reason is, that we get the authentic news through our friends and bankers, and circulate it in the inns, instead of the ridiculous stories invented by those groping in ignorance. The feelings of the people seem excellent every where; the troops alone maintain a gloomy silence. The country, from Montpellier, is the same as hitherto, flat and insipid: but the crops are much farther advanced than in Provence. We had some fine peeps at the Mediterranean this morning. The town of Pezenas is prettily situated, and is surrounded by numbers of beautiful gardens, though on a small scale. All the fruit trees are here in blossom: Green peas a foot and a half high. The ploughs in this part of the country are more antiquated than any I have seen. The ploughing is very shallow; but nature does all in France.——Distance about 34 miles.

Wednesday, 22d.—Left Pezenas at half past five, and arrived to breakfast at half past nine at Beziers. We went to see the *coches d'eau*, described as *superbes* and *magnifiques* by our French friends. Their ideas differ from ours. It would be perfectly impossible for an English lady to go in such a conveyance; and few gentlemen, even if alone, would have the boldness to venture. The objections are: there is but one room for all classes of people; they start at three and four each morning; stop at miserable inns, and if you have heavy baggage, it must be shifted at the locks, which is tedious and expensive. Adieu to all our airy dreams of gliding through Languedoc in these *Cleopatrian vessels*. They are infested with an astonishing variety of smells; they are exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather; and they are filled with bugs, fleas, and all kinds of bad company. The country to-day, though still very flat, is much improved in beauty. Very fine large meadows, bordered with willows, but too regular. Bullocks as common as mules in the plough.

Wheat far advanced, and barley, in some small spots, in the ear. I learnt some curious particulars, if they can be depended upon, concerning this conspiracy of Bonaparte from a Spanish officer, who had taken a place in our cabriolet. He says, that one of the chief means he has employed to create division in France, and to make himself beloved, has been by carrying on a secret correspondence with the Protestants, and persuading them that he will support them against the Catholics; and by representing the King as wishing to oppress them. To the army he has promised, that he will lead them again against the allied Powers, who have triumphantly said they have conquered them; this is a tender point with the French: At the present time, when the troops are deserting their King, and flying to the standard of the usurper, still even the most loyal among the people cannot bear the idea that the allies should assist in opposing him.

We have continued with our coachman, and carry him on to Toulouse. He is an excellent fellow, has a good berlin, with large cabriolet before, and three of the finest mules I ever saw. He takes us at a round pace, from 15 to 20 miles before breakfast, and the rest after it, making up always 30 miles a-day. The pay for

this equipage per mile is not much above a franc and a half. We have found it the most comfortable way of travelling for so large a party. He carries all our baggage, amounting to more than 400 pounds, without any additional expence. The country between Pezenas and Beziers, and between Beziers and Narbonne, is richer and more beautiful than any part of Languedoc which we have yet seen. It is divided into fields of wheat, which is now in the ear, divisions of green clover grass, meadows enclosed with rows of willows, and orchards scattered around the little villages. These orchards, which are now all in blossom, increase in number as you approach the town of Narbonne. We have enjoyed to-day another noble view of the distant summits of the Pyrenees, towering into the clouds.———Distance, 34 miles—to Narbonne.

Thursday, 23d.—We left Narbonne at half past five, and have travelled to-day, through a country more ugly and insipid than any in the south; barren hills, low swampy

meadows, and dirty villages. There is a total want of peasants houses on the lands; but still a very general cultivation. Ploughs, harrows, and other instruments, a century behind. Fewer vines now, and more wheat. At Moux, one of the police officers read out a number of proclamations, sent by the prefect of the department, exciting the people to exertions in repelling the usurper. The cries of "Vive le Roi" were so faint, that the officer harangued the multitude on their want of proper feeling. He did not, however, gain any thing. One of the mob cried out, that they were not to be forced to cry out "Vive le Roi." Wherever we have gone, I have heard from all ranks that the English have supported Bonaparte, and that they are the instigators of the civil war. In vain I have argued, that if it were our policy to have war with France, why should we have restored the Bourbons? Why made peace? Why wasted men and money in Spain? It is all in vain—they are inveterately obstinate.——Distance 39 miles.

Friday, 24th.—We left Carcassone at seven, as we have but a short journey to-day. Arrived at Castelnaudry at half past five, and found the inn crowded with gentlemen volunteers for the cavalry. The volunteers are fine smart young men, and all well mounted. Their horses very superior to the cavalry horses in general. We passed a cavalry regiment of the line this morning, the 15th dragoons. Horses miserable little long-tailed Highland-like ponies, but seemingly very active. The whole country through which we have travelled since the commencement of our journey in France, is sadly deficient in cattle. We meet with none of these groupes of fine horses and cows, which delight us in looking over the country in England, in almost every field you pass. This want is more particularly remarkable in the south. The country to-day is the same; a total want of trees, and of variety of scenery of any kind. No peasants houses to be seen scattered over the face of the country; the peasantry all crowd into the villages.—Yet there is no want

of cultivation. The situation of the lower classes is yet extremely comfortable. The girls are handsome, and always well drest. The men strong and healthy. The young women wear little caps trimmed with lace, and the men broad-brimmed picturesque-looking hats: both have shoes and stockings. The parish churches in this part of France are in a miserable condition. It is no longer here, as in England, that the churches and *Curès'* houses are distinguished by their neatness. Here, the churches are fallen into ruins; the windows soiled, and covered with cobwebs. The order of the priesthood, from what I have seen, are, I should conceive, little respected.——Distance 29 miles.

Saturday, the 25th.—We left Castelnaudry at five o'clock, and have travelled to-day through a country, which, from Castelnaudry to Toulouse, is uniformly flat and bare, and uninteresting. We were surprised to-day by meeting on the road a party of English friends, who had set out for Bourdeaux, returning by the same road. They informed us, they had

heard by private letters, that Bonaparte was at the gates of Paris, on which account they had returned, and were determined to pass into Spain. They told us, that the roads were covered by parties of English flying in every direction; and that all the vessels at Bourdeaux were said to have already sailed for England. It was, however, impossible for us now to turn back; and we continued our route to Bourdeaux with very uncomfortable feelings, anxious lest every moment should confirm the bad news, and put a stop to our progress to the coast, or that, when we arrived, we should find the sea-ports under an embargo. Near Toulouse, are seen a few country seats, which relieve the eye; but the town is old and ugly, and situated, to all appearance, in a swampy flat. We shall see more of it to-morrow. The road from Castelnaudry to this is very bad, the worst we have seen yet in the south of France; it has been paved, but is much broken up.—— Distance 41 miles.

Sunday, 26th.—It has become necessary now to change all our plans of travelling. Upon

visiting our banker this morning, I received from him a full confirmation of the bad news—Napoleon is in Paris, and again seated on the throne of France. Our banker has procured for us, and another party, forming in all 29 English, a small common country boat, covered over only with a sail. In this miserable conveyance we embarked this afternoon at two, and arrived the first night at Maste. Our passage down the Garonne is most rapid, and as the weather is delightful, the conveyance is pleasant enough; but our minds are in such a state we cannot enjoy any thing. To-morrow I shall continue more connectedly.

Monday, the 27th.—We are now gliding down the Garonne with the utmost rapidity and steadiness. The scene before us presents the most perfect tranquillity. The weather which we now enjoy is heavenly,—the air soft and warm,—and the sun shedding an uncloud-ed radiance upon the glassy waters of the Garonne, in whose bosom the romantic scenery through which we pass, is reflected in the most

perfect beauty. On each side, are the most lovely banks covered with hanging orchards, whose trees, in full blossom, reach to the brink of the river. We have passed several small villages very beautifully situated; and where we have not met with these, the country is more generally scattered with the cottages of the peasantry, which are seen at intervals, peeping through the woods which cover the banks. As our boat passes, the villagers flock from their doors, and place themselves in groups on the rocks which overhang the river, or crowd into the little meadows which are interspersed between the orchards and the gardens. At the moment in which I now write, the sun is setting upon a scene so perfectly still and beautiful, that it is impossible to believe we are now in the devoted country, experiencing, at this very hour, a terrible revolution; the most disastrous political convulsion, perhaps, which it has ever yet undergone. In former times, the changes from the tranquillity it enjoyed under a monarchial government, to the chaos of republicanism, and from that to the sullen stagnation of a firm-rooted military despotism, were gradual; they were the work of time. But the unbounded ambition of Bonaparte, after a series of years, had brought on his down-

fall, by a natural course of events, and France had begun to taste and to relish the blessings of peace. On a sudden, that fallen Colossus is raised again, and its dark shadow has overspread the brightening horizon. Could it be credited, that within one short month, that man whom we conceived detested in France, should have journeyed from one extremity of that kingdom to another, without meeting with the slightest resistance? I say journeyed, for he had but a handful of men, whom, at almost every town, he left behind him, and he proceeded on horseback, or in his carriage, with much less precaution than at any former period of his life. France has now nothing to hope, but from the heavy struggle that will, I trust, immediately take place between her and the allied powers. It will be a terrible, but, I trust, short struggle, if the measures are prompt: but if he is allowed time to levy a new conscription; if even he has sufficient time to collect the hordes of disbanded robbers whom his abdication let loose in France, he possesses the same means of conducting a long war that he ever possessed. The idea so current in France, that this event will only occasion a civil war, is unworthy of a moment's attention. Every inhabitant in every town he passed, was

said to be against him. We heard of nothing but the devoted loyalty of the national guards; but at Grenoble, at Lyons, and at Paris, was there found a man to discharge his musket? No! against a small number of regular and veteran troops, no French militia, no volunteers will ever fight, or if they do, it will be but for a moment; each city will yield in its turn.

The country is improving; the banks, in many places, are beautiful; for some days past we have been in the country of wheat, but now we are again arrived among the vines. Very little commerce on this river, although celebrated as possessing more than any one in France. It reminds me of the state of commerce in India,—boats gliding down rapidly with the stream, and toiling up in tracking. The shape, also, of the boats is the same. We have this moment passed a boat full of English, and the sailors have shouted out, that the white flag is no longer flying at Bourdeaux. If the town has declared for the ex-Emperor, I dread to think of our fate.

Tuesday, the 28th.—This morning, at three, I left my party, and took a very light gig, determined (as the news were getting daily worse, and the road full of English hurrying to Bourdeaux), to post it from Agen. I was attended by a friend. By paying the post-boys double hires, we got on very fast, and although, from their advanced age and infirmities, the generality of French conveyances will not suffer themselves to be hurried beyond their ordinary pace, this was no time to make any such allowances. We accordingly hurried on, and after having broke down four times, we arrived at Bourdeaux at six in the evening, a distance of more than a hundred miles; and were delighted to see the white flag still displayed from all the public buildings. The country from Agen to Bourdeaux is the richest I have seen in France, chiefly laid out in vines, dressed with much more care than any we have yet seen; many fields also of fine wheat, and some meadows of grass pasture. Every thing is much further advanced than in Languedoc, even allowing for the advance in the days we have passed in travel.

ling. Barley not only in the ear, but some fields even yellowing. Bourdeaux is a noble town, though not so fine, I think, as Marseilles. We arrived just in time: a few hours later, and I should have found no passage.

Wednesday morning, the 29th.—I have settled for the last accommodations to be had, viz. a small cabin in a brig, for which I pay L.130. The owner, like every other owner, is full of great promises; but in these cases, I make it a rule to believe only one half. Bourdeaux shews the most determined loyalty; but, alas! there are troops of the line in the town, and in the fort of Blaye. Instead of sending these troops away, and guarding the town by the national guards, they content themselves with giving dinners to each other, and making the drunken soldiers cry, "Vive le Roi!" In England, every thing is done by a dinner; perhaps they are imitating the English: but dinners will not do in this case; decided measures must be taken, or Bourdeaux will fall, in spite of its loyalty, and the noise it makes. The journal published here, of which I have secured most of the num-

bers, from Napoleon's landing to this day, is full of enthusiastic addresses:—The general commanding the troops to the national guards, —the national guards to the troops,—the mayor to his constituents,—the constituents to the mayor;—all this is well, but it will do nothing. Although every thing is yet quiet, I am determined to hurry our departure, for I do not think there is a doubt of the issue. Since I entered Bourdeaux, I have always thought it would yield on the first attack.

Thursday, the 30th.—Things look very ill. The fort of Blaye has hoisted the tri-coloured flag. Thank heaven our vessel passed it today; we should otherwise probably have been fired upon. We go to Poillac, where we are to embark by land, as a party of English, who attempted to go by water, were stopt and made prisoners. The town of Bourdeaux is in a dead calm; the sounds of loyalty have ceased, and a mysterious silence reigns throughout the streets: I am sure all is not well. Suddenly after all this silence, there has been a most rapid transition to sentiments of the most devoted loyalty. This has been occasioned by a great entertainment given by the national guards to the troops of the line; so that I am afraid that although these soldiers of the regular

army, when elated with wine, choose to be devoted loyalists, their political sentiments may undergo many different changes upon their return to sobriety. At present, the shout of Vive le Roi, from the different troops of the line and national guards which are patroling the streets, is loud and reiterated. Napoleon has sent today his addresses and declarations to Bourdeaux, but the couriers have been imprisoned, and the civil authorities have sworn to continue faithful to their King. This loyalty will be immediately put to the test, for Clausel is advancing to the walls. The Dutchess d'Angouleme passed through the streets, and visited the *casernes* of the troops: Indeed her exertions are incessant. To her addresses the people are enthusiastic in their replies, but the troops continue, as I expected, sullen and silent; they answered, that they would not forget their duty to her, as far as not injuring her. I trust that she passed our hotel this evening for the last time, and that she has left Bourdeaux for England. Every individual in this city, the troops excepted, appears to hate and detest Napoleon as cordially as he detests them. They expect immediate destruction if he takes the town. Their commerce must be ruined; yet there is no exertion—nothing but noise. Vive

le Roi is in every heart, but they are overawed by the troops; it costs nothing. Subscriptions, however, for arming the militia, go on slowly. They seem always to keep a sharp eye to their pockets, although, as far as shouting and bellowing is required, they are willing to levy any contribution on their lungs. The French are indeed miserably poor, but they are also miserably avaricious. There is nothing even approaching to national spirit; yet their prudence sometimes gets the better even of their economy. One instance, which I witnessed to-day, will shew the way in which a Frenchman acts in times like these: I was in a shop when one of the noblesse entered, bearing a subscription paper. He addressed the shopkeeper, saying, that he begged for his subscription, as he knew he was a royalist. I never *subscribe* my name in times like these, said the cautious Frenchman, but I will give you some money. The gentleman entreated, urging, that respectable *subscriptions*, more than money, were wanted; but all in vain. The shopkeeper paid his ten shillings, saying, *he would always be the first to support his King.*

I entered a bookseller's shop, and asked for the political writings of the day. The man looked me cautiously in the face, and said he

had none of them. I happened to see one on the table, and asked him for it, telling him that I was an Englishman, and wished to carry them with me; he then bid me step in, and from hidden corners of the inner-shop, he produced the whole mass of pamphlets.—All this denotes that a change is immediately expected.

This last night has been passed as might be expected, owing to the circumstances in which we were placed, in much agitation. Clausel is every moment advancing to the town. Every thing is in confusion. The troops declare they will not fire a shot. The national guards are wavering and undecided, and this moment (five in the morning) our coachman has knocked at our door to tell us that we cannot remain another moment safe in the town.

Friday, the 30th.—We set off accordingly at sunrise, before any one was abroad in the street. Our coachman reported, that General Clausel had reached the gates, and that the national guard had been beat off. We have arrived, therefore, at the most critical moment, and may be grateful that we have escaped.

The road between Bourdeaux and Poillac is very bad. Arrived at the inn at half way, we met with the Marquis de Valsuzenai, prefect of the town, who confirmed the bad news: We learnt from him, that at three in the morning of the 30th, the town had capitulated without a shot having been fired. Two men were killed by a mistake of the soldiers firing upon their own officers; a miserable resistance! But it could not be otherwise, as no militia could long stand against regulars. Still I expected tumults in the streets—rising among the inhabitants—weeping and wailing. But no: the French are unlike any other nation, they have no energy, no principle. Miserable people! We arrived at Poillac just as it grew dark, and owing to the sullen insolence of our coachman, who was a complete revolutionist, and to his hatred for the English, which evinced itself the moment he found that Bourdeaux had capitulated, we found it difficult to get any thing like accommodation. I am happy to add, that this same fellow, meeting another party of English, and beginning to be insolent, an Irish gentleman, with that prompt and decisive justice which characterises his country, by one blow of his fist laid him speechless upon the pavement.

Upon meeting the Prefect of Bourdeaux, be-

tween that town and the little sea-port Poillac, in disguise, and hurrying to the shore, he informed us that before leaving the city, he had fallen on his knees before the Dutchess d'Angouleme, to persuade her to embark for England, and had, after much entreaty, succeeded. That before setting out himself, he had sent her post-horses, and most anxiously expected her arrival, although he had doubts whether she would be permitted to leave the town. As we pursued our route, we passed the Chateau Margot. The Marquis, to whom it belonged, was watching on the road with his young daughter; and the moment our carriage came in sight, he rushed up in great agitation, and exclaiming, "Where is the Dutchess? Why does she not come. She must be concealed at my house to-night. There are troops stationed at a league's distance from this to prevent her escape." Then observing the fair complexion of one of the ladies of our party, he cried out, "It is the Dutchess, it is my beloved Princess. Oh! why have you no avant garde; you must not proceed." The poor old man was in a state of extreme agitation, and his daughter weeping. It was a few minutes before we could undeceive him, and his assurances that we should be stopt by the troops on the road, af-

forded us no very cheering prospect as we proceeded on our journey. No troops, however, appeared, and we arrived safely at Poillac at seven o'clock.

The Dutchess did not appear that night; but early next morning, we were called to the window, by hearing a great bustle in the street. It was occasioned by the arrival of this unfortunate Princess. She had three or four carriages along with her, filled with her attendants, and was escorted by a party of the national guards. Their entry into Poillac formed a very mournful procession; she herself looked deadly pale, although seemingly calm and collected. We saw many of the officers of the national guard crowding round her with tears in their eyes. There was a little chapel close to where we were lodged, and while the other ladies went down to the frigate to prepare for the embarkation, we heard that the Dutchess herself had gone to mass. After we imagined that the service would be nearly concluded, two of the ladies of our party entered the chapel, and placed themselves near to where they knew she would pass. As she came near them, observing that they were English, and much affected, she held out her hand to them; one of them said, "Oh, go to our England, you

will be cherished there." "Yes, yes," replied she, "I am now going to your country;" and when they expressed a wish that this storm would be quickly over, and that when she again returned to France it would be for lasting happiness. The Dutchess replied with an expression which was almost cheerful, "Indeed, I hope so." This was the last time that any of us saw her. There was then in her expression a look of sweet and tranquil suffering, which was irresistibly affecting.

We embarked this morning, *Saturday*, the 31st, on board the William Sibbald, after a night of troubles. Most fortunately for me, I had not trusted entirely to the owner's word, and had provided three beds and some provisions; for the captain told us, he could not provide ship room, and neither mattress nor provision of any kind.——Here we are then, in no very comfortable circumstances, yet thankful to escape from this miserable country. There are others in much greater misery than we. The Count de Lynch, Mayor of Bourdeaux, his brother, and another relation, the General

commanding the national guard, and four or five French fugitives, have been sent on board here, by the Consul and the English Captain of the frigate; and they have neither clothes, nor beds, nor victuals: they leave their fortunes and their families behind them. "Alas! what a prospect," one of them exclaimed to-day; "this is the third fortune Bonaparte has lost to me." The unfortunate Dutchess d'Angouleme is now safe on board the English frigate. On leaving Bourdeaux, the Dutchess printed an address to the inhabitants, stating the reasons of her leaving them, to prevent the town from becoming a scene of blood and pillage. Alas! she knows not her own countrymen; they would not fight an hour to save her life: yet it is not because they do not love her—she is adored—the whole family are adored. The good among the nation wish for peace, but the troops are for war, and they are all-powerful. It is unjust to say that France ought to be allowed to remain under Napoleon, as she has desired his return: the army chiefly have desired it, and plotted it. They burn for pillage and for revenge on the allies, who had humbled their pride. If the allies are not prompt, he will again be master of his former territory. Something might even yet be done at Bourdeaux by an English army.

We are now in the mouth of the English channel, and in full hopes, that as our stock of water and of patience is almost exhausted, the Captain will put us into the first English port. May God grant us soon the sight of an English inn, and an English post-chaise, and in a day we shall forget all our troubles.

END OF THE JOURNAL.

CHAPTER III.

STATE OF FRANCE UNDER NAPOLEON.

To trace, with accuracy, the effects of the revolution and of the military despotism of Napoleon on the kingdom of France, it would be necessary to attend to the following subjects:—the state of commerce—wealth of the nation, and division of this wealth—the state of agriculture—the condition of the towns and villages—of the noblesse and their property—the condition of the lower ranks, namely, the merchants, tradesmen, artificers, peasants, poor, and beggars—the state of private and public manners—the dress of the people—their amusements—the state of religion and morality—of

criminal delinquency and the administration of justice.

But to treat all these different subjects, and to diverge into the necessary observations which they would naturally suggest, would form of itself a voluminous work. In order, however, to judge fairly of the state of France, and of the character of the people, we must select and make observations on a few of the most material points. In my Journal, which accompanies this, I have purposely said but little on the state of the people and their character, as I intended to finish my travels before I formed my opinion. I did not wish to be guilty of the same mistake with another traveller, who, coming to an inn in which he had a bad egg for breakfast, served by an ugly girl, immediately set down in his Journal, "In this country, the eggs are all bad, and the women all ugly." My readers are already aware of the opportunities I possessed of obtaining information. They are such as present themselves to almost every traveller in France; and they will not therefore be surprised if my remarks are somewhat common-place. They will recollect that our party disembarked at Dieppe, and travelled from one coast to the other by Rouen, Paris, Lyons and Aix. By

travelling very slowly, never above 30 miles a-day, I had, perhaps a better opportunity than common of seeing the country, and of conversing with the inhabitants; and I have been more than commonly fortunate in forming acquaintance with a number of very well informed men in the town, which we selected as the place of our residence in the winter: This was Aix, in Provence. I have described it before in my Journal, and have only to add, that the head court for four departments is held there; that there is a College for the study of Law and Divinity, and that it is remarkable for possessing a society of men better informed, and of more liberal education, than most other towns in France.

'The inhabitants of Provence have always been marked by excesses of affection or disaffection. They do nothing in moderation; "Les tetes chaudes de Provence," is an expression quite common in France. In the commencement of the revolution, the bands of Provençals, chiefly Marseillois, were the leaders in every outrage. And when the tyrant, Napoleon, had fallen from his power, they were among the first to cry "Vivent les Bourbons!" They would have torn him to pieces on his way to Frejus, had he not been at times

disguised, and at other times well protected by the troops and police in the villages through which he passed. It will then easily be imagined that the English were received with open arms at Aix. They heaped on us kindnesses of every description, and our only difficulty was to limit our acquaintance. From among the most moderate and best informed of our friends at Aix, I attempted to collect a few traits and anecdotes of Napoleon, and with their assistance, I shall, in the first instance, attempt giving a sketch of his character. It would be tedious, as well as unnecessary, to detail all the circumstances of his life; for most of these are generally known. I shall therefore only mention such as we are not generally acquainted with.

Napoleon was born at Ajaccio, in Corsica, not, as is generally supposed, in August 1769, but in February 1768. He had a motive for thus falsifying even the date of his birth; he conceived that it would assist his ambitious views, if he could prove that he was born in a province of France, and it was not till 1769 that Corsica became entitled to that denomination. His reputed father was not a *huissier* (or bailiff) as is generally stated, but a *greffier* (or register of one of the courts of justice). His

mother is a Genoese; she is a woman of very bad character; and it is currently reported that Napoleon was the son of General Paoli; and that Louis and Jerome were the sons of the Marquis de Marbeuf, governor of the island. The conduct of the Marquis to the family of Bonaparte, then in the utmost indigence, would sanction a belief in this account; he protected the whole family, but particularly the sons, and he caused Napoleon to be placed at the Military School of Brienne, where he supplied him with money. This money was never spent among his companions, but went to purchase mathematical books and instruments, and to assist him in erecting fortifications. The only times when he deigned to amuse himself with others was during the attacks of these fortifications, and immediately on these being finished, he would retire and shut himself up among his books and mathematical instruments. He was, when a boy, always morose, tyrannical and domineering. "* Il montrait dans ces jeux cet esprit de domination qu'il a depuis manifesteè sur le grand theatre du monde; et celui qui devoit un jour epou-

* "He shewed at his sports, that spirit of tyranny which he has since manifested on the great stage of the world;

vanter l'Europe a commencè par etre le maitre et l'effroi d'une troupe d'enfans *."

He left the military college with the rank of lieutenant of artillery, and bearing a character which was not likely to recommend him among good men. He had very early displayed principles of a most daring nature. In a conversation with the master of the academy, some discussion having taken place on the subject of the difficulty of governing a great nation, the young Corsican remarked, "that the greatest nations were as easily managed as a school of boys, but that kings always studied to make themselves beloved, and thus worked their own ruin." The infant despot of France was certainly determined that no such foolish humanity should dictate rules to his ambition. He was once in a private company, where a lady making some remarks on the character of Marshal Turenne, declared that she would have loved him had he not burned the Palatinate. "And of what consequence was that, Madame,"

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and he who was doomed one day to make Europe tremble, commenced by being the master and terror of a troop of children."

* Such are the emphatic expressions made use of by a French gentleman, who took the trouble to draw up for me a short memoir, containing what he considered the most correct and well authenticated circumstances in the political life of Napoleon.

said the young Napoleon, "provided it assisted his plans?" We may here trace the same unfeeling heart that ordered the explosion of the magazine of Grenelle, which, if his orders had been executed, must have laid Paris in ruins. Some of my readers may, perhaps, not have seen an authentic statement of this most horrid circumstance, I shall therefore give a translation of the letter of Maillard Lescourt, major of artillery, taken from the Journal des Debats of the 7th April: "I was employed, on "the evening before the attack of Paris, in as-"sembling the horses necessary for the remo-"val of the artillery, and was assisted in this "duty by the officers of the 'Direction Gene-"rale.' At nine at night a colonel gallopped "up to the gate of the grating of St Domi-"nique, where I was standing, and asked to "speak to the Directeur d'Artillerie. On my "being shewn to him, he immediately asked "me if the powder magazine at Grenelle had "been evacuated? I replied that it had not, "and that there was neither time nor horses "for the purpose. Then, Sir, said he, it must "be blown up. I turned pale, and trembled, "not reflecting that there was no occasion to "distress myself for an order which was not "written, and with the bearer of which I was

" unacquainted. Do you hesitate? said the " Colonel.—It immediately occurred to me, " that the same order might be given to others, " if I did not accept of it; I therefore calmly " replied to him, that I should immediately set " about it. Become master of this frightful " secret, I entrusted it to no one." At Paris we met with persons of much respectability, who vouched for the truth of this statement.

There can be no doubt that this order was given by Napoleon, for at this time the other ruling authorities had left Paris. It is by no means inconsistent with the character of the man; never, in any instance, has he been known to value the lives of men, where either ambition or revenge instigated him. Beauchamp, in his history of the last campaign, gives the following anecdote: * " Sire, (lui disoit un general, en le felicitant sur la victoire de Montmirail), quel beau jour, si nous ne voyions autour de nous tant de villes et de pays devastès. Tant mieux, replique Napoleon, cela me donne des soldats!!"

* " Sire," said a General to him, while congratulating him on the victory of Montmirail, " what a glorious day, if we did not see around us so many towns and countries destroyed." " So much the better," said Napoleon; " that supplies me with soldiers!"

The second capture of Rheims in that campaign was an object of little consequence to him, but he now determined it should suffer by fire and sword. From the heights he looked down on the town, then partly on fire, and smiling said, * " Eh bien, dans une heure les dames de Rheims auront grand peur." His resentment against the towns that declared for the Bourbons was beyond all bounds: The following account of the murder of the unfortunate De Goualt is taken from Beauchamp's interesting work: † " On le saisit, on le conduit à l'hotel de ville, devant une commission militaire, qui proçede à son jugement, ou plutôt à sa condamnation. Une heure s'etait à peine ecoulee qu'un officier survient se fait ouvrir les portes, et demande si la sentence est prononçee. Les juges vont aller aux voix, dit on. " Qu'on le fusille, sur le champ," dit l'officier; " l'Em-

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* " Well, in an hour the ladies of Rheims will be in a fine fright."

† They seize him, they conduct him to the town-hall, before a military commission, which proceeds to his trial, or rather to his condemnation. An hour was scarce elapsed when an officer appears, orders the doors to be opened, and demands if sentence is pronounced. They tell him that the judges are about to put the question to the vote, " Let them instantly shoot him," said the officer; " this is

pereur l'ordonne." Le malhereux Goualt est condamne. Le deuil est generale dans la ville. Le proprietaire de la maison, qu'avoit choisi Bonaparte pour y etablir son quartier, solicite une audience ; il l'obtient. " Sire, (dit Monsieur du Chatel à Napoleon), un jour de triomphe doit etre un jour de clemence. Je viens de supplier votre Majesté d'accorder à toute la ville de Troyes la grace d'un de nos malheureux compatriotes qui vient d'etre condamne à mort." "Sortez," dit le tyran, d'un air faronche, " Vous oubliez qui vous etes chez moi." Il etait onze heures et cet infortune sortait de l'hotel de ville, escorte par des gens-d'armes, portant, attache à son dos, et à sa poitrine un ecriteau en gros caracteres, dans ces mots, " Traitre à la patrie,"

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the Emperor's order." The unfortunate Goualt is condemned.—The voice of mourning is heard throughout the whole city. The proprietor of the house which Bonaparte had chosen for his head-quarters solicits an audience; he obtains it. " Sire, (said M. Duchatel), a day of triumph ought to be a day of mercy; I come to entreat your Majesty to grant to the whole city of Troyes the pardon of one of her fellow-citizens, who has been condemned to death." " Begone! (said the tyrant, with a savage look), you forget that you are in my presence." It was 11 o'clock at night when the unfortunate man left the town-hall, escorted by gens-d'armes, and carrying, attached to his back and breast, a writing in large characters, in these words,

qu'on lisait à la lueur des flambeaux. Le dechirant et lugubre cortege se dirigeait vers la place du marche destine aux executions criminelles. La on veut bander les yeux au condamne. Il s'y refuse, et dit d'une voix ferme qu'il saura mourir pour son Roi. Lui meme donne le signal de tirer et c'est en criant, "Vive le Roi! Vive Louis XVIII!" qu'il rend le dernier soupir."

Tacitus, in describing the Corsicans, gives us three of the principal ingredients in the character of Napoleon, when he says, * "Ulcisci, prima lex est, altera, mentiri, tertia, negare Deos." To these we may add unlimited ambition, insatiable vanity, considerable courage at times, and the most dastardly cowardice at others. It must be owned, that this last is an extraordinary mixture; but I am inclined

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"Traitor to his country," which was read by light of flambeaux. This heart-rending assembly advanced towards the market-place, appointed for the execution of criminals. There they wished to bind the eyes of the accused;—he refused, and said, with a firm voice, that he knew how to die for his King. He himself gave the signal to fire, and exclaiming, "Long live the King! Long live Louis XVIII!" he drew his last breath.

* Revenge is their first law, lying the second, and to deny their God is the third.

to believe, in despite of the many proofs of rash and impetuous courage, that Napoleon was in the main, and whenever life and existence was at stake, a cool and selfish coward. His rival Moreau always thought so. Immediately before the campaign of Dresden, in a conversation on Napoleon's character, this General observed, * "Ce qui characterise cet homme, ce'st le mensonge et l'ámour de la vie; Je vais l'attaquer, je le battrai, et je le verrai a mes pieds me demander la vie."—It pleased Providence that a part only of this prediction should be accomplished; but we have seen that Bonaparte dared not court the death of Moreau. Never was more decided cowardice shewn by any man than by Napoleon after the entry of the allies into Paris. How easily might he have fought his way, with a numerous band of determined followers, who, to the last minute, never failed him; but he preferred remaining to beg for his life, and to attend to the removal *of his wines and furniture!!* But we must proceed more regularly in developing the traits of this extraordinary man. A gentleman of Aix, one of whose near relations had the charge of

* "The distinguishing features of this man are, lying and the love of life; I go to attack him, I shall beat him, and I shall see him at my feet demanding his life."

Napoleon, when his character was suspected at Toulon, gave me the following particulars of his first employment. During the siege of Toulon, he had greatly distinguished himself, and had applied to the "Commissaires de Convention," who at that time possessed great power in the army, to promote him; but these men detesting Bonaparte's character, refused his request.—On this occasion, General De Gominier said to them, * "Avancez cet officier; car si vous ne l'avancez pas, il saura bien s'avancer lui meme." The Commissaries could no longer refuse, and Bonaparte was appointed colonel of artillery. Shortly after this, having got into some scrape from his violent and turbulent disposition, he was put under arrest; and it was even proposed that he should be tried and executed (a necessary consequence of a trial at that period). His situation at this time was extremely unpromising; Robespierre and his accomplices, Daunton, St Juste, Barrere, &c. were all either put to death or forced to conceal themselves. Bonaparte now perceived, that for the accomplishment of his views, it was necessary that he should forsake his haugh-

* "Promote this officer; for if you do not, he knows the way to promote himself."

ty and domineering tone, and flatter those in power. He immediately commenced a series of intrigues, and by the assistance of his friends at Paris, and that good fortune which has always befriended him, he soon found an opportunity of extricating himself from the danger which surrounded him. Barras, who was then at the head of the administration, under the title of Directeur, alarmed by the distracted state of Paris, and dreading the return of the Bourbons, assembled a council of his friends and associates in crime; it was then determined that an attack should immediately be made on the Parisian royalists, or, as the gentleman who gave me this account expressed it, * "Dissiper les royalistes, et foudroyer les Parisiens jusque dans leurs foyers."

But where were they to find a Frenchman who would take upon him the execution of so barbarous an order? One of the meeting mentioned Bonaparte, and his well-known character determined the directors in their choice. He was ordered to Paris, and the hand of Madame Beauharnois, and the command of the army of Italy, held out to him as the reward

* "To dissipate the royalists, and to batter the Parisians even at their firesides."

of his services, provided he succeeded in *dissipating* the royalists. It is well known that he did succeed to his utmost wish; the streets of Paris were strewed with dead bodies, and the power of the Directory was proclaimed by peals of artillery.

Shortly after this, Bonaparte commenced that campaign in Italy, in which he so highly signalised himself as a great general and a brave soldier. It is the general opinion of the French that this was the only campaign in which Napoleon shewed personal courage; others allege, that he continued to display the greatest bravery till the siege of Acre. To reconcile the different opinions with respect to the character of Napoleon in this point, is a matter of much difficulty. After having heard the subject repeatedly discussed by officers who had accompanied him in many of his campaigns; after having read all the pamphlets of the day, I am inclined to think that the character given of him in that work, perhaps erroneously believed to be written by his valet, is the most just. This book certainly contains much exaggeration, but it is by no means considered, by the French whom I have met, as a forgery. The author must, from his style, be a man of some education; and he asserts that he was with him in all his battles, from the battle of Ma-

rengo to the campaign of Paris. He declares, that Napoleon was *courageous only in success, brave only when victorious;* that the slightest reverse made him a coward. His conduct in Egypt, in abandoning his army, his barbarous and unfeeling flight from Moscow, and his last scene at Fontainbleau, are sufficient proofs of this.

The battle of Marengo is generally instanced as the one in which Napoleon shewed the greatest personal courage; but this statement neither agrees with the account given in the above work, nor by Monsieur Gaillais. From the work of the last mentioned gentleman, entitled "Histoire de Dix huit Brumaire," I shall extract a few lines on the subject of this battle. * "A la pointe du jour les Autrichiens commencerent l'attaque, dabord assez lentement, plus vivement ensuite, et enfin avec une telle furie que les Francais furent enfoncès de tous cotès. Dans ce moment affreux ou les morts et les mourants jonchaièent la terre, le premier

* "At break of day the Austrians commenced the attack, at first gently enough, afterwards more briskly, and at last with such fury, that the French were broken on all sides. At this frightful moment, when the dead and the dying strewed the earth, the first Consul, placed in the

Consul, placè au milieu de sa garde, semblait immuable, insensible, et comme frappè de la foudre. Vainement les generaux lui depechaient coup sur coup leurs Aides de Camp, pour demander des secours; vainement les Aides de Camp attendaient les ordres; il n'endonnait aucune; il donnait a peine signe de la vie. Plusieurs penserent que croyant la battaille perdue, il voulut se faire tuer. D'autres, avec plus de raison, se persuaderent qu'il avoit perdu la tete, et qu'il ne voyait et n'entendait plus rien de se qui se disoit et de ce qui se passait autour de lui. Le General Berthier vint le prier instamment de se retirer; au lieu de lui repondre il se coucha par terre. Cependant les Francais fuyerent a toutes jambes, la

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middle of his guard, appeared immoveable, insensible, and as if struck by thunder. In vain his Generals sent him their Aides de Camp, one after another, to demand assistance. In vain did the Aides de Camp wait his orders. He gave none. He scarcely exhibited signs of life. Many thought, that, believing the battle lost, he wished himself to be killed. Others, with more reason, persuaded themselves, that he had lost all power of thought, and that he neither heard nor saw what was said or what passed about him. General Berthier came to beg he would instantly withdraw; instead of answering him, he lay down on the ground. In the meantime, the French fled as fast

bataille etoit perdue lorsque tout a coup on entendait dire que le General Dessaix arrive avec une division de troupes fraiches. Bientot apres on le voit paroitre lui meme a leur tete; les fuyards se ralliaient derrierè ses colonnes—leur courage est revenuè—la chance tourne—les Francais attaquent a leur tour avec la meme furie qu'ils avoient eté attaquè—et brulent d'effacer la honte de leur defaite du matin."

Desaix fell in this battle, and the whole glory of it was given to Napoleon. The last words of this gallant man were these: "* Je meurs avec le regret de n'avoir pas assez vecu pour ma patrie."

This account of Napoleon's behaviour at Marengo was confirmed to me at Aix, by two

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as possible. The battle was lost, when suddenly we heard it said, that General Dessaix was coming up with fresh troops. Presently we saw him appear at their head. The runaways rallied behind his columns. Their courage returned—fortune changed. The French attacked in their turn, with the same fury with which they had been attacked; they burned to efface the shame of their defeat in the morning."

* "I die regretting that I have not lived long enough for my country."

French officers of rank who had been present at the battle.

I do not mean to give a life of Napoleon; ere a year is past, I have not a doubt that we shall have but too many; indeed, already they are not wanting in England. I mean only to give such anecdotes as are not so generally known, and to attempt an explanation of the two most interesting circumstances in his career, viz. the means he has employed in his aggrandisement, and the causes of his downfall. It is only when we survey the extent of his power, without reflecting on the gradual steps which led to it, that we are astonished and confounded; for, in reality, when his means are considered, and the state of France at the time is placed before our eyes, much of the difficulty vanishes; and we perceive, that any daring character, making use of the same means, might have arrived at the same end. It is foolish to deny him (as many of his biographers do), great military talent, for that he certainly possessed, as long as his good fortune allowed him to display it. This talent he not only evinced in the formation of his plans, but in the execution also. No man knew better the means of calling forth the inexhaustible military resources of France. The people of that

country were always brave; but Bonaparte alone knew how to make them all soldiers. The desire of glory has ever characterized the nation, and the state of tyranny and oppression in which they were kept under his government, had no effect in diminishing this passion. The French people under Napoleon furnish a striking exception to the maxim of Montesquieu, when he says, * "On peut poser pour maxime, que dans chaque etat le desir de la gloire existe avec la liberté de sujets, et diminue avec elle; la gloire n'est jamais compagne de la servitude."

The French forget their misfortunes almost immediately. After the campaign of Moscow, one would have thought that the hardships they endured might have given them a sufficient disgust, and that it was likely they would forsake one who shewed so little feeling for them. I happened once to meet with several of the poor wretches who had been with him; they were then on their road home; most of them were entirely disabled; one had his toes frozen

* We may lay it down as a maxim, that in every state the desire of glory exists with the liberty of the subjects, and diminishes with the same; glory is never the companion of servitude.

off—they declared that they *would again fight under him if they were able.* At one of the inns, I met with a young officer who had also been with him at Moscow: I happened to enquire how they could bear the cold? "We were as comfortable," said he, "as you and I are at this fire-side." The poor fellow was not twenty-one years old. *"La jeunesse d'aujour-d'hui est elevee dans d'autres principes; l'amour de la gloire sur tout a jetè des profondes racines; il est devenu l'attribut le plus distinctif du caràctere national, exaltè par vingt ans de succes continues. Mais cette gloire meme etoit devenue notre idole, elle absorboit toutes les pensees des braves mis hors-de-combat par leurs blessures, toutes les esperances des jeunes gens qui faisaient leur premieres armes. Un coup imprevu l'a frappè, nous trouvons dans nos coeurs une vide semblable a celui qui

* "The youth of the present day are brought up in very different principles: the love of glory, above all, has taken deep root; it has become the distinguishing attribute of the national character, exalted by twenty years of continued success. But this very glory was become our idol; it absorbed all the thoughts of the brave fellows whose wounds had rendered them unfit for service—all the hopes of the youthful warriors who for the first time bore arms; an unlooked-for blow has been struck, and we now find in

trouve un amant qui a perdu l'objet de sa passion; tout se qu'il voit, tout ce qu'il entende renouvelle sa douleur. Ce sentiment rend notre situation vague et penible; chacun cherche a se dissimuler la place qu'il sente exister au fond de son coeur. On le regarde comme humilie, apres vingt ans des triomphes continues, pour avoir perdu une seule partie malhereusement etait la partie d'honneur; et qui a fait la regle de nos destinees."—Such is the language of the military.

In conversation one evening with one of the noblesse, who had suffered in the revolution, he told me that this military spirit extended not only to all ranks and professions, but to all ages. He said that the young men in the schools refused to learn any thing but mathematics and the science of arms; and that he recollected many instances of boys ten and twelve years

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our hearts a blank similar to that which a lover feels who has lost the object of his passion; every thing he sees, every thing he hears, renews his grief. This sentiment renders our situation vague and painful; every one seeks to hide from himself the void which he feels exist in his heart. He is looked upon as humbled, after twenty years of continued triumph, for having lost a single stake, which unfortunately was the stake of honour, and which had become the rule of our destinies."—CARNOT'S MEMOIR.

of age, daily entreating their fathers and mothers to permit them to join Napoleon It was in vain to represent to them the hardships they must suffer; their constant reply was, "If we die, we will at least find glory." Read the campaign of Moscow, said another gentleman to me, you will there see the French character: * "Les François sont les seuls dans l'univers qui pourroient rire même en gelant."

Napoleon certainly greatly encreased the military spirit of the people: Before his time, you heard of commerce, of agriculture, of manufactures, as furnishing the support of the community; under him, you heard of nothing but war. The rapid destruction of the population of France occasioned constant promotion, and the army became the most promising profession. It was a profession in which no education was wanting—to which all had access. Bonaparte never allowed merit to go unrewarded. The institution of the Legion of Honour alone was an instrument in his hands of sufficient power to call forth the energy of a brave people; to this rank even the private

* "The French are the only people in the universe who could laugh even while freezing."

soldier might arrive. In this organization of the army, therefore, we may trace his first means of success.

The next was his military *tactique*:—The great and simple principle on which this was founded, is evident in every one of the pitched battles which he gained;—he out-numbered his opponents,—he sacrificed a troop,—a battalion,—a division,—or a whole army without bestowing a moment's thought. Bonaparte has sometimes, though very seldom, shewn that his heart could be touched, but never, on any occasion, did the miserable display of carnage in the field of battle call forth these feelings; never was he known to pity his soldiers. On seeing a body of fresh recruits join the army, his favourite expression was always, * "Eh bien, voyez encore de matiere premiere, du chair a cannon." After a battle, when he rode over the ground, he would smile, and say, † "Ma foi, voyez une grande consommation." The day after the battle of Prusse-Eylau, his

* "Well, there's more materials—more flesh for the cannon!"

† "My faith, there's a fine consumption." The word *Consommation*, is also a mess, a finishing. It is not easy to say whether it was used in one or all of these senses by Napoleon.

valet thus describes his visit to the field of blood: * " Il faisoit un froid glacial, des mourants respiroient encore; la foule des cadavres et les cavités noiratres qui le sang des hommes avoit laisse dans la neigè faisoit un affreux contraste. L'etat Major etoit peniblement affectè. L'Empereur seul contemplait froidement cette scene de deuil et de sang. Je poussai mon cheval quelques pas devant le sien; j'etois curieux de l'observer dans un pareil moment. Vous eussiez dit qu'il etoit alors detachè de toutes les affections humaines, que tout ce qui l'environnait n'existoit pour lui. Il parloit tranquillement des evenemens de la veille. En passant devant une groupe des grenadiers Russes massacrès, le cheval d'un Aide-de-Camp

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* " It was icy cold. The dying were yet breathing; the crowd of dead bodies, and the black gaps which the blood had made in the snow, were horribly contrasted. The staff were sensibly affected. The Emperor alone looked coolly on that scene of mourning and of blood. I pushed my horse a few paces before his, for I was anxious to observe him at such a moment. You would have said that he was devoid of every human feeling; that all that surrounded him existed but for him. He spoke coolly on the events of the evening before. In passing before a groupe of Russian grenadiers who had been massacred, the horse of one of

avoit peur. Le Prince l'appercevait: "Ce cheval, lui dit il, froidement, est un lache."

It cannot be doubted that such a man would sacrifice regiment after regiment to obtain his purpose; we may indeed wonder, that when known to possess such a heart, he was obeyed by his men: But a little thought, a little reflection on the means he took to ingratiate himself with his troops will remove this difficulty. Look also at his dispatches, his proclamations, and orders; they appear the effusion of the father of a family addressing his children: "Their country required the sacrifices, which he deplored." All thought is at an end when they are thus attacked on their weak side. At other times, the hope of plunder was held out to them. The words, *glory, honour, their country, laurels, immortal fame*—these words, fascinating to the ear of any people, are more peculiarly so to the French. When conversing with an old French officer, who had served under the Prince of Condè in the emigrant army, on this subject, he made this remark: "Sir, you do not know the French;

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the aides-de-camp started. The Emperor perceived it: "That horse (said he, coldly) is a coward."

assemble them together, and having pronounced the words *glory, honour and your country*, point to the moon, and you will have an army ready to undertake the enterprise." Napoleon was well aware of this weakness of the French. He would ride through the ranks on the eve of a battle, would recal their former victories to one body; make promises to a second; joke with a third,—cold, distant, and forbidding at all other times, he is described as affable in the extreme on all such occasions. The meanest soldier might then address him.

The rapid military promotion may be given as another cause of Napoleon's success. The most distinguished corps were, of course, the greatest sufferers; and the young man who joined the army, as a lieutenant, on the eve of an action, was a captain the next day, perhaps a colonel before he had seen a year's service. * "Des ouvriers sortis de leurs atteliers (says Monsieur Gaillais in his "Histoire de Dix Huit Brumaire,") des paysans echappes de villages, avec un bonnet sur la tete et un baton a la main, devenaient au bout de six mois des

* "Workmen who had just left their workshops, peasants escaped from the villages, with bonnets on their heads, and a staff in their hands, in six months became intrepid sol-

soldats intrepides, et au bout de deux ans des officiers agueris, et des generaux redoubtables au plus anciens generaux de l'Europe." Nothing struck me more forcibly than the youth of the French officers. The generals only are veterans, for Bonaparte well knew, that experience is as necessary as courage in a General.

Next, we may direct our attention to the means which this despot possessed, by filling the war department with his own creatures; by giving liberal salaries and unlimited power to the prefects of the different departments, he amassed both troops and pay to support them. The tyrannic measures for levying these became at last insupportable; the people were rising in the villages, and by force of arms rescuing their companions; and it is very probable that he might have found, latterly, a want of men; but for years he has had at his disposal three hundred thousand men annually. In describing the effects of the conscription, one of the members of the Senate made use of the follow-

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diers, and in two years skilful officers and generals, formidable to the oldest generals in Europe."

ing expression :—* "On moissonne les hommes trois fois l'anneé."

With such supplies, what single power could resist him? War with him became a mere mechanical calculation. Among the causes of his elevation, the use he made of the other continental Powers must not be forgotten; whether gained by corruption, treachery, or force, they all became his allies; they were all compelled to assist him with troops. When the Sovereigns of these countries consented to his plans, they were permitted to govern their own kingdoms, otherwise the needy family of Bonaparte supplied the *roitelets* at a moment's warning. These little monarchs, he is said to have treated with the utmost contempt.

My readers may perhaps be inclined to smile, when I mention among the causes of Napoleon's elevation, the use made by him of ballad-singers, newsmongers, pedlars, &c. But really, on a deliberate view of his system of juggling and deception, I am inclined to believe, that it was one of his most powerful engines. The people of France are not only the most vain, but the most credulous in the world. To

* "They cut down the crops of men three times a-year."

work on their feelings, he kept in constant pay authors of every description, from the man who composed the Vaudeville, which was sold for half a sous, to the authors of the many clever political pamphlets which daily appear in France: for the dissemination of these, he had agents, not only in France, but in distant countries. When he aimed at the subjugation of any part of the continent, his first endeavour was always to disseminate seditious and inflammatory pamphlets against its Government. It is never doubted in France, that even in *England*, he had his emissaries.

Editors of newspapers, in every part of the globe, were in his pay. The method in which the newspaper, called the Argus, was published, is an extraordinary proof of this fact. The Argus, whose principal object was to abuse the English, was first of all written in French, by one of the "Commissaires de Police;" it was then translated into English, and a few copies were circulated in this language, to keep up the idea, that it was smuggled over from England; after these found their way, the French copy, or in other words, the original, was widely circulated. A more infamous trick can scarce be conceived. Extracts from this paper were, by express order of Napoleon, published

in every French paper. Nothing was considered by him as beneath his notice. He encouraged dancing, feasting, gaming. The theatres, concerts, public gardens, were under his protection. The traiteurs, the keepers of caffès, of brothels, of ale-houses, the limonadiers, and the wine-merchants, were his particular favourites. His object in this was, to produce a degree of profligacy in the public manners, and a disgust at industry; and the consequence was, the resort of all ranks to the army, as the easiest and most lucrative profession.

With regard to the many other causes which will suggest themselves to my readers in reading a history of his campaigns, I shall say nothing; for on all of these, as well as on the causes of his downfall, which I shall merely enumerate, I leave them to make their own observations. I have already been very tedious, and have yet much to observe on different points of his character.

To the last rigorous measures for the conscription, to the institution of the "Droits Reunis;" to the formation of the garde d'honneur; and to his attack on the religion of France, Bonaparte owed his first unpopularity. The hatred of the French is as impetuous as

their admiration. They exclaimed against every measure when they were once exasperated against him: still he had many friends; still he possessed an army which kept the nation in awe. This army he chose to sacrifice in Spain and Russia. The nation could no longer supply him, and the strong coalition which took place against him, was not to be repelled by a broken-down army. His military talent seemed latterly to have forsaken him, and never was the expulsion of a tyrant so easily accomplished.

His excessive vanity never left him—of this, the Moniteur for the last ten years is a sufficient proof; but in reading the accounts of him, I was particularly struck with the instances which follow.

Anxious to impress on the minds of the Directors, the necessity of the expedition to Egypt, he made a speech, in which the meanest flattery was judiciously mingled with his usual vanity. * "Ce n'est que sous un gouvernement aussi sage aussi grand que le votre, qu'un simple soldat tel que moi pouvait conçe-

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* "It is only under a government as wise and as great as yours, that a simple soldier like me could have formed the

voir le projet de porter la guerre en Egypte.— Oui, Directeurs, à peine serais' je maitre d' Egypte, et des solitudes de la Palestine, que l'Angleterre vous donnera un vaisseau de premier bord pour un sac de bled."

Some days before his celebrated appearance among the "Cinq Cents," his friends advised him to repair thither well armed, and attended with troops. * "Si je me presente avec des troupes (disait Napoleon), c'est pour complaire à mes amis, car en verité j'ai la plus grande envie d'y paraitre comme fit jadis Louis XIV. au Parlement, en bottes, et un fouet à la main."

In his speech to the Corps Legislatif, on the 1st of January 1814, he made use of the following words at the close of an oration, composed of the same unmeaning phrases, strung together in fifty different shapes. † "Je suis de ces hommes qu'on tue, mais qu'on ne dis-

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project of carrying the war into Egypt.—Yes, Directors, scarcely shall I be master of Egypt, and of the solitudes of Palestine, than England will give you a first rate ship of the line for a sack of corn."

* "If I present myself with troops (said Napoleon) it is only to please my friends, for in truth, I have the greatest desire of appearing there as of old; Louis XIV. appeared in the Parliament *in boots*, and a whip in his hand."

† "I am one of those whom men kill, but whom

honore pas. Dans trois mois nous aurons la paix, ou l'enemi sera chasse de notre territoire —ou, je serai mort."

A further specimen of Napoleon's style, will, I think, amuse my readers; I shall, therefore, copy out an extract of his speech to the Legislative Body: * "Je vous ai appellè autour de moi pour faire le bien, vous avez fait le mal, vous avez entre vous des gens devouès à l'Angleterre, qui correspondent avec le Prince Regent par l'entremise de l'avocat Deseze. Les onze-douziemes parmi vous sont bons; les autres sont des factieux. Retournez dans vos departments;—je vous y suivrai de l'oeil. Je suis un homme qu'on peut tuer, mais qu'on nè saurait deshonnorer. Quel est celui d'entre vous qui pouvait supporter le fardeau du pou-

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they cannot dishonour; in three months we shall have peace—either the enemy shall be chased from our territory, or I shall be no more."

* "I have called you around me to do good; you have done ill. You have among you persons devoted to England, who correspond with the Prince Regent, by means of the Advocate Deseze. Eleven-twelfths of you are good; the rest are factious. Return to your departments;—I shall have my eye on you. I am one whom men may kill, but whom they cannot dishonour. Who is he among you who could support the load of government. It has crushed the

voir; il a ecrasè l'Assemble Constituante, qui dicta des loix à un monarque faible. Le Fauxbourg St Antoine nous aurait secondé, mais il vous est bientot abandonnè. Que sont devenus les Jacobins, les Girondins, les Vergniaux, les Guadets, et tant d'autres? Ils sont morts. Vous avez cherché à me barbouiller aux gens de la France. C'est un attentat;—qu'est que le trone, au reste? Quatre morçeaux de bois dorè recouverts de velours. Je vous avais indiqué un Commité Secret; c'etait là qu'il fallait laver notre linge. J'ai un titre, vous n'en avez point. Qui etes vous dans la Constitution? Vous n'avez point d'autorite. C'est le Trone qui est la Constitution. Tout est dans le trone

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Constituent Assembly, which dictated laws to a weak king. The Fauxbourg St Antoine would have assisted me, but it would soon have abandoned you. What are become of the Jacobins, the Girondins, the Vergniaus, the Guadets, and so many others? They are dead. You have sought to *bespatter* me in the eyes of France. This is a heinous crime;—besides, what is the throne? Four pieces of gilded wood covered with velvet. I had pointed out to you a Secret Committee; it is there that you should have established your griefs. It was in the family that our *dirty linen should have been washed.* I have a title; you have none. What are you in the Constitution? Nothing. You have no authority. The Throne is the Constitution. Every

et dans moi. Je vous le repete, vous avez parmi vous des factieux. Monsieur Laisnè est un mechant homme; les autres sont des factieux. Je les connais, et je les poursuivrai. Je vous le demande, Etait ce cependant que les ennemies sont chez nous qu'il fallait faire de pareilles choses? La nature m'a doué d'un courage fort; il peut resister à tout. Il en a beaucoup coutè a mon orgueil, je l'ai sacrifiè. Je suis au dessus de vos miserables declamations. J'avais demandé des consolations et vous m'avez dishonoré. Mais non; mes victoires ecrasent vos criailleries. Je suis de ceux qui triomphent ou qui meurent. Retournez dans vos departments."

The vanity of Napoleon led him to suppose

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thing is in the throne, and in me. I repeat it to you, you have among you factious persons. Mr Lainè is a wicked man; the rest are factious. I know them, and I shall pursue them. I ask you, Was it while the enemy were among us that you ought to have done such things? Nature has endowed me with great courage, it can resist every thing. Much has it cost my pride, but I have sacrificed it: But I am above your miserable declamations. I had need of consolation,—and you have dishonoured me. But no; my victories crush your complaints. I am one of those who triumph or who die. Return to your departments.

that he was fitted to lay down the law to the most eminent among the French philosophers; that he could improve the French language, the theatre, the state of society, the public seminaries, the weights and measures of the realm. He meddled, in short, with every thing. Under the walls of Moscow, he composed a proclamation in the morning, declaring that he would soon dictate a code of laws to the Russians; and, in the evening, he dictated a code of regulations for the theatres of Paris. His ardent wish was, to have it thought that he had time and capacity for every thing. It arose from this, that he trusted to no one, and having himself every thing to do, that he did nothing well. If he went to visit a college, he prepared Latin and Greek sentences for the occasion; in many of his speeches he introduced scrapes of classic lore. His love of Greek terms is admirably described in a little epigram, made on his new *tarif* of weights and measures, in which the *grams* and *killograms*, and *metres* and *killometres* are introduced.

Les Grecs pour nous ont tant d'attraits
Qui pour se faire bien entendre,
Et pour comprendre le Français
Ce'st le Greque qu'il faut apprendre.

He was particularly anxious that his police should be perfect. He pursued, for the accomplishment of his views, the same plan so successfully employed under the celebrated Sartine. He had spies in every private family, and every rank and denomination. These he did not employ as Sartine did, for the detection of thieves and robbers; with him, the dreadful machine of espionage was organised, in order that he might always know the state of public feeling; that knowing also the character of each individual, he might be the better able to select instruments fit for his purposes. Fouche had brought this system to the utmost perfection. Bonaparte distrusted him, and demanded proofs of his activity. Fouche desired him to appoint a day, on which he should give him a full account of every action performed by him. The day was appointed, the utmost precaution was used by the Emperor; but the spies gave an account of his every action from six in the morning till eight at night. They refused to inform Fouche what had become of Bonaparte after eight; but said, that if the Emperor desired it, they would inform him in person. The Emperor did not press the subject farther, but confessed *that he had not spent the remainder of the evening in the best of company.* Ever

after this he was satisfied with the state of the police. To give some idea of the activity of this system, I may mention a curious anecdote, which I received from our banker: One of the most respectable bankers in Paris, whose name I have forgot, was sitting at supper with his chief *commis* or clerk. They were served by one faithful old servant, who, during 30 years, had been tried, and had always been found worthy of confidence. The conversation turned on the subject of the last campaign—this was before the campaign of Paris. The *commis* happened to remark, that he thought Bonaparte's career was nearly finished, and that he would meet his fate presently. The next morning the banker received a letter from the Police Department, instructing him to order the departure of his *commis* from Paris within 24 hours, and from France within a month.

The same gentleman gave me a genuine edition of the celebrated story of Sartine's stopping the travellers at the gates of Paris. It may amuse my readers, although, I dare say, they have seen it before in other shapes.

A very rich lace merchant from Brussels, was in the habit of constantly frequenting the fair of St Denis. On these occasions, he repaired to Paris in the public diligence, accom-

panied by his trunks of lace. He had apartments at an hotel in the Rue des Victoires, which he had for many years occupied; and to secure which, he used always to write some weeks before. An illness had prevented his visiting the fair during two years; on the third, he wrote as usual to his landlord, and received an answer, that the death of the landlord had occasioned a change in the firm and tenants of the house; but that he was well known to them, and that they would keep for him his former rooms, and would do their utmost to give him satisfaction.

The merchant set out—arrived at the barrier of Paris; the diligence was stopped, and a gentleman whom he had never seen before, accosted him by name, and desired him to alight. The merchant was a good deal surprised at this; but you may judge of his alarm, when he heard an order given to the *conducteur* to unloose numbers one, two, three,—the trunks, in which was contained his whole fortune. The gentleman desired he would not be afraid, but trust every thing to him. The diligence was ordered away, and the lace merchant, in a state of agony, was conveyed by his new acquaintance to the house of Monsieur de Sartine. He there began an enumeration of his grievances, but was civilly interrupted by M. de Sartine—

"Sir, you have not much reason to complain; but for your visit to me here, you would have been murdered this night at twelve." The minister then detailed to him the plan that had been laid for his murder, and astonished him by shewing a copy, not only of the letter which he had written to the landlord of the hotel, but also the answer returned by the landlord. Monsieur de Sartine then begged that he would place the most implicit confidence in him, and remain in his house until he should recover himself from his fright. He would then return to the coach in waiting, and would be attended to the hotel by one of his emissaries as valet. The merchant told him that the people of the house would not be deceived by a stranger, for they were well acquainted with all his concerns, and even with his writing. "Examine your attendant," said M. de Sartine; "you will find him well instructed, and he speaks your dialect as you do yourself." A few questions convinced the merchant that the minister had made a good selection. M. de Sartine then described the reception he would meet with, the rooms he was to occupy, the persons he should see, and laid down directions for his conduct; telling him, at the same time, that if at a loss, he should consult his

attendant. On his arrival at the inn, every thing shewed the wonderful correctness of the information. His reception was kind as ever. Dinner was served up; and the merchant, according to his practice, engaged himself till a late hour in his usual occupations. The valet played his part to a miracle, and saw his master to bed, after repeating to him the instructions of Monsieur de Sartine. The merchant, as may well be supposed, did not sleep much. At twelve, a trap door in the floor opened gently, and a man ascended into the apartment, having a dark lanthorn in one hand, and in the other, some small rings of iron, used for gagging people to prevent their speaking. He had just ascended, when the valet knocked him down and secured him; the room was immediately filled with the officers of the police. The house had been surrounded to prevent escape; and in a cellar under the room where the merchant had slept, and which communicated with the trap door, were found the master, mistress, and all the members of the gang—they were all secured.

Let us proceed with the character of Napoleon. All the world is well acquainted with his vices; it is less probable that they have ever heard of his virtues, of his having shown that

he felt as a man. The following instance is authentic:

After the capture of Berlin, the command of the city was given to one of the Prussian generals, who had sworn fidelity to Bonaparte. This officer betrayed his trust, and communicated to the King of Prussia all the information which he obtained of the motions of the French army. Bonaparte obtained sufficient proof of his crime, by intercepted letters. The officer was arrested, a military trial was ordered, and sentence of death pronounced. The wife of the officer threw herself at the feet of Bonaparte, and implored the life of her husband. He was touched, and drawing out from his pocket the letters which proved the crime, he tore them to pieces, saying, that in thus destroying the proofs of his guilt, he deprived himself of the power of afterwards punishing it. The officer was immediately released.

If Napoleon did not possess feeling, or even common humanity, he was at least anxious that the people of France should believe that he had these good qualities. It is said that, on the evening before he left Paris on his last campaign, he sent for the tragedian Talma, and had taught to him the action, features and aspect which he the next day employed when he left his wife and

child to the care of the national guard. The following scene will at once show his desire to be esteemed generous, and his utter meanness of character:—* "Un de ses Ministres l'aborde un jour et lui presente un rapport qu'il avait desiré; il s'agissait d'une conspiration contre sa personne. J'etais present à cette scene. Je m'attendais, je l'avoue, à le voir entrer en fureur, fulminer contre les traitres, menacer les magistrats, et les accuser de negligence. Point du tout; il parcourt le papier sans donner le moindre signe d'agitation. Jugez de ma surprise, ou plutôt quelle douce emotion j'eprouvais quand il fit entendre ces paroles touchantes et sublimes:—" Monsieur le Comte, l'etat n'a point souffert; les magistrats n'ont point etè insultés; ce n'est donc qu'à ma personne qu'ils en voulaient; je les plains de ne

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* "One of his Ministers one day addressed him, presenting him a report which he had desired. The subject was a conspiracy against his person. I was present at that scene; I expected, I confess, to see him enter in a fury, thunder forth against the traitors, threaten the magistrates, and accuse them of negligence. Not at all; he ran over the paper without the least sign of agitation. Judge of my surprise, or rather what sweet emotion I felt, when he pronounced these *touching and sublime* words:—Count, the state has not suffered, the magistrates have not been insulted. It was only my person they aimed at; I pity them

point savoir que tous mes voeux tendent au bonheur de la France; mais tout homme peut s'egarer. Dites aux ingrats que je leurs pardonne. Mons. le Conte aneantissez la procedure." Maintenant je defie le royaliste le plus fidele qui seroit temoin d'un procede si magnanime, de ne point dire, si le ciel dans sa colere devait un usurpateur a la France; remercions d'avoir du celui ci. Arrete malhereux, tes yeux ont vu, tes oreilles ont entendu, ne crois rien de tout; mais deux jours apres trouve toi, au lever de ce hero, si magnanime, si peu avide de se venger—on ouvre, le voici, la foule des courtisans l'environne, tout le monde fixe les yeux sur lui. Sa figure est decomposée, tous les muscles de son visage sont en contraction, tout son ensemble est farouche et colere.

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for not knowing that my every wish is for the good of France; but every man may go astray. Tell the ungrateful men that I pardon them." Now, I defy the most faithful royalist, who should have witnessed such an action, not to exclaim—If Heaven was to give an usurper to France, let us thank it for having given this one! But stop, unfortunate one: your eyes have indeed seen, your ears have heard; believe nothing, but be present at the levee of this hero, so magnanimous, so little desirous of revenging himself. The doors are opened—Behold him! The crowd of courtiers surround him—all fix their eyes on him—his face is chan-

Un silence funebre regne dans l'assemblée. Le Prince n'a point encore parlè, mais il promene des regardes sur la groupe: il apperçoit le meme officier, qui deux jours avant lui avait presente le rapport, " Monsieur le Conte, (dit il), ces laches conspirateurs sont ils executés? Leurs complices sont ils aux fers? Les bourreaux on ils donnè un nouvel example a qui voudrait imiter ceux qui veulent a ma personne?"

A distinguishing feature in Napoleon's character was unnecessary cruelty; of this the campaign in Moscow, (of which Labaume's narrative is a true though highly-coloured picture), the slaughter of the Turks in Egypt, the poisoning of his invalids, and the death of every one who stood in his way, are sufficient and notorious proofs. St Cloud was in general the scene of his debaucheries. The following

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ged—the muscles are violently contracted—his whole appearance is that of a ruffian; a death-like silence reigns in the assembly—the Prince has not yet spoken, but he surveys the group: He perceives the same officer, who, two days before, had presented him the report. " Count (said he), are these vile conspirators executed? Are their accomplices in chains? Have the executioners given a new example to the imitators of those who aim at my life?"

anecdote was related by Count Rumford to a gentleman of my acquaintance, and may be depended on as correct; for at the time that it happened, Count Rumford was in lodgings on the spot. Napoleon had brought from Paris a beautiful girl belonging to the opera; he had carried her into one of the arbours of the garden. Many of the little boys about St Cloud were in habits of climbing up among the trees, whether merely as a play, or from curiosity to see the Emperor. On leaving the arbour with his favourite, Napoleon saw one of these boys perched upon a high tree above him. He flew straight to one of the gates, and bringing the sentinel who was stationed there, he pointed out the boy, exclaiming, "Tirez sur ce b—— la." The order was executed, and the boy never more seen.

But for no one act did he incur the hatred of the French in such a degree as for the murder of the Duke d'Enghien; in committing this crime, not only the laws of humanity, but the laws of nations were violated.

This branch of the Royal Family was under a foreign power; he could by no means be esteemed a subject of Bonaparte. Even the family of Bonaparte, who, (as we shall presently see), did not possess many good qualities, were

shocked with this crime; they reproached him with it; and Lucien said to him, * "Vous voulez dont nous faire trainer sur la claye."

The treatment of the Pope, of Pichegru, of Georges, of Moreau, furnish us with further instances of his cruelty. Bonaparte did his utmost to make the Parisians believe that Moreau was connected with Pichegru in the conspiracy to establish the Bourbons on the throne. This was totally false. But Napoleon, jealous of a rival like Morean, could not bear that he should live. Moreau's bold and unbending character hastened his downfall. He always called the flat-bottomed boats, † "Ces coquilles de noix;" and after an excellent dinner which he gave at Paris to many of his fellow Generals, in mockery of the ‡ "Epées d'honneur, fusils d'honneur," &c. which Bonaparte at this time distributed; Moreau sent for his cook, and with much ceremony invested him with a ‖ "casserole d'honneur."

There are many interesting traits of this noble character, which, if I had time, I should wish to give my readers. When he had been

* "You wish to see us drawn on hurdles to the scaffold."

† These nutshells.

‡ Swords of honour—guns of honour.

‖ Saucepan of honour.

condemned to imprisonment for two years, by the express orders of Bonaparte, the impression made on the mind of the soldiery, of the judges, and of all the court, was such, that they seemed insensible to what was going on. Nobody was found to remove him from the bar; he descended the stairs of the court; walked down the street amid a crowd of admirers; and instead of escaping, as he easily might, he called a coach, and ordered the coachman to drive to the Temple. When arrived there, he informed the Governor of his sentence, and its execution. My readers will, I am sure, be pleased with a few extracts from the account of Moreau's death, given by his friends, M. Breton de la Martiniere and M. Rapatel:

" Moreau conversait avec l'Empereur Alexandre, dont il n'etait separé que le demi longueur d'un cheval. Il est probable qu' on apperçut de la place ce brillant etat major, et que l'on tira dessus au hazard. Moreau fut seul frappé. Un boulet lui fraccassa le genou droit

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* " Moreau was conversing with the Emperor Alexander, from whom he was only distant half a horse's length. It is likely, that they perceived from the place this brilliant staff, and fired on it at random. Moreau alone was struck; a cannon-ball broke his right knee, and passing through the

et à travers le flanc du cheval alla emporter le gros de la jambe gauche. Le genereux Alexandre versa des larmes. Le Colonel Rapatel se preçipitait sur son General. Moreau poussa un long soupir et s'evanouit. Revenu à lui meme, il parle avec le plus grand sang froid, et dit à Monsieur Rapatel, " Je suis perdu, mon ami, mais il est si glorieux de mourir pour une si belle cause, et sous les yeux d'un aussi grand Prince." Péu d'instants apres il dit à l'Empereur Alexandre lui meme, " Il ne vous reste que le tronc—mais le coeur y est, et la tete est à vous." Il doit souffrir des douleurs aigus —il demanda une cigare et se mit tranquillement à fumer.

" Mons. Wylie, premier chirurgien de l'Em-

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horse's side, carried off the flesh of his left leg. The generous Alexander shed tears. Colonel Rapatel rushed towards Moreau, who uttered a long sigh, and then fainted. Returned to himself, he spoke with the utmost coolness. He said to Monsieur Rapatel, " I am lost, my friend, but it is so glorious to die for such a cause, and under the eyes of so great a Prince!" A few minutes afterwards, he said to the Emperor Alexander himself, " Nothing remains, Sire, save the trunk; but the heart is there, and the head is your's." He must have suffered the most excruciating pain; but he called for a segar, and quietly began smoking. Mr Wylie, first surgeon to the Emperor, hastened to

pereur Alexandre, se hata d'amputer la jambe qui etait la plus mal traiteé. Pendant cette cruelle operation, Moreau montra à peine quelque alteration dans ses traits et ne cessa point de fumer la cigarre. L'amputation faite, Monsieur Wylie examina la jambe droite, et la trouva dans un tel etat qu'il ne peut se defendre d'un mouvement d'effroi. "Je vous entend," dit Moreau, "Il faut encore couper celle ci, eh bien, faites vite. Cependant j'eusse preféré la mort." Il voulait ecrire à sa femme. Il ecrivait donc d'une main assez ferme ces propres expressions. "Ma chere amie,—La bataille se decide il y a trois jours.—J'ai eu les deux jambes emportées d'un boulet de canon—ce coquin de Bonaparte est toujours

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amputate the limb, which was most severely used. During this cruel operation, Moreau scarce shewed a change of countenance, and did not cease to smoke his segar. The amputation performed, Mr Wylie examined the right leg, and found it in such a state, that he could not refrain from expressing his terror. "I understand you," said Moreau, "you must cut off this one too.—Well, do it quickly.—However, I would rather have died." He wanted to write to his wife; and he wrote to her, with a steady hand, these words:—"My Dear Friend,—The battle was decided three days ago.—I have had both legs carried off by a bullet—that rascal Bonaparte is always

hereux. On ma' fait l'amputation aussi bien que possible—l'armée a faite un mouvement retrograde, ce n'est pas par revers, mais par decousn et pour se rapprocher au General Blucher. Excuse mon griffonage. Je t'aime et t'embrasse de tout mon coeur. Je charge Rapatel de finir."

"Tout à l'heure il dit: "Je ne suis pas sans danger, je le sais bien, mais si je meurs, si une fin prematurée m'enleve à une femme, à une fille aimèe; a mon pays que je voulais servir malgre lui meme; n'oubliez pas de dire, aux Français qui vous parleront de moi, que je meurs avec le regret de n'avoir pas accompli mes projets. Pour affranchir ma patrie du joug affreux qui l'opprime pour ecraser Bonaparte,

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lucky. They have performed the amputation as well as possible. The army has made a retrograde movement, but it is not occasioned by any reverse, but from a manœuvre, and in order to approach General Blucher.—Excuse my scribbling.—I love you, and I embrace you with all my heart. I have charged Rapatel to finish."—Immediately after this, he said, "I am not without danger, I know it well; but if I die, if a premature fate hurry me from a beloved wife and child—from my country, which I have wished to serve in spite of itself; do not forget to say to the French, who shall speak of me, that I die with the regret of not having accomplished my projects—To free my country from the frightful yoke that oppresses her;

toutes les armes, tous les moyens etaient bons. Avec quelle joie j'aurai consacré le peu de talent que je possede à la cause de l'humanite! Mon coeur appartenoit a la France."

"Vers sept heurs le malade se trouvant seul avec Monsieur Svinine lui dit d'une voix affaiblie—" Je veux absolument vous dicter une lettre.—Monsieur Svinine prit la plume en gemissant et traça ce peu de lignes sous la dictée de Moreau.

"Sire,—Je descends dans le tombeau avec les memes sentiments de respect, d'admiration, et de devouement que votre Majesté m'a constamment inspiré, des que j'ai eu le bonheur de m'approcher de votre personne."

—to crush Bonaparte—every species of war, every possible means, were laudable. With what joy would I have consecrated the little talent I posses to the cause of humanity. My heart belonged to France."

At seven o'clock, the sick man finding himself alone with Mr Svinine, said to him, with a faint voice, "I must absolutely dictate a letter to you."—Mr Svinine took up the pen, and sighing, traced the few following lines, dictated by Moreau.

"Sire,—I sink into the tomb with the same sentiments of respect, admiration, and devotion with which your Majesty has always inspired me, since I have had the happiness of approaching your person."

"En prononçant ces derniers mots, le malade s'interompit et ferma les yeux M. Svinine attendit, croyant que Moreau meditait sur la suite de sa depeche—Vain espoir—Moreau n'etait plus."

I am impatient to finish the character of Napoleon, and to get upon some other more agreeable subject. I shall end by giving an account of his last appearance in France, as related to me by the Sub-Prefect of Aix, who accompanied him on his way from Aix to the coast. —After passing Montlement, the public feeling began to burst forth against him. The spirit of the Provençals could not be restrained. In every village was displayed the white cockade, and the fleur de lis. In one, the villagers were employed at the moment of his passing in hanging him in effigy; at another they compelled him to call out Vive le Roi, and he obeyed them, while his attendants refused. For a part of the way he was forced to mount a little poney in the dress of an Austrian officer. Arrived at the village of La Calade,

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"In pronouncing these last words, the sick man stopped short and shut his eyes. Mr Svinine waited, thinking that Moreau was deliberating on the sequel of the letter—Vain hope—Moreau was no more."

the following extraordinary scene passed at the inn—It was also related to me by our banker, who had it from the hostess herself: The landlord was called for, and a mean-looking figure in plain clothes, with a travelling-cap, and loose blue pantaloons, asked him if he could have dinner for twenty persons who were coming. "Yes, (said the landlord), if you take what fare I have; but I trust it is not for that *coquin* the Emperor, whom we expect soon here." "No, (said he), it is only for a part of his suite.—Bring here some wine, and let the people be well served when they arrive." Presently the landlady entered with the wine, a fine, bold Provençal, and a decided royalist, as all the Provençal snow are. * "Ecoutez, bonne femme, vous attendez l'Empereur n'est pas?" 'Oui, Monsieur, j'espere que nous le verrons?' "Eh bien, bonne femme, vous autres que dites vous de l'Empereur?" 'Qu'il est un grand coquin.' "Eh! ma bonne femme, et vous meme que dites vous?" 'Monsieur, voulez vous que je

* "Well, my good woman;—You expect the Emperor, don't you?" 'Yes, Sir; I hope we shall have a sight of him.' "Well, my good woman, what do you folks say of the Emperor?" 'That he is a great villain.' "Eh, my good woman; and what do you yourself say?" 'Shall I tell you

vous dise franchment ce que je pense : Si j'etais le capitaine du vaisseau, je ne l'embarquerai que pour le noyer."

The stranger said nothing. After an hour or two, the landlord asked his wife if she would like to see Bonaparte, for that he was arrived. She was all anxiety to see him. He took her up stairs, and pointed to the little man in the travelling cap. The surprise of the woman may be conceived. The Emperor made her approach, and said to her she was a good woman; but that there were many things told of Bonaparte which were not true.

I shall continue the Sub-Prefect's narrative in his own words :— * "Les Commissaires, en arrivant à Calade, le trouvoient la tête appuyée sur les deux mains, et le visage baignè de larmes. Il leur dit qu'on en voulait decidement à sa vie; que la maitresse de l'auberge, qui ne l'avait pas reconnu lui avait declaré que l'Empereur etait deteste comme un scelerat, et qu'on ne l'em-

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frankly, Sir, what I think?—If I were the captain of the ship, I would only take him on board to drown him.'

* "The Commissaries, on arriving at Calade, found him with his head leaning on his two hands, and his face bathed in tears. He told them that people decidedly aimed at his life; and that the mistress of the inn, who had not known him, had told him that the Emperor was detested as a ras-

barquerait que pour le noyer. Il ne voulait rien manger ni boire quelque instances qu'on lui fit, et quoiqu'il dut etre rassuré par l'example de ceux qui etaient a table avec lui. Il fit venir de la voiture du pain et de l'eau qu'il prit avec avidité. On attendait la nuit pour continuer la route ; on n'etait qu' à deux lieues d'Aix. La population de cette ville n'eut pas eté aussi facile à contenir que celle des villages ou on avait deja couru tant de perils. Monsieur, le Sous-Prefét, prenant avec lui le Lieutenant des gend'armes et six gend'armes, se mit en route vers la Calade. La nuit etait obscure, et le temps froid ; cette double circonstance protegea Napoleon beaucoup mieux que n'aurait fait la plus forte escorte. Mons. le

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cal, and that they would only embark him to drown him. He would eat or drink nothing, however pressed to it ; and though he might have been assured by the example of those who were at table with him, he made them bring him some bread and water from his carriage, which he eat with avidity. They waited for night to continue the journey ; they were only two leagues from Aix. The populace of that town would not have been so easily constrained, as in the other towns, where he had already run such risks. The Sub-Prefect, taking with him the Lieutenant and six of the gens-d'armes, rode towards Calade. The night was dark, and the weather very cold ; which double circumstance protected Napoleon much better than would have

Sous-Prefét et la gend'armerie rencontrerent le cortege peu d'instants apres avoir quitté la Calade, et la suivoient jusqu' à ce qu'ils arriverent aux portes d'Aix à deux heures du matin. Apres avoir changé les chevaux, Bonaparte continuant sa route, passa sous les murs de la ville, au milieu des cris repetés de "Vive le Roi," que firent entendre les habitants accourus sur les remparts. Il arriva a la limite du departement à une auberge appellée la Grande Prgere, ce fut là qu'il s'arreta pour dejeuner. Le General Bertrand proposa à Mons. le Sous-Prefét de monter, avant que de partir, dans la chambre des Commissaires ou tout le monde etait à dejeuner. Il y avoit dix ou douzes personnes. Napoleon etait du nombre; il avait son cos-

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been effected by the strongest escort. The Sub-Prefect and the guards met his suite a few instants after they had quitted Calade, and followed him till he arrived at the gates of Aix, at two in the morning. After having changed horses, Bonaparte continuing his route, passed under the walls of the town, and the reiterated cries of "Long live the King," which were shouted forth by the inhabitants assembled on the ramparts. Arrived at the limits of the Department, at an inn called the Great Pagere, he stopped there for breakfast. General Bertrand proposed to the Sub-Prefect to ascend to the room of the Commissaries, where all were at breakfast before his departure. Here were ten or twelve persons. Napoleon was of the number; he had

tume d'officier Autrichien, et une casque sur la tete. Voyant le Sous-Prefét an habit d'auditeur, il lui dit, " Vous ne m'auriez pas reconnu sons ce costume? Ce sont ces Messieurs qui me l'ont fait prendre, le jugeant necessaire à ma sureté. J'aurais pu avoir une escorte de trois mille hommes, qui j'ai refusé, preferant de me fier à la loyauté Française. Je n'ai pas eu à me plaindre de cette confiance depuis Fontainbleau jusqu' à Avignon; mais depuis cette ville jusqu' ici jai été insulté,—j'ai couru bien de dangers. Les Provençaux se dishonnerent. Depuis qui je suis en France je n'ai pas eu un bon battaillon de Provençeaux sous mes ordres. Ils ne sont bons que pour crier. Les Gascons sont fanfarons, mais au moins ils sont braves."

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the dress of an Austrian officer, and a helmet on his head. Seeing the Sub-Prefect in his councillor's habit, he said to him, " You would not have known me in this dress; it is these gentlemen who have made me take it, thinking it necessary to ensure my safety. I could have had an escort of 3000 men, which I refused, preferring to trust myself to French honour. I have not had reason to complain of that confidence from Fontainbleau to Avignon; but between that town and this, I have been insulted, and have been in great danger. The Provençals degrade themselves. Since I have been in France, I have not had a good regiment of Provençals under my orders. They are good for nothing but to make a noise. The Gascons are boasters,

Sur ces paroles, un des convives, qui etait sans dout Gascon, tira son jabot et dit en riant, " Cela fait plaisir."

Bonaparte continuant à s'addresser au Sous-Prefét, lui dit, " Que fait le Prefét?" ' Il est parti à la premiere nouvelle du changement survenu à Paris.' " Et sa femme?" ' Elle etait partie plutôt.'—" Elle avait donc prit le devant. Paie l'on bien les octrois et les droits reunis?"—' Pas un sou.'—" Y-a-t-il beaucoup d'Anglais à Marseilles?" Ici Mons. le Sous-Prefét raconta à Bonaparte tout ce qui s'etait passè naguere dans ce port, et avec quels transports on avait accueilli les Anglais. Bonaparte, qui ne prenait pas grand plaisir à ce reçit y mit fin en disant au Sous-Prefét, " Dites à vos Pro-

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but at least they are brave."—At these words, one of the party, who no doubt was a Gascon, pulled out his shirt ruffle, and said, " that's pleasant." Bonaparte continuing to address himself to the Sub-Prefect, said to him, " What is the Prefect about?"—' He left this at the first news of the change which had happened at Paris.' " And his wife?" ' She had left it before.' " She then took the start. Do the people pay the revenue and the *droits reunis*?"—' Not a halfpenny.'—" Are there many English at Marseilles?" Here the Sub-Prefect related all that had lately passed in that port, and with what transports they had received the English. Bonaparte, who did not take much pleasure in such a recital, put an end to it, by saying to the Sub-Pre-

vençaux que l'Empereur est bien mecontent d'eux."

Arrivè a Bouilledon, il se s'enferma dans un apartment avec sa soeur (Pauline Borghese)—Des sentinels furent places a la porte. Cependant des dames arriveés dans un galerie qui communiquait avec cette chambre, y trouverent un militaire en uniform d'officier Autrichien, qui leur dit, " Que desirez vous voir, Mesdames?" ' Nous voudrions voir Napoleon.' " Mais ce'st moi, Mesdames." Ces dames le regardant lui dirent en riant, ' Vous plaisantez, Monsieur; ce n'est pas vous qui etes Napoleon.' " Je vous assure, Mesdames, ce'st moi. Vous vous imaginez donc que Napoleon avait l'air plus mechant. N'est pas qu'on dit que je suis

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fect, " Tell your Provençals that the Emperor is very ill pleased with them."

" Arrived at Bouilledon, he shut himself up in an apartment, with his sister (Pauline Borghese)—Sentinels were placed at the door. Notwithstanding which, some ladies arriving at the gallery, which communicated with that room, beheld there an officer in Austrian uniform, who said to them, " Ladies, what do you wish to see?" ' We wish to see Napoleon.' " But that's myself." The ladies, looking at him, said, smiling, ' You are joking, Sir; you are not Napoleon.' " I assure you, ladies, it is I.—What!—You thought Napoleon must have a more wicked appearance.

un scelerat, un brigand?" Les dames n'eurent garde de le dementir. Bonaparte ne voulant pas trop les presser sur ce point detourna le conversation. Mais toujours occupè de sa premier idèe, il y revint brusquement: "Convenez en Mesdames, leur dit il, maintenant que la Fortune m'est contraire, on dit que je suis un coquin, un scelerat, un brigand. Mais savez vous ce que c'est que tout cela? J'ai voula mettre la France au dessus de l'Angleterre, et j'ai echouè dans ce projet."

Don't they say that I am a wretch, a rascal?"—The ladies did not care to undeceive him. Bonaparte, not wishing to press them hard on this subject, turned the conversation.—But always occupied with his first idea, he returned to it immediately.—"Acknowledge, at least, ladies, that now, when fortune is against me, they say that I am a wretch, a miscreant, and a marauder. But do you know the meaning of all this? I wished to make France superior to England, and I have failed in this project."

CHAPTER IV.

STATE OF FRANCE UNDER NAPOLEON—CONTINUED.

AGRICULTURE.

To one unacquainted with the present division of society, and the condition of each of its branches in France; to one who had only cast his eye, in travelling, over the immense tracts of cultivated land, with scarcely an acre of waste to diversify the scene, and who had permitted first impressions to influence his judgement, it might appear, that in agriculture, France far excelled every other country in the world. In England, we have immense tracts

of common in many of the counties;—in Scotland, we have our barren hills, our mosses, and moors;—in America, the cultivation bears but a small proportion to the wilds, the swamps, and the forests. In our beautiful provinces in the East Indies, the cultivation forms but a speck in the wide extent of common, and forest, and jungle. Why should France furnish a different spectacle? Why should the face of the country there wear a continual smile, while its very heart is torn with faction, and its energies fettered by tyranny? There are many who maintain that this state of the country is the happy effect of the revolution; but it will, I conceive, not be difficult to shew, that though certainly a consequence of the great change, it is far from being a happy one. We surely would not pronounce it a happy state of things, where the interests of all other branches of the community were sacrificed to promote the welfare of the peasantry alone.

The peasantry, no doubt, when their rights are preserved to them, as they are the most numerous, so they become the most important members of a civil society. "Although," as is well observed by Arthur Young, "they be "disregarded by the superficial, or viewed with "contempt by the vain, they will be placed,

"by those who judge of things not by their "external appearance, but by their intrinsic "worth, as the most useful class of mankind; "their occupations conduce not only to the pro- "sperity, but to the very existence of society; "their life is one unvaried course of hardy "exertion and persevering toil. The vigour "of their youth is exhausted by labour, and "what are the hopes and consolations of "their age? Sickness may deprive them of "the opportunity of providing the least supply "for the declining years of life, and the gloomy "confinement of a work-house, or the scanty "pittance of parochial help, are their only re- "sources. By their condition may be esti- "mated the real prosperity of a country; the "real opulence, strength, and security of "the public are proportionate to the comfort "which they enjoy, and their wretchedness is "a *sure criterion of a bad administration*."

I have quoted this passage at length, in order that I might shew that France supplies us in this case, as in many others, with a wide exception from those general rules in politics which time and experience had long sanctioned. We shall in vain look at the state of the peasantry of that country as affording a criterion of the situation of any other branch of the

community. It did not remain concealed from the deep and penetrating eye of Napoleon, that if the peasantry of a country were supported, and their condition improved, any revolution might be effected; any measure, however tyrannical, provided it did not touch them, might be executed with ease. For the sake of the peasantry, we shall perceive that the yeomanry, the farmers, the *bourgeoisie*, the nobility, were allowed to dwindle into insignificance. His leading principle was never to interfere with their properties, however they may have been obtained; and he invariably found, that if permitted to enjoy these, they calmly submitted to taxation, furnished recruits for his conscription, and supported him in every measure.

In tracing the causes and effects of the various revolutions which take place among civilized nations, political writers have paid too little attention to the effects of property. France affords us an interesting field for investigation on this interesting question; but the narrow limits of our work will not admit of our indulging in such speculations. We cannot, however, avoid remarking by the way, that the facility of effecting a revolution in the government of France, so often shewn of late, has arisen, in a

great measure, from this state of the property of the peasantry. Under the revolution they gained this property, and they respected and supported the revolutionists. Under Napoleon, their property was respected, and they bore with him, and admired him. Louis commenced by encouraging them in the idea that their rights would be respected, and they remained quiet:—his Ministers commenced their plans of restoring to the noblesse their estates, and the King immediately lost the affections of the peasantry. They welcomed Napoleon a second time, because they knew his principles: They have again welcomed their King, because they are led to suppose that experience has changed the views of his Ministers: but they suspect him, and on the first symptom of another change they will join in his expulsion.

The nobility, the great landed proprietors, the yeomanry, the lesser farmers, all the intermediate ranks who might oppose a check to the power of a tyrannical prince, are nearly annihilated. The property of these classes, but more particularly of the nobility, has been subdivided and distributed among the peasants; become their own, it has, no doubt, been much better managed, for it is their immediate in-

terest that not an acre of waste ground should remain. They till it with their own hands, and, without any intermediate agents, they draw the profits. Lands thus managed, must, of course, be found in a very different state from those whose actual proprietor is perhaps never on the spot, who manages through stewards, bailiffs, and other agents, and whose rank prevents the possibility of his assisting, or even superintending, the labour of his peasantry.

Having shewn the causes of the present appearance of France, we must describe the effects, by presenting to our readers the picture which was every where before our eyes in traversing the country. The improvement in agriculture, or to speak literally, in the method of tilling the soil, is by no means great. The description of the methods pursued, and of the routine of crops, given by Arthur Young, corresponds very exactly with what we saw. It may be observed, however, that the ploughing is rather more neat, and the harrowing more regular. To an English eye both of these operations would appear most superficial; but it ought to be considered, that here nature does almost every thing, little labour is necessary, and in many parts of the country manure is never used: but the defect in the quality

of the cultivation is somewhat compensated by the quantity. Scarce an acre of land which would promise to reward the cultivator will be found untilled. The plains are covered with grain, and the most barren hills are formed into vineyards. And it will generally be found, that the finest grapes are the produce of the most dry, stony, and seemingly barren hills. It is in this extension of the cultivation that we trace the improvement; but there must also be some considerable change for the better, though not in the same degree, in the method of cultivation, which is demonstrated by the fact, that a considerable rise has taken place in the rent and price of land. In many places it has doubled within the last twenty-five years; an *arpent* now selling for 1000 francs, which was formerly sold for 500.

It is, however, extraordinary, that these improvements have, as yet, only shewn their influence in the dress of the peasantry, and no where in the comfort or neatness of their houses. Between Calais and Paris, their houses are better than we found them afterwards on our way to the south. In that direction, also, they were almost invariably well clothed, having over their other clothes (and not as a substitute for a coat) a sort of blue linen

frock, which had an appearance of attention to dress, not to be seen in other parts of the country, for the peasantry in most other parts, though neatly clothed, presented, in the variety of their habits and costumes, a very novel spectacle. The large tails, which give them so military an appearance, and impress us with the idea that they have *marched*, are by no means a proof of this circumstance; for we were informed, that the first thing done in most instances, was to deprive the conscripts of their superabundant hair. But the long tail and the cocked hat, are worn in imitation of the higher orders of older time. It is indeed a sight of the most amusing kind to the English eye, to behold a French peasant at his work, in velvet coat and breeches, powdered hair, and a cocked hat. But we do not mean to give this as the usual dress of the peasants, although we have frequently met with it. Their dress is very often as plain, neat, and sufficient, as their houses are the reverse.

In Picardy, the luxuriant fruit-trees which surround the cottages and houses, give an appearance of comfort, which is not borne out by the actual state of the houses on a nearer inspection. Near Laon, and towards the frontiers of French Flanders, the condition of the peasantry appeared exceedingly comfortable.

Their dress was very neat, and their houses much more substantial, and, in some parts, ornament was added to strength. In this district, the people had the advantage of being employed in the linen manufacture in their own houses, besides their ordinary agricultural occupations; and their condition reminded us of the effects of this intermixture of occupations presented by a view of Clydesdale in Scotland, or of the West Riding of Yorkshire.

Towards Fontainbleau, and to the east of Paris, on the road of Soissons, the peasantry inhabit the old villages, or rather little towns, and no cottages are to be seen on the lands. No gardens are attached to the houses in these towns. The houses have there an appearance of age, want of repair, and a complete stagnation of commerce. And even the peasantry there seemed considerably reduced, but they were always well dressed, and by no means answered Arthur Young's description. Still their houses denoted great want of comfort; very little furniture was to be seen, and that either of the very coarsest kind, or of the gaudy and gilded description; which shewed whence it came. The intermixture is hideous. In the parts of the country above named, the food often consisted of bread and pork, and was bet-

ter than what we found in the south. But even here, the small number of pigs, the poor flocks of sheep, and, indeed, the absence of any species of pasture for cattle, demonstrated that there was not a general or extensive consumption of animal food or the produce of the dairy.

The little demand for butcher meat, or the produce of pasture, is probably, as Arthur Young has hinted, one great cause of the continuance of the fallow system of husbandry in France; for where there is no consumption of these articles, it is impossible that a proper rotation of crops can be introduced.

In noticing the causes of the decided improvement in the condition of the peasantry, we may observe in passing, that the great consumption of human life, during the revolution, and more particularly under Napoleon's conscription, must have considerably bettered the condition of those who remained, and who were able for work, by increasing the price of labour.

The industry of the peasants in every part of the country, cannot be sufficiently praised—it as remarkable as the apathy and idleness of tradesmen and artificers. Every corner of soil is by them turned to account, and where they

have gardens, they are kept very neat. The defects in the cultivation arise, therefore, from the goodness of the climate, the ignorance or poverty of the cultivators, or from inveterate prejudice.

We must now say a few words with regard to the state of agriculture and the condition of the peasantry between Paris and Aix, and more especially in the south of France. Here also every acre of land is turned to good account, but the method of tilling the land is very defective. The improvements in agriculture, in modern times, will be found to owe their origin to men of capital, of education, and of liberal ideas, and such men are not to be found here. The prejudices and the poverty of their ancestors, have not ceased to have their effects in the present generation, in retarding the improvement in the tillage, and in the farm instruments. They are, in this respect, at least a century behind us. From the small subdivisions in many parts of the country, each family is enabled to till its own little portion with the spade; and where the divisions are larger, and ploughs used, they will invariably be found rude, clumsy, enormous masses of wood and iron, weak from the unskilfulness of the workmanship, continuing from father to son with-

out improvement, because improvement would not only injure their purses, but give a deadly wound to that respect and veneration which they have for the good old ways of their ancestors. There is endless variety in the shape and size of the French plough; but amid the innumerable kinds of them, we never had the good fortune to meet one good or sufficient instrument.

The use of machinery in the farm-stead is unknown, and grain, as of old, is very generally trodden by oxen, sometimes on the sides of the high roads, and winnowed by the breath of Heaven.

In the south of France, we met with much more regular enclosure than around Paris; but even here, little attention is bestowed in keeping the fences in repair. Hedges are, however, less necessary in the south than elsewhere; for there is a complete want of live stock of every description, and no attention paid to the breeding of it. This want does not strike the traveller immediately, because he finds butcher meat pretty good in the small towns; excellent in the larger cities, and cheap everywhere. But he will find, that France is, in this respect, much in the same state with India. Animal food is cheap, because the consump-

tion is very limited. In France, but more particularly in the south, I should say that not one-sixth of the butcher meat is consumed by each man or woman which would be requisite in England. Bread, wine, fruit, garlic, onions and oil, with occasionally a small portion of animal food, form the diet of the lower orders; and among the higher ranks, the method of cooking makes a little meat go a great way. The immense joints of beef and mutton, to which we are accustomed in England, were long the wonder of the French; but latterly, they have begun to introduce (among what they humorously term *plats de resistance*) these formidable dishes.

Excepting in the larger towns, butcher meat, particularly beef and mutton, is generally ill fed. In the part of the south, where we resided during the winter, the beef was procured from Lyons, a distance of above 200 miles. In the south, the breed of cattle of every description is small and stinted, and unless when pampered up for the market, they are generally very poor and ill fed. The traveller is everywhere struck with the difference between the English and French horses, cows, pigs, sheep, &c. and in more than the half of France, he will find, for the reasons formerly

assigned, an almost total want of attention to these useful animals among the farmers. At Aix, where we were situated, there was only one cow to be found. Our milk was supplied by goats and sheep; and all the butter consumed there, excepting a very small quantity made from goat's milk, was also brought from Lyons. This want is not so much felt in Provence; because, for their cookery, pastry, &c. they use olive oil, which, when fresh, is very pleasant.

The want of barns, sheds, granaries, and all other farm buildings, is very conspicuous in the south. The dairy is there universally neglected, and milk can only be had early in the morning, and then in very small quantity; nay, the traveller may often journey a hundred miles in the south of France without being able to procure milk at all; this we ourselves experienced. The eye is nowhere delighted with the sight of rich and flourishing farm-steads, nor do the abundant harvests of France make any shew in regular farm-yards. All the wealth of the peasantry is concealed. Each family hides the produce of their little estate within their house. An exhibition of their happy condition would expose them to immediate spoliation from the tax-officers. In our own happy

country, the rich farm-yard, the comfortable dwelling-house of the farmer, and the neat smiling cottage of the labourer, call down on the possessors only the applause and approbation of his landlord, of his neighbours, and of strangers. They raise him in the general opinion. In France, they would prove his ruin.

To conclude these few observations on the state of agriculture, we may remark, that the revolution has certainly tended greatly to promote the extension of the cultivation, by throwing the property of the lands into the hands of the peasantry, who are the actual cultivators, and also by removing the obstructions occasioned by the seignorial rights, the titles, game laws, corveès; yet I think there cannot be a doubt, that, aided by capital, and by the more liberal ideas of superior farmers benefiting by the many new and interesting discoveries in modern agriculture, France might, without that terrible convulsion, have shewn as smiling an aspect, and the science of agriculture been much further advanced.

If, by the revolution, the situation of the peasantry be improved, we must not forget, on the other hand, that to effect this improvement, the nobility, gentry, yeomanry, and, we might almost add, farmers, have been very generally

reduced to beggary. The restraint which the existence of these orders ever opposed to the power of a bad king, of a tyrant, or of an adventurer, might have remained, and all have been happier, better, and richer than they are now.

COMMERCE.

It was probably the first wish of Napoleon's heart, as it was also his wisest policy, that the French should become entirely a military, not a commercial nation. Under his government, the commerce of France was nearly annihilated. It was however necessary, that at times he should favour the commercial interest of the towns in the interior, from which he drew large supplies of money, and his constant enmity against the sea-port towns of Marseilles and Bourdeaux, induced him to encourage the interior commerce of France, to the prejudice of the maritime trade of these ports. Under Napoleon, Paris, Lyons, Rouen, and most of the large towns which carried on this interior

commerce, were lately in a flourishing state. In these towns, if not beloved, he was at least tolerated, and they wished for no change of government. But at Marseilles, and at Bourdeaux, he was detested, and a very strong royalist party existed, which caused him constant annoyance. At Bourdeaux, it may be recollected, that the Bourbons were received with open arms, and that that town was the first to open its gates to the allies. It was also among the last that held out. I was in that town while the royalist party were still powerful, while every thing shewed a flourishing commerce, while the people were happy; the wine trade was daily enriching the inhabitants, and they blessed the return of peace, and of their lawful princes. In two days the face of things was changed. A party of soldiers, 300 strong, were dispatched by Napoleon, under the command of General Clausel. The troops of the line here, as everywhere else, betrayed their trust, and joined the rebels, and Bourdeaux was delivered up to the spoiler.

Never was there a more melancholy spectacle than that now afforded by the inhabitants of this city. You could not enter a shop where you did not find the owners in tears. We were then all hastening to leave France. They em-

braced us, and prayed that our army might soon be among them to restore peace and the Bourbons. Here I am convinced that Bonaparte is hated by all but the military. Yet what could a town like Bourdeaux effect, when its own garrison betrayed it?

Besides the bad effects of Bonaparte's policy on the commerce of France, I must notice the wide influence of another cause, which was the natural result of the revolution. Although at first an attack was only made against the noblesse, yet latterly, every rich and powerful family was included among the proscribed, and all the commercial houses of the first respectability were annihilated. These have never been replaced, and the upstart race of petty traders have not yet obtained the confidence of foreigners. The trade of France is therefore very confined; and even were opportunities now afforded of establishing a trade with foreign nations, it would be long before France could benefit by it, from the total want of established and creditable houses.

The manifest signs of the decay of commerce in France cannot escape the observation of the traveller, more especially if he has been in the habit of travelling in England. The public diligences are few in number, and most

miserably managed. It is difficult to say whether the carriage, the horses, or the harness, gives most the idea of meanness. Excepting in the neighbourhood of large towns, you meet with not a cart, or waggon, for twenty that the same distance would show in England. The roads are indeed excellent in most parts; but this is not in France, as in most countries, a proof of a flourishing commerce. It is for the conveyance of military stores, and to facilitate the march of the troops, that the police are required to keep the roads in good repair. The villages and towns throughout France, are in a state of dilapidation from want of repair. No new houses, shops, and warehouses building, as we behold every where in England. None of that hurry and bustle in the streets, and on the quays of the sea-port towns, which our blessed country can always boast. The dress of the people, their food, their style of living, their amusements, their houses, all bespeak extreme poverty and want of commerce.

I was at some pains in ascertaining whether, in many of their manufactures, they were likely to rival us or injure our own.—I cannot say I have found one of consequence. There are indeed one or two articles partially in demand among us, in which the French have the su-

periority; silks, lace, gloves, black broad cloth, and cambric are the chief among them. The woollen cloths in France are extremely beautiful, and the finer sorts, I think, of a superior texture to any thing we have in England; but the price is always double, and sometimes treble of what they sell for at home, so that we have not much to fear from their importations. Few of the French can afford to wear these fine cloths.

French watches are manufactured at about one half of the English price; but the workmanship is very inferior to ours, and unless as trinkets for ladies' wear, they do not seem much in estimation in England. The cutlery in France is wretched. Not only the steel, but the temper and polish, are far inferior to ours. A pair of English razors is, to this day, a princely present in France. Hardware is flimsy, ill finished, and of bad materials. All leather work, such as saddlery, harness, shoes, &c. is wretchedly bad, but undersells our manufactures of the same kind by about one half. Cabinet work and furniture is handome, shewy, insufficient, and dear. Jewellery equal, if not superior to ours in neatness, but not so sufficient. Hats and hosiery very indifferent. In glass ware we greatly excel the French, except

in the manufacture of mirrors. Musical instruments of all descriptions are made as well, and at half the English price, in France. In every thing else, not here mentioned, as far as my memory serves me, I think I may report the manufactures of France greatly inferior to those in England. I have sometimes heard it stated, that in the manufacture of calicoes, muslins, and other cotton goods, the French are likely to rival us. On this subject I was not able to obtain the information I wished for, but one fact I can safely mention, the price of all these goods is at present, in most parts of France, nearly double what it is in England or Scotland, and their machinery is not to be compared with our own.

WEALTH OF THE NATION AND ITS DIVISION.

To the traveller in France, every thing seems to denote extreme poverty, and that extending its influence over all ranks of society;

and certainly, compared with England, France is wretchedly poor. But many of its resources remain hidden, and it is certain, that on the demands of its despotic ruler, France produced unlooked-for supplies. His wars have now greatly exhausted this hidden treasure, and there is, fortunately for the peace of the world, very little money left in the country. The marks of the wealth of the country, both absolutely, and in relation to other countries, are to be found in the manner of living, and extent of fortunes of its inhabitants; in the size, comfort, and style of their houses; in their dress and amusements; in the price of labour; the salaries of office; the trade and commerce of the country; the number of country houses, of banks, &c. In examining each of these heads, we shall find that France is a very poor country.

The sum of two thousand pounds a-year is reckoned a noble fortune in France, and very, very few, there are that possess that sum.

One thousand pounds a-year constitutes a handsome fortune for a gentleman; and four hundred for a *bourgeois*, or for one employed in trade or commerce. Few of the nobility are now possessed of fortunes sufficient to maintain a carriage; and none under the rank

of princes, in France, have *now* more than one carriage.

The style of living is wretched: only the first, and richest houses, can afford to entertain company, and those but seldom. It requires a large fortune to maintain a regular cook; in half the houses they have only a dirty scullion, who, among her other work, cooks the dinner. In the other half, a traiteur sends in the dinner; or if a bachelor, the master of the house dines at a *table d'hôte*, as *a pensionaire*.

The interior management of the French houses denotes extreme poverty. Some few articles of splendid furniture are displayed for shew in one or two rooms, while the rest of the house is shut up, and left dirty and ill furnished.

Of their dress and amusements I have already said enough, to shew that they denote poverty, and I shall say more when I come to the French character.

The price of labour is far lower than what we are used to, fluctuating from fifteen to twenty pence a-day. The salaries of office are, throughout France, not above one-third what they are in England. Of the want of trade and commerce I have already spoken. The public banks are very few in number, and

only to be found in very large and commercial towns. Country houses and fine estates, there are none, or where they are found, it is in a state of dilapidation.

Where, then, is the wealth of France? I was at some pains to solve this question. The remaining wealth of France is divided among the generals of Napoleon; the army furnishers and contractors; the prefects, sub-prefects; the numerous receivers and collectors of taxes; and, lastly, but chiefly, the peasantry. It may appear strange to those who are not acquainted with the present state of France, that I have mentioned the peasants among the richest; but I am convinced of the fact. The peasants in France have divided among themselves the lands and property of the emigrants. Napoleon drew supplies from them; but very politically maintained them in their possessions. Their condition, and the condition of the lands, shew them to be in easy circumstances. They are well clothed, and abundantly, though poorly fed.

France is, in fine, a very poor country, compared with our own; but it is not without resources, and its wealth will remain concealed as long as it is under Napoleon; for whoever shewed wealth, was by him marked out as an object of plunder. By allowing unlimited

power to his emissaries and spies; he was able to discover where the wealth lay, and by vesting the same power in his prefects, sub-prefects, receivers, and gend'armes, he seized on it when discovered. In the public prints, previous to his downfall, we may observe almost continually the thanks of Government to the farmers, proprietors, and others, for *their patriotic exertions in supplying horses, grain, &c.* In these cases, the *patriotic farmers* had bands of gend'armerie stationed over them, who drove away their horses, their cattle and grain, without the hope even of payment or redress of any kind. Nothing denotes more the poverty of the country, than the want of horses, of cows, and all kinds of live stock.

In no country in the world is there found so great a number of beggars as in France; and yet there are not wanting in every town establishments for the maintenance of the poor. These beggars are chiefly from among the manufacturing classes; the families of soldiers and labourers. The peasants are seldom reduced to this state, or when reduced, they are succoured by their fellow peasants, and do not beg publicly. The national poverty has had the worst effects on the French character; in almost every station in life they will be found

capable of meanness. What can be more disgusting, than to see people of fashion and family reduced to the necessity of letting to strangers their own rooms, and retiring into garrets and other dirty holes—demanding exorbitant prices, and with perfect indifference taking half or a third—higgling for every article they purchase—standing in dirty wrappers at their doors, seeing the wood weighed in the street, on terms of familiarity with tradesmen and their own servants. All this you see in France daily; but on this subject I have elsewhere made observations.

As connected with this part of the subject, a few words must be said on the condition of the towns and villages; for although I had at first intended to treat this, and the situation of the different ranks, as separate subjects; yet they seem to come in more naturally at present, when speaking of the wealth of France and its division. The towns throughout France, as well as the villages, particularly in the south, have an appearance of decay and dilapidation. The proprietors have not the means of repair. It is customary (I suppose from the heat of the climate), to build the houses very large; to repair a French house, therefore, is very expensive: and it will generally be seen, that in

most, houses only one or two rooms are kept in repair, and furnished, while the rest of the house is crumbling to pieces. This is the case with all the great houses; in those of the common people we should expect more comfort, as they are small, and do not need either expensive repair or gay furniture; but comfort is unknown in France. On entering a small house in one of the villages, we find the people huddled together as they are said to do in some parts of England and Scotland. Men, women, dogs, cats, pigs, goats, &c.—no glass in the windows—doors shattered—truckle-beds—a few earthen pots; and with all this filth, we find, perhaps, half a dozen velvet or brocade covered chairs; a broken mirror, or a marble slab-table; these are the articles plundered in former days of terror and revolution. All caffés and hotels in the villages are thus furnished.

The streets in almost every town in France are without pavement. Would any one believe, that in the great city, as the French call it, there is a total want of this convenience? On this subject, Mercier, in his Tableaux de Paris, has this remark: * "Dès qu'on est sur le pavè

* "When we are on the paved streets of Paris, we per-

de Paris, ou voit que le peuple n'y fait pas les loix;—aucune commoditè pour les gens de pied—point de trottoirs—le peuple semble un corps separè des autres ordres de l'etat—les riches et les grands qui ont equipage ont le droit de l'ecraser ou de le mutiler dans les rues —cent victimes expirent par annee sous les rues des voiture."

Besides the want of pavement to protect us from the carriages, and to keep our feet dry, we have to encounter the mass of filth and dirt, which the nastiness of the inhabitants deposits, and which the police suffers to remain. The state of Edinburgh in its worst days, as described by our English neighbours, was never worse than what you meet with in France. The danger of walking the streets at night is very great, and the perfumes of Arabia do not prevail in the morning.

The churches in all the villages are falling to

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ceive that the people do not there make the laws;—no convenience for pedestrians—no side pavement; the people seem to be a body separated from the other orders of the state—the rich and the great who possess equipages, have the right of crushing and mutilating them in the streets—a hundred victims expire every year under the wheels of the carriages."

ruin, and in many instances are converted into granaries, barracks, and hospitals; manufacturing establishments are also in ruins, scarcely able to maintain their workmen; their owners have no money for the repair of their buildings. The following description of the changes that have taken place in the French villages, is better than any thing I can give; and from what I have seen, it is perfectly correct:

* "Avant la revolution, le village se composait de quatre mille habitans. Il fournissait pour sa part, au service general de l'Eglise et des hopitaux, ainsi qu'aux besoins de l'instruction cinq eclesiastiques, deux soeurs de la charité, et trois maitres d'ecol. Ces derniers sont remplacé par un maitre d'equitation, un maitre de dessin et deuxmaitres de musique. Sur huit fabriques d'etoffes de laisne et de coton, il ne reste plus qu'une seule. En re-

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* "Before the revolution, the village contained four thousand inhabitants. It furnished, as its share to the general service of the church, and of the hospitals, as well as for the instruction of youth, five ecclesiastics, two sisters of charity, and three schoolmasters. These last are replaced by a riding-master, a drawing-master, and two music-masters. Out of eight manufactories of woollen and cotton stuffs, there remains but one. But in revenge, there are

vanche il s'est etabli deux caffés, un tabaque, un restaurat, et un billiard qui prosperent d'une maniere surprenante. On comptait autrefois quarante charretiers de labour ; vingt-cinq d'entre eux sont devenus couriers, piqueurs, et cochès. Ce vuide est remplie par autant de femmes, qui dirigent la charette et qui pour se delasser de tems en tems menent au marché des voitures de paille ou de charbon. Le nombre de charpentiers, de maçons, et d'autres artisans est diminué à peu pres de moitie. Mais le prix de tout les genres de main d'oeuvre ayant aussi augmenté de moitie—cela revient au meme—et la compensation se retablit. Une espece d'individus que le village fournit en

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established two coffee-houses, one tobacco shop, one restaurateur's shop, and one billiard-room, which flourish in a manner quite surprising. We reckoned formerly forty ploughmen. Twenty-five of these have become couriers, riders, and coachmen. Their place is filled up by women, who conduct the plough, and who, to amuse themselves, carry occasionally to the market, carts full of straw or of charcoal. The number of carpenters, masons, and other artisans, is diminished by about a half. But the price of all articles of workmanship having risen also one half, *it comes to the same thing, and a compensation is established.* One class of individuals, which the villages furnishes in great abundance, and in much too great a proportion, are livery

grande abondance, et dans des proportions trop fortes ce sont les domestiques de luxe et de livrée. Pour peu que cela dure on achevera de depeupler le campagne de gens utiles qui le cultivent pour peupler les villes d'individus oisifs et corrompus. Beaucoup de femmes et de jeunes filles, qui n'etaient que des couturiers, et des servantes de femmes, ont aussi trouvè de l'avancement dans la capitale, et dans les grandes villes. Elles sont devenues femmes de chambre—brodeuses—et marchandes des modes. On dirait que le luxe a entreprit de pomper la jeunesse; toutes les idèes et tous les regards sont tournès vers lui à aucun epoque anterieure le contingent du village en hommes de loi—huissiers—etudiants en droits, mediçins, poetes et artistes, ne s'etait eleve au dela de trois ou quatre; il s'eleve maintenant

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servants and domestics of luxury. Whilst this lasts, the country will be depopulated of all those useful ranks who cultivate the soil, and the towns will be peopled with the idle and corrupt. Many women and young girls, who were only sempstresses and under servants, have found advancement in the great cities, and in the capital. They have become waiting maids, embroiderers, and milliners. One might say that luxury had exhausted our youth; all eyes are turned towards it, and it alone occupies every thought. Never, at any former period, did the contingent in law-

à soixante deux, et une chose qu'on n'aurait jamais su imaginer autrefois c'est qu'il y a dans le nombre autant de peintres, de poetes, de comediens, de danseuses de theatre et de musiciens ambulans, qu'une ville de quatre vingt mille hommes aurait pu en fournir il y a trente ou quarante ans."

Another mark of the poverty of France at present occurs to me: In every town, but particularly in the large cities, we are struck with numbers of idle young men and women who are seen in the streets. Now that the army no longer carries away the "surplus population of France," (to use the language of Bonaparte), the number of these idlers is greatly increased. The great manufacturing concerns have long ceased to employ them. France is too poor to continue the public works which Napoleon had every where begun. The French have no money for the improvement of their estates, the repair of their houses, or the encourage-

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yers, bailiffs, law students, physicians, and artists, exceed three or four; it is now raised to sixty-two: and what we should never have conceived in former days, there are now among us as many painters, poets, comedians, opera dancers, and travelling musicians, as a city of eighty thousand souls would have furnished thirty or forty years ago."

ment of the numerous trades and professions which thrive by the costly taste and ever-varying fashion of a luxurious and rich community. Being on the subject of taste and fashion, I must not forget that I noticed the dress and amusements of the French as offering a mark of their poverty. The great meanness of their dress must particularly strike every English traveller; for I believe there is no country in the world where all ranks of people are so well dressed as in England. It is not indeed astonishing to see the nobility, the gentry, and those of the liberal professions well clothed, but to see every tradesman, and every tradesman's apprentice, wearing the same clothes as the higher orders; to see every servant as well, if not better clothed than his master, affords a clear proof of the riches of a country. In the higher ranks among the French, a gentleman has indeed a good suit of clothes, but these are kept for wearing in the evening on the promenade, or at a party. In the morning, clothes of the coarsest texture, and often much worn, or even ragged, are put on. If you pay a lady or gentleman a morning visit, you find them so metamorphosed as scarcely to be known; the men in dirty coarse cloth great coats, wide sackcloth trowsers and slippers; the women in

coarse calico wrappers, with a coloured handkerchief tied round their hair. All the little gaudy finery they possess is kept for the evening, but even then there is nothing either costly or elegant, or neat, as with us. In their amusements also is the poverty of the people manifested. A person residing in Paris, and who had travelled no further, would think that this observation was unjust, for in Paris there is no want of amusements; the theatres are numerous, and all other species of entertainment are to be found. But in the smaller towns, one little dirty theatre, ill lighted, with ragged scenery, dresses, and a beggarly company of players, is all that is to be found. The price of admittance is also very low. The poverty of the people will not admit of the innumerable descriptions of amusements which we find in every little town in England: amateur concerts are sometimes got up, but for want of funds they seldom last long. My subscription to one of these at the town where we resided, was five francs per month, or about a shilling each concert. This may be taken as a specimen of the price of French amusements.

STATE OF RELIGION.

The order of the priesthood in France had suffered greatly in the revolution. They were everywhere scouted and reviled, either for being supporters of the throne, or for being rich, or for being *moderès*. Napoleon found them in this condition; he never more than tolerated them, and latterly, by his open attack and cruel treatment of their chief, he struck the last and severest blow against the church. Unable to bear the insults of the military, deprived of the means of support, many of the clergy either emigrated or concealed themselves. In the principal towns, indeed, the great establishments took the oath of allegiance to the tyrant; but the inferior clergy and the country curates met nowhere with encouragement, and were allowed to starve, or to pick up a scanty pittance by teaching schools in a community who laughed at education, at morality, and religion.

Many of the churches, convents, and monasteries were demolished; many were converted into barracks, storehouses, and hospitals. We

saw but *one* village church in our travels through France, and even in the larger towns we found the places of public worship in a state of dilapidation. I went to see the palace of the Archbishop at Aix; out of a suite of most magnificent rooms, about 30 in number, *one miserable little chamber was furnished for his highness.* In the rest, the grandeur of former days was marked by the most beautiful tapestry on some part of the walls, while other parts had been laid bare and daubed over with caps of liberty, and groupes of soldiers and guillotines, and indecent inscriptions. The nitches for statues, and the frames of pictures, were seen empty. The objects which formerly filled them were dashed to pieces or burnt.

The conduct of the people at the churches marked the low state of religion: the higher ranks talked in whispers, and even at times loudly, on their family concerns, their balls and concerts. The peasantry and lower ranks behaved with more decency, but seemed to think the service a mere form; they came in at all hours, and staid but a few minutes; went out and returned.

We had in our small society some very respectable clergymen; but I am sorry to say,

we had one instance shewing the immoral tendency of the celibacy of the clergy.

Very few of the convents remain. I have detailed our visit to one of them in my journal; we found every thing decent and well conducted, but not with any thing like the strictness and rigour we expected. At Aix there was a small establishment of Ursulines, a very strict order; there was also a penitentiary establishment of Magdalenes, the rules of which were said by the people of Aix to be of the most inhuman nature. The caterers for the establishment were ordered to buy only spoilt provisions for food; fasting was prescribed for weeks together; and the miserable young women lay on boards a foot in breadth, with scarce any clothing. Their whole dress, when they went out, consisted of a shift and gown of coarsest hard blanket stuff. They were employed in educating young children. I once met a party of them walking out with their charges, who were chanting hymns and decorating these miserable walking skeletons with flowers.

We had also at Aix a very celebrated preacher named De Coq. I went to hear him, and, though much struck with his fluency of language, did not much admire his style of preaching;

there was too much of cant and declamation, and at times he made a most intolerable noise, roaring as if he were addressing an army. This man, however, succeeded in drawing tears from the audience; but this did not surprise me, for it is astonishing how easily this is accomplished. This reminds me of a scene which I witnessed one evening at the theatre at Aix. We were seated next an old Marquise with whom we were acquainted. The tragedy of Meropè, and particularly the part of the son Egistus, was butchered in a very superior style; the Marquise turned to my sister, and said to her, "Oh how touching! how does it happen that it does not make you cry? But you shall see me cry in a minute: I shall just think of my poor son whom Napoleon took for the conscription." She then by degrees worked herself up into a fit of tears, and really cried for a pretty tolerable space of time. A most amusing soliloquy took place at our house the night before the national guard left Aix, in pursuit of Bonaparte. This lady came to pay us a visit; and after crying very prettily, she exclaimed, "Oh, the *barbare*, he has taken away my son—he has ruined my concert which I had fixed for Thursday—we were to have had such music!—and Jule, my son, was to have

sung; but Jule is gone, perhaps to——*Oh, mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*—and I had laid out three hundred pounds in repairing my houses at Marseilles, and not one of them will now be let—and I had engaged Ciprè (a fiddler), for Thursday; and we should have been so happy." —But this is a most extraordinary episode to introduce when talking of the state of religion.

Some measures taken latterly by the King, seem to have been but ill received by the French, and they then shewed how little attention they were inclined to pay to religious restraints, which were at variance with their interests and their pleasures: I allude to the shutting of the theatres and the shops on Sunday. Perhaps, considering the nature of their religion, and the long habit which had sanctioned the devoting of this day to amusement, the measure was too hasty. Certain it is, that neither this measure, nor the celebration of the death of Louis XVI. did any good to the Bourbon cause. The last could not fail to awaken many disagreeable feelings of remorse and of shame: It was a kind of punishment to all who had in any way joined in that horrid event. At Aix, the solemn ceremony was repeatedly interrupted by the noise of the military. We remarked one man in particular, who continu-

ed laughing, and beating his musket on the ground. On leaving the church, our landlord told us, he was one of those who had led one of the Marseilles bands at that time; and that there were in that small community, who had assembled in church, more than five or six others of the same description. How many of these men must there have been in all France whose feelings, long laid asleep, were awakened by such a ceremony!

ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE.

Napoleon's greatest ambition was to intermeddle with every thing in the kingdom. With most of the changes which his restless spirit has produced, the French have no great reason to be satisfied; but all agree, that with regard to the administration of justice, and the courts, for the trial of civil suits in France, the alterations which he has introduced, have been ultimately of essential benefit to the country. Previous to his accession to the government, the sources of equity were univerally contaminated, and the influence of corruption most deeply

felt in every part of the constitution of their courts. On the accession of Napoleon to the throne, the most respectable and able men among the judges and magistrates were continued in their appointments, and the vacancies, occasioned by the dismission of those found guilty of corruption, (many of whom had, during the confusions of the revolution, actually seized their situations), were supplied, in frequent instances, by those of the older nobility, whose characters and principles were known and respected. In addition to this, the civil and the criminal codes were both carefully revised. In this revisal, the greatest legal talents in the nation were employed. The laws of different nations, more particularly of England, were brought to contribute in the formation of a new code; and by a compilation from the Roman, the French and the English law, a new institute, or body of civil and criminal justice, was formed, intended for the regulation of the whole kingdom. Previous to this change, it must be observed, that the laws, in the different provinces of the kingdom, were in some measure formed *upon*, and always interwoven *with*, the particular observances and customs of their respective provinces; the inevitable consequence was, that every province, possessing dif-

ferent usages, had also a different code. * "La bizarrerie des loix," says Mercier, "et la varieté des coutumes font que l'avocat le plus savant devient un ignore des qu'il se trouve en Gasgogne, ou en Normandie. Il perd a Vernon, un procés qu'il avoit gagné a Poissy. Prenez le plus habile pour la consultation, et la plaidoyerie, eh bien, il sera obligé d'avoir son avocat et son procureur, si on lui intente un proces dans le resort de la plupart des autres parlemens." The consequence of this was an uncertainty, intricacy, and want of any thing like regulating principles in the laws, and an incoherency and inconsistency in the administration of both civil and criminal justice.

The improvements introduced by the late Emperor, have therefore, considered under this point of view, been of no common benefit to the kingdom, as they have given, in some measure, certainty, principle, and consistency, the

* The variety of the laws and customs is attended with this effect, that the most intelligent advocate becomes an ignoramus when he finds himself in Gascony or in Normandy. He loses at Vernon a case which he had gained at Poissy. Select the most skilful for a consultation or for pleading; well, he will be under the necessity of having his advocate and his attorney, if we commit to his care a cause in most of the other courts.

essential attributes of good laws, to what was formerly a mass of confusion.

At Aix, where we resided, the head court is held for four provinces, and there is a college for the study of law and divinity. Most of the acquaintances I there formed were gentlemen belonging to the law; many of them had been liberally educated, were men of talents, and some of them possessed acquirements which would have done honour to any bar. The opinion of all these was strongly in favour of the new codes; and they go so far as to say, that when the matter comes under consideration, there are very few things which the present government will change, and very few judges who will lose their situations.

They allowed, however, that latterly, Napoleon had forgotten his usual moderation, and, incensed against the importation of foreign merchandise, had instituted a court, and formed a new and most rigorous code for the trial of all cases of smuggling and contraband trade. But fortunately for the people, this court had scarcely commenced its severe inflictions, when the deposition of Napoleon, and the subsequent peace with England, rendered its continuance unnecessary. The punishments awarded by this court, were, in their rigour, infinitely more

terrible than that of any other in Europe. There was not the slightest proportionment of the punishment to the offence. For the sale of the smallest proportion of contraband goods, the unfortunate culprit was condemned immediately to eight or ten years labour amongst the galley-slaves. For the weightier offences, the importation of larger quantities of forbidden goods, perpetual labour, and even death, were not unfrequently pronounced.

I was informed, that when Napoleon commanded the Senate to pass the decree for the institution of this court, one of the members asked him, if he believed he would find Frenchmen capable of executing his orders, and enforcing such laws? His answer was, "my salaries will soon find judges;" and the consequence of this determination, upon his part, was, that while he paid the judges of the other tribunals at Aix by a miserable annuity of one hundred and fifty pounds, and two hundred pounds, the judges of the court of contraband were ordered to receive seven hundred pounds and eight hundred pounds. Napoleon was perfectly right in his opinion; that such was the want of honour and principle, and such the excessive poverty of France, that these salaries would soon find judges. I have heard from

unquestionable authority, that, for the last vacancy which was filled up in that court, there were ten candidates.

The court-room, in which this law tribunal was held, is now occupied by a society of musical amateurs, and a concert was given there, during our stay at Aix, once every week. One of the lawyers, in talking of this court, informed me, that in that very room, where the judges of the court of contraband sat, he had played in comedy and tragedy, pleaded causes, had taken his part in concerts, and danced at balls, under its several revolutions, its different political phases of a theatre, a court of justice, a concert and a ball-room. Exactly similar to this was the fate of the churches, palaces, and the houses of individuals under Napoleon, which were alternately barracks, hospitals, stables, courts of justice, *caffés*, *restaurats*, &c.

The penal code of the late Emperor breathes throughout a spirit of humanity, which must astonish every one acquainted with his character. The punishment of death, which, according to Blackstone, may be inflicted by the English law in one hundred and sixty different offences, is now in France confined to the very highest crimes only; the number of which does

not exceed twelve. A minute attention has been paid to the different degrees of guilt in the commission of the same crime; and according to these, the punishments are as accurately proportioned as the cases will permit. One species of capital punishment has been ordained instead of that multitude of cruel and barbarous deaths which were marshalled in terrible array along the columns of the former code. This punishment is decapitation. The only exception to this is in the case of parricide, in which, previous to decapitation, the right hand is cut off; and in the punishment for high-treason, in which the prisoner is made to walk barefoot, and with a crape veil over his head to the scaffold, where he is beheaded. Torture was abolished by Louis XVI., and has never afterwards been resumed.

After Napoleon had it in view to form a new code for France, he was at great pains to collect together the most upright and honourable, as well as the most able amongst the French lawyers; the principal members of whom were Tronchet, one of the counsel who spoke boldly and openly in defence of the unfortunate Louis XVI., Portalis, Malville, and Bigot de Preameneau. Under such superintendance, the work was finished in a short time.

The trial by jury has been for some time established in France; but the Emperor, dreading that so admirable an institution, if managed with an impartial hand, might, in too serious a manner, impose restraint upon his individual despotism, took particular care to subject those crimes, which he dreaded might arise out of the feelings of the public, to the cognisance of special tribunals. All trials originating out of the conscription, are placed under the care of a special court, composed of a certain number of the criminal judges and military officers. In France, there is no grand jury; but its place is supplied by that which they have denominated the *Juré d'Accusation*. This is a court composed of a few members amongst the civil judges, assisted by the Procureur-General or Attorney-General. Their juries for the trial of criminals are selected from much higher classes in society than with us in England; a circumstance the effect of absolute necessity, owing to the extreme ignorance of the middling ranks and the lower classes. In the conducting of criminal trials, the manner of procedure is in a great measure different from our English form. A criminal, when first apprehended, is carried before the magistrate of the town, generally the Mayor. He

there undergoes repeated examinations; all the witnesses are summoned and examined, in a manner similar to the precognitions taken before the Sheriff of Scotland, and the whole process is nearly as tedious as upon the trial. All the papers and declarations are then sent with the accused, to the *Juré d'Accusation*, who also thoroughly examine the prisoner and the witnesses; if grounds are found for the trial, the papers are immediately laid before the "*Cour d'Assize.*" Before this court, the prisoner is again specially examined by its president. His former declarations are compared and confronted with his present answers, and the strongest evidence against him, is often in this manner extracted from his own story. It might certainly be imagined, that with all these precautions, it would be scarcely possible that the guilty should escape. The very contrary is the case, and I have been informed by some of the ablest lawyers in the courts here, that out of ten prisoners, really guilty, six have a good chance of getting clear off. They ascribe this to two principal causes, 1st, That the proceedings become so extremely tedious and intricate, that it is impossible for the jury to keep them all in their recollection, and that, forgetting the general tenor of the evidence, they

suffer the last impressions, those made by the counsel for the prisoner, to bias their judgment, and to regulate their verdict. In the 2d place, It is customary for the president of the court to enter into a long examination and cross-examination of the prisoner, (assisted and prompted in his questions by the rest of the judges), in a severe and peremptory style, and what is too often the case with the judge, in his anxiety to condemn, to identify himself with the public prosecutor. He appears, in the eye of the jury, more in the light of an interested individual, anxious to drag the offender in the most summary manner to the punishment of the law, than as an upright and unbiassed judge, whose duty it is coolly to consider the whole case, to weigh the evidence of the respective witnesses, to consider, with benevolent attention, the defence of the prisoner, and, after all this, to pronounce, with authoritative impartiality, the sentence of the law. This naturally prejudices the jury in favour of the prisoner; and few, even in our own country, who may have been witness to the common routine of our criminal procedure, will not themselves have felt that immediate and irresistible impression, which is made upon the mind of the spectator, when he sees

on one side the solemn array of the court, the judges, the officers, and all the terrible show of justice; and on the other, the trembling, solitary, unbefriended criminal, who awaits in silence the sentence of the law. One difference, however, between the effects produced by the respective criminal codes of France and England, ought to be here remarked. In England, owing to the principles and practice of our criminal law, it too frequently happens, that the most open and notorious criminals escape, whilst the less able, but more innocent offenders, those who might be easily reclaimed, who have gone little way in the road of crime, but who are less able to do themselves justice at their trial, fall an easy sacrifice to the rigour of our criminal code. In France, owing to the custom of the cross-examinations of the prisoner, by the president and the different judges, this can never happen. The notoriety of his character prevents the common feelings of compassion in the breasts of the jury; the severity of the interrogations renders it impossible that any fictitious story, when confronted with his former examinations before the magistrate and the *Juré d'Accusation*, can long hold together, and he is, in this manner, generally convicted by the evidence extracted from his own mouth upon the trial.

The present style of French pleading is exactly what we might be led to expect from the peculiar state of manners, and the particular character of that singular people. It is infinitely further removed from dry legal ratiocination, and much more allied to real eloquence, than any thing we met with in England. Any one who is acquainted with the natural inborn fluency in conversation of every individual whom he meets in France, may be able to form some idea of the astonishing command of words in a set of men who are bred to public speaking. One bad effect arises from this, which is, that if the counsel is not a man of ability, this amazing volubility, which is found equally in all, serves more to weaken than to convince; for the little sense there may be, is spread over so wide a surface, or is diluted with such a dose of verbiage, that the whole becomes tasteless and insipid to the last degree. But this fluency, on the other hand, in the hands of a man of talents and genius, is a most powerful weapon. It hurries you along with a velocity which, from its very rapidity, is delightful; and where it cannot convince, it amuses, fascinates, and overpowers you.

One thing struck me as remarkable in the French form of trial, which perhaps might be

with benefit adopted by England. All exceptions and challenges to jurymen are made in private, and not, as with us, in open court. This is a more delicate method, and no man's character can suffer (as is sometimes the case in England) by being rejected. The trial by jury is very far from being popular in France; indeed, upon an average I have heard more voices against it than advocates for its continuance. The great cause for this dissatisfaction is that which leads to various other calamitous consequences in that kingdom,—the want of public spirit in France.—The French have literally no idea of any duties which they must voluntarily, without the prospect of reward, undertake for their country. It never enters their heads that a man may be responsible for the neglect of those public duties, for the performance of which he receives no regular salary.—There is a constant connection in their minds, between business and payment, between money and obligation: and as for that noble and patriotic spirit which will undergo any labour from a disinterested sense of public duty, it is long since any such feeling has existed, and it will probably, if things continue in their present state, be long before it will exist again in France.

It might be imagined, from the advantages in the administration of criminal justice, that France was in this respect equal, if not superior to Britain.—This, however, is by no means the case. The written criminal code of France is indeed apparently more humane, and the civil code less intricate and voluminous than with us in England. But there is a wide and striking difference between this code, drawn up with all the luminousness of speculative benevolence, and the manner in which the same code is carried into execution: What signifies the purity of the code, if the executive part of the system, the nomination of the judges, the direction of the sentences, and the reversal of the whole proceedings, was submitted to the power, and constituted part of the iron prerogative, of a despotic Sovereign. It was the constant practice of the late Emperor to appoint, whenever it was necessary for the accomplishment of his own ends, what he denominated a COUR PREVOITALE—a species of court consisting of judges of his own selection, who, with summary procedure, condemned or acquitted, according to the pleasure of its master. Not only was this court erected, which was in every respect under the controul of the Emperor, but by means of his police emissaries, of

those pensioned spies whom he insinuated into all the offices, and the remotest branches of the political administration, he contrived to overawe the different judges, to keep them in perpetual fear of the loss of their official situation, and in this manner to beat down the evidence, to bias the sentence, and finally, to direct the verdict. The judicial situations became latterly so completely under the influence of the creatures of the Court, that I was informed by the lawyers, that no judge was sure of remaining for two months in his official situation.

Upon the important subject of criminal delinquency, I am sorry to say the only information I contrived to collect was extremely unsatisfactory. I had been promised, by an intelligent barrister, with whom I had the good fortune to become acquainted, a detailed opinion upon the state of criminal delinquency in France; but in the meantime Napoleon landed from Elba, and my friend was called away from his civil duties to join the national guard, who were marched, when it was too late, in pursuit of Bonaparte.

From the kalendar of crimes, however, which I had the opportunity of examining at the Aix assizes, as well as from the decided opinion of many of the lawyers there, I should be induced

to hazard the opinion, that the crimes o robbery, burglary, and murder, are infinitely less frequent than in England. The great cause of this is undoubtedly to be attributed to the excellence of their police. Wherever such a preventive as the system of Espionage, and that carried to the perfection which we find it possessing in that country, exists, it is impossible that the greater crimes should be found to any alarming decree. There is a power, a vigour and an omnipresence in this effective police, which can check every criminal excess before it has attained any thing like a general or rooted influence throughout the kingdom; and its power, under the administration of Napoleon, was exerted to an excessive degree in France. Such a mode, however, of diminishing the catalogue of crimes, could exist only under a state of things which the inhabitants of a free country would not suffer for a moment; and indeed, to any one possessing but the faintest idea of what liberty is, there is something in the idea of a system of espionage which is dreadful. It is like some of those dark and gigantic dæmons, embodied by the genius of fiction, the form of which you cannot trace, although you feel its presence, which stalks about enveloped in con-

genial gloom, and whose iron grasp falls upon you the more terrible, because it is unsuspected. Fortunately such a monster can never be met with in a free country. It shuns the pure, and untainted atmosphere of liberty, and its lungs will only play with freedom in the foul and thick air of a decided despotism.

The effects of this system of espionage, in destroying every thing upon which individual happiness in society depends; the free and unrestrained communication of opinion between friends, and even the confidence of domestic society, can hardly be conceived by any one who has lived in a free country. Upon this subject, I had an opportunity of conversing with a most respectable and intelligent British merchant, who, previous to the revolution, had been a partner in a banking-house in the French metropolis; and afterwards had the misfortune of being kept a prisoner in Paris for the last twelve years. The accounts he gave us regarding the excessive rigour of the police, and the jealousy of every thing like intercourse, were truly terrible. It had become a maxim in Paris, an axiom whose truth was proved by the general practice and conduct of its inhabitants, to believe every third person a spy. Any matter of moment, any thing bordering upon con-

fidential communication, was alone to be trusted *entre quatre yeux*. The servants in every family, it was well known, were universally in the pay of government. They could not be hired till they produced their licenses, and these licenses, to serve as domestics, they all procured from the office of the police. From that office their wages were as certain, and probably (if the information they conveyed was of importance), more regularly paid than those they received from their masters. Even, therefore, in the most secret retirement of your own family, you could never speak with perfect freedom. Mr B——, the gentleman above mentioned, informed me, that before he dared to mention, even to his wife or family, any subject connected with the affairs of the day, or when they wished to speak freely and unrestrainedly upon any point whatever, every corner of the room was first examined, the chinks of the doors, and the walls of the adjoining apartments underwent a similar scrutiny; and even then they did not dare to introduce any subject which was nearly connected with the political government of the country.

A lawyer, who lived upon the same floor with this gentleman, was astonished, one morning, by the entry of the police officers into his

room at four in the morning, without the slightest previous warning. They pulled him out of bed—hurried him away to the police office, kept him in strict custody for several days, seized all his papers; and having at last discovered that their suspicions were ill-founded, and that he had been secured upon erroneous information, he was brought back to his lodgings by the same hands, and in the same summary manner in which he had been removed; and he is to this day ignorant of the cause of his detention, or the nature of the offence of which he had been suspected.

Amongst the few English who, along with Mr B. were detained in Paris, it was naturally to be expected, that the precautions taken to deceive the police, and to prevent the suspicion of any secret intercourse, were still more severe and rigorous than were used by the native French. As the subjects of this country, they naturally became the objects of continual suspicion, and were more strictly watched than any other persons. They contrived, however, to procure, although at distant intervals, the sight of an English newspaper. Nine or ten months frequently elapsed without their receiving any intelligence from England. When they had the good fortune to procure one, the

precautions necessary to be adopted were hardly to be believed. The same gentleman informed me, that upon receiving an English paper, he did not venture to mention the circumstance even to his wife and children, lest, in their joy, some incautious words might have escaped from them before the servants of the family, in which case, detection would have been immediate, and imprisonment inevitable. Keeping it, therefore, entirely to himself, he concealed it from every eye during the day, and at night, after the family had gone to bed, he sat up, lighted his taper, and, when every thing was still and silent about him, ventured, only then, to read over the paper, and to get by heart the most important parts of the intelligence regarding England; and he afterwards transmitted the invaluable present to some secret friend, who, in the same manner, dared only to peruse it at midnight, and with the same precautions.

A very sensible distinction has been made in the French code, in the difference of punishment which is inflicted upon robbery, when it has or has not been accompanied by murder; and the consequence of such distinction is, that in that country the most determined robberies are seldom, as they often are

with us, accompanied with murder; whilst the accurate proportionment of punishment to the crimes, encourages persons possessing information to come forward, and removes those natural scruples which all must feel, when they reflect that they may be the chief instruments in bringing down a capital penalty upon the head of an individual, whose trivial offence was in no respect deserving of this last and severest punishment of the law.

The crime of which I heard most frequently, and of which the common occurrence may be traced to the miserable condition to which trade and commerce were, during the last few years, reduced in France, and to that general laxity of moral conduct which even now distinguishes that country, was *Fraudulent Bankruptcy*. The merchant, no longer possessing the means of making his fortune by fair speculation, has recourse to this nefarious mode of bettering his condition. He settles with his creditors for a small per centage; disposes of his property by fictitious sales, *ventes simulees*, and thus enriches himself upon the ruin of his creditors. At a small town in the south of France, where I for sometime resided, there were several individuals, who, it was well known, had made their fortunes in this manner;

and at Marseilles it had, as I understood, become in some measure a common practice. The crime is seldom discovered, attended at least with those circumstances of corroborative evidence which are necessary in bringing it to trial. Upon detection, accompanied by complete proof, the punishment is severe. It consists in being condemned for fourteen years, or for life, to the galleys, and in branding the delinquent with letters denoting his crime: *B F* for Fraudulent Bankruptcy. At one of the trials of the Aix assizes, at which I was present, a young man of excellent family, son of the Chevalier de St Louis, was convicted of this crime, and although it was proved that he had been deceived by his partner, a man of decidedly bad character, but possessed of deep cunning, he was condemned for fourteen years to the galleys: Owing to a flaw in the process, the sentence was set aside by the Cour de Cassation, or Supreme Court of Appeal at Paris, and a new trial was ordered.

From the same cause, which I have mentioned above, the perfection of their police, petty theft is not of such common occurrence in France as in England. The country, in short, at the time when we passed through it, was very quiet, and few crimes were committed;

but on the disbanding of the troops, a great change may be expected. These restless creatures must find work, or they will make it for themselves. It is a hard question how the unwarlike Louis is to employ them. Many talk of the necessity of sending an immense force to St Domingo; and it would appear wise policy to devise some expedition of this nature, which would swallow up the restless, the profligate, and the abandoned.

It is not our intention, nor indeed would the limits of our work permit, of entering into the question of what ought to be the conduct of the King. But there is another question, from answering which we can scarcely escape.

Are the majority of the French nation well affected to the Bourbons? This is a question which is put to every person who returns from France. It is a natural, a most important, but a most difficult one to answer. I endeavoured, by every method in my power, by a communication with those gentlemen of the province where I resided, whose characters and situations entitled them to implicit credit; by endeavouring to satisfy myself as to the real sentiments of the peasantry, and by a perusal of those documents regarding the state of the

country, which were believed the most authentic, to acquire upon this subject something like satisfactory information. As to the sentiments entertained at present by the generality of the French people upon this subject, I cannot speak, but with regard to the period which I passed in France, which began in November 1814, and ended at the time of the landing of Napoleon from Elba, I have no hesitation in declaring, that it appeared to me, that the majority of the French nation were at that time hostile to the interests of the Bourbons. On the other hand, in consulting the same sources of information as I have above enumerated, it was as evident that they are not generally favourable to the restoration of the Imperial Government under Napoleon. What appeared at that period to be the general desire of the nation, was the establishment of a new constitution, formed upon those principles, embracing those new interests, and compatible with that new state of things which had been created by the revolution. It was on this account that they favoured Napoleon.

The situation of France then exhibited perhaps one of the most singular pictures ever presented to view by a civilized nation; a people without exterior commerce, and whose interior

trade and manufactures, except in some favourite spots, was almost annihilated; whose youth was yearly drained off to supply the army, but whose agriculture has been constantly improving, which, for the last twelve years, had been subjected to all the complicated horrors of a state of war, but which, after all this, could yet earnestly desire a continuance of this state. A nation where there was scarcely to be found an intermediate rank between the Sovereign and the peasantry—for since the destruction of the *ancienne noblesse*, and more particularly, since all ranks have been admitted to a participation in the dignities conferred on the military, all have become equally aspiring, and all consider themselves upon the same level:—A nation where, notwithstanding the division into parties, possessing the most opposite interests and opinions, and pulling every different way, the greater part certainly desired a government similar to Napoleon's, and would even unite to obtain it:—A nation who talked of nothing but liberty, and yet suffered themselves to be subjected to the conscription, to the loss of their trade, to the severest taxes, the greatest personal deprivations, and the most complete restraint in the expression of their opinions—to the continued extor

tions of a military chief, the most despotic who ever reigned in a European country, and whose acts of oppression are truly Asiatic; and who tamely bore all this oppression, supported by their national vanity, because they wish to bear the name *of the great people:* Great, because their ambition is unbounded; great as a nation of rapacious and blood-thirsty soldiers; great in every species of immorality and vice! Who, led away by this miserable vanity, have been false to their oaths, so recently pledged to a mild and virtuous prince, very unfit to rule such a race of villains, because he is mild and virtuous.

But it is not generally believed, that the majority in France favoured Napoleon, though it is but a natural consequence of the state of the country; I shall therefore enumerate the divisions of ranks, and the sentiments of each. —All allow that the army were his friends; on that subject, therefore, I shall say nothing.—Next to the army, let us look to the civil authorities.—All these were in his favour—all that part of the civil authorities at least, who have the immediate management of the people. —It is in vain that the heads of office in Paris, the miserable bodies styled the Chambers of Parliament and the Counsellors of the

realm, were favourably inclined towards the King.—Napoleon well knew that these were not the men who rule France.—France, as an entire kingdom, may be said to be governed by these men; but France, subdivided, is governed by the prefects, and the gens-d'armes of Napoleon.—Not a man of these was displaced by the King, and although they were all furious in their proclamations against the usurper, they, with few exceptions, joined him, and these few exceptions were removed by him.—The most powerful men in France under Napoleon were these prefects and gens-d'armes, and knowing their power, he was always cautious in their selection; wherever he conceived that they really favoured the Bourbon interest, he removed them.

Next, the whole class of Receveurs were his devoted friends.—These men were all continued in place under the unwarlike reign of Louis, but where no conscription and no droits reunis were to be enforced, they had poverty staring them in the face.—Is it unnatural that they should favour him whose government enriches them?

To the shadows of nobility, to the ghost of aristocracy which had re-appeared under the King, no power or influence can be attribut-

ed,—they dared not think, and could not act.

The better classes of the inhabitants of the cities, whether the traders and manufacturers, or the bourgeoise of France, are those who were the most decided enemies of Bonaparte: but let us look how their arm is weakened and palsied by the situation of their property.—They have many of them purchased the lands of the emigrants at very low prices, and, in many instances, from persons who could only bestow possession without legal tenure.—These feel uneasy in their new possessions; they dread the ascendancy which the nobility might still obtain under their lawful Sovereign: Napoleon came proclaiming to them that he would maintain them in their properties. Nor were all the traders and manufacturers his enemies. —He encouraged the trade of Lyons, for example, of Paris, of Rouen, and other interior towns, and he pitted these interior towns against the sea-ports of Bourdeaux, Marseilles, &c. Thus, even with commercial men, he had some friends.—And here, in mentioning Paris, I must observe, that the most slavish deference is paid by the whole of France to the opinions, as well as the fashions, which prevail at the capital. From the encouragement which he offer-

ed to its interior trade, from the grand works which he was constantly carrying on, affording labour to the idle rabble; from the magnificent *spectacles* supplied by his reviews, fetes, and festivities, and most of all, from the celebrated system of gulling and stage-trick, practised by his police, and through the medium of the press—From all these circumstances, it arises, that Napoleon was no where so much beloved as at Paris; and Napoleon took good care that Paris afforded to all France an example such as he would wish them to follow.—It is difficult to say why the French should tamely follow the example of their despot; but they forgot that he was a despot, and they were not singular as a nation in following the example *of their chief*, though, perhaps, they carried their obedience to a more slavish pitch than any other people.—"En France (says Mons. Montesquieu) il en est des manieres et de la facon de vivre, comme des modes, les Français changent des meurs selon l'age de leur Roi.—Le Monarque pouvait meme parvenir a rendre la nation grave s'il l'avait entrepris."

Next in rank, though, from their numbers and influence, perhaps, after the army, the most powerful body in the community, the situation of the peasants must be considered. They

had either seized upon, or purchased, at a low rate, the lands of the emigrants, and the national domains; these they had brought into the best state of cultivation; without the interference of any one, they directly drew the profits. The oppression in agriculture, which existed before the revolution, whether from the authority of the Seigneurs, from the corvees, from tythes, game laws, &c. all are done away—become rich and flourishing, they are able to pay the taxes, which, under Napoleon, were not so severe as is generally supposed.—But they had every thing to fear from the return of the noblesse, and from the re-establishment of the ranks and order which must exist under the new constitution of France. Can it then be considered that the peasantry should see their own interest in maintaining the revolutionary order of things? The more unjust their tenure, the more cause have they to fear; and unenlightened as many of them are, their fears once raised, will not easily be controuled. Napoleon had most politically excited alarm among them, and they are favourably inclined towards him. This powerful body have no leaders to direct them: The respectable and wealthy farmer, possessing great landed property; the yeoman, the coun-

try gentleman,—all these ranks are abolished. Where the views of the Sovereign are inimical to the peasantry, as was imagined under Louis XVIII. that body will powerfully resist him; where they were in concert, as under Napoleon, that body became his chief support next to his military force.

It is not enough that Louis XVIII. had never invaded their property—it is not enough that in different shapes he issued proclamations, and assurances, that he had no such intentions,—the peasantry felt insecure; and they dreaded the influence of his counsellors, and of the noblesse. The low rabble of France, at all times restless, and desirous of change, were favourable to Napoleon;—they wished for a continuance of that thoughtless dissipation, and dreadful immorality, which he encouraged; they wished for employment in his public works,—they looked for situations in his army.

It may then be said, that among all ranks Napoleon had friends. Who then were against him? All those who wished for peace: all those who desired the re-establishment of the church: all those who had the cause of morality and virtue at heart—all the good,—but, alas! in France, they were few in number.

I have only enumerated the great and lead-

ing parties in the community. It was my intention to have touched on the sentiments of the different professions, but I have been already too tedious; I shall here only enumerate a few of the classes, who, as they are thrown out of bread by the return of the Bourbons, and the new system of government, will be ever busily employed in favouring a despotic and military government, a continuance of war, and of a conscription.

1st, All the prefects, collectors of taxes, and their agents, who were employed in the countries subjected to Napoleon.

2d, The many officers, and under agents, employed in the conscription, and in collecting the droits reunis.

3d, The police emissaries of all ranks, forming that enormous mass who conducted the grand machine of espionage, directed *the public spirit*, and supplied information to the late Emperor.

4th, All the rich and wealthy army-contractors, furnishers, &c. &c.

Having attempted to shew that the situation of the people in France was highly favourable to the views of the usurper, let me now observe, that there are other circumstances which greatly aided his cause.

1st, The vanity of the nation was hurt: they had not forgotten their defeat by the allies, and the proceedings of Congress, in confining within narrow bounds, that nation, who, but a year ago, gave laws to the continent, had tended to aggravate their feelings. It is difficult for any nation to shrink at once into insignificance, from the possession of unlimited power; it is impossible for France to maintain an inglorious peace.

2d, The spirit of the nation had become completely military. One year of peace cannot be supposed to have done away the effects of twelve years of victory.

3d, The general laxity of morals, and the habits of dissipation and idleness, which have followed from the revolution, and have been taught by the military, and especially by the disbanded soldiers, were favourable to him.

4th, He came at the very time when his prisoners had returned from all quarters of the globe; he came again to unite them under the *revered eagle*, emblem of rapine and plunder, which they everywhere looked up to; in short, if it had been suggested to any one, possessing a thorough knowledge of the situation of France, to say at what time Napoleon was most likely to succeed, he must have pitched on the moment

selected by him. There are indeed many circumstances which induce me to suppose, that the plan for his restoration had been partly formed before he left Fontainbleau; for it is well known, that he long hesitated—that he often thought of making use of his remaining force, (a force of about thirty thousand men), and fighting his way to Italy; that his Marshals only prevailed on him, and that he yielded to their advice, when he might have thought and acted for himself. The conduct of Ney favours the supposition: he selected for him the spot, of all others, the most favourable for his views, should they be directed to Italy; he stipulated for his rank, for a guard of veterans; he is described as using a boldness and insolence of speech to Napoleon, which he would not have dared to use, had there not been an understanding between them. He covered his treachery by a garb of the same nature, when in presence of his lawful Sovereign: open in his abuse of the usurper, while laying plans to join him.

There is a very peculiar circumstance in Bonaparte's character, which is, that at times, he makes the most unguarded speeches, forgetful of his own interest. Thus, when the national guard of Lyons begged permission to accom-

pany him on his march, he said to them, "You have suffered the brother of your King to leave you unattended—go—you are unworthy to follow me." Thus, when at Frejus, he said to the Mayor,—"I am sorry that Frejus is in Provence; I hate Provence, but I have always wished your town well; and, *ere long, I will be among you again.*" This speech, which I had from the Prefect of Aix, who was intimately attached to Napoleon and his interests, I know to be authentic. In it, even the place of his landing seemed to be determined. One thing is certain, that the plan, if not commenced before his abdication, was, at all events, begun immediately after; for a long time must have been necessary to arrange matters in such a manner that he should not find the slightest opposition in his march to Paris.

I have thus attempted to give my readers some account of the state of France under Napoleon. From this account, hastily written, they will draw their own conclusions. Mine, attached as I am to one party; knowing little of politics, only interested as a Briton in the fate of my country, are these:—That France decidedly wishes to live by war and plunder—that France deserves no such government as that of the virtuous Louis—that, till the sol-

diery are disbanded, and their leaders punished, France can never be governed by the Bourbons:—that the majority in the nation do not wish for Napoleon in particular, but for a revolutionary government, and that we have no right of interference with their choice: but that the propriety of our immediately engaging in war could not be doubted, for our very existence as a nation depended on such conduct—that we had the same right to attack Bonaparte, as we had to attack a common robber, more particularly, if this robber had repeatedly planned and devised the destruction of our property.

They will draw the happiest conclusions in favour of our own blessed country, from a comparison with France—looking on that unhappy nation, they will exclaim with me, in the beautiful words of La Harpe: * "J'excuse et n'envie point ceux qui peuvent vivre comme s'ils n'avoient ni souffert ni vu souffrir; mais qu'ils me pardonnent de ne pouvoir les imiter. Ces jours d'une degradation entiere et innouie de

* "I can excuse, but do not envy those who can live as if they had neither suffered nor seen others suffer; but they must pardon me, who am unable to imitate them. These days of total and unheard-of degradation in human nature

la nature humaine sont sous mes yeux, pesent sur mon ame et retombent sans cesse sous ma plume, destinée à les retraçer jusqu'a mon dernier moment." *

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are yet before my eyes, press heavily on my soul, and fall incessantly from my pen, destined to retrace them even to my last hour."

* The reader will easily perceive, that the end of this chapter was written at the time of Napoleon's landing from Elba. Not a word of it has been altered, for the author is convinced that it is an accurate picture of France in its present state.

CHAPTER V.

MODERN FRENCH CHARACTER AND MANNERS.

An Englishman never dreams of entering into conversation without some previous knowledge upon the point which is the subject of discussion. You will pass but few days in France before you will be convinced, that to a Frenchman this is not at all necessary. The moment he enters the room, or caffé, where a circle may happen to be conversing, he immediately takes part in the discussion—of whatever nature, or upon whatever subject that may be, is not of the most distant consequence to him.

He strikes in with the utmost self-assurance and adroitness, maintains a prominent part in the conversation with the most perfect plausibility; and although, from his want of accurate information, he will rarely instruct, he seldom fails to amuse by the exuberance of his fancy, and the rapidity of his elocution. But take any one of his sentences to pieces, analyze it, strip it of its gaudy clothing and fanciful decorations, and you will be astonished what skeletons of bare, shallow, and spiritless ideas will frequently present themselves.

In England, it often happens, that a man who is perfectly master of the subject in discussion, from the effect of shyness or embarrassment, will convey his information with such an appearance of aukwardness and hesitation, as to create a temporary suspicion of dulness, or of incapacity. But upon further examination, the true and sterling value of his remarks is easily discernible. The same can very seldom be said of a Frenchman. His conversation, which delights at the moment, generally fades upon recollection. The information of the first is like a beautiful gem, whose real value is concealed by the encrustation with which it is covered; the other is a dazzling

but sorry paste in a brilliant setting. * "Un Français," says M. de Stael, with great truth, "scait encore parler, lors meme il n'a point d'idees;" and the reason why a Frenchman can do so is, because ideas, which are the essential requisites in conversation to any other man, are not so to him. He is in possession of many substitutes, composed of a few of those set phrases and accommodating sentences which fit into any subject; and these, mixed up with appropriate nods, significant gestures, and above all, with the characteristic shrugging of the shoulders, are ever ready at hand when the tide of his ideas may happen to run shallow.

The perpetual cheerfulness of the French, under almost every situation, is well known, and has been repeatedly remarked. One great secret by which they contrive to preserve this invariable levity of mind, is probably this extraordinary talent of theirs for a particular kind of conversation. An Englishman, engaged in the business and duties of life, even at his hours of relaxation, is occupied in thinking upon them. In the midst of company he is

* "A Frenchman, (says Madame de Stael, with great truth,) can still continue to speak, even when he has no ideas."

often an insulated being; his mind, refusing intercourse with those around him, retires within itself. In this manner he inevitably becomes, even in his common hours, grave and serious, and if under misfortunes, perhaps melancholy and morose. A Frenchman is in every respect a different being: He cannot be grave or unhappy, because he never allows himself time to become so. His mind is perpetually busied with the affairs of the moment. If he is in company, he speaks, without introduction, to every gentleman in the room. Any thing, the most trivial, serves him for a hook on which to hang his story; and this generally lasts as long as he has breath to carry him on. He recounts to you, the first hour you meet with him, his whole individual history; diverges into anecdotes about his relations, pulls out his watch, and under the cover shews you the hair of his mistress, apostrophizes the curl—opens his pocket-book, insists upon your reading his letters to her, sings you the song which he composed when he was *au desespoir* at their parting, asks your opinion of it, then whirls off to a discussion on the nature of love; leaves that the next moment to philosophize upon friendship, compliments you, *en passant*, and claims you for his friend; hopes that the con-

nection will be perpetual, and concludes by asking you *to do him the honour of telling him your name.* In this manner he is perpetually occupied; he has a part to act which renders serious thought unnecessary, and silence impossible. If he has been unfortunate, he recounts his distresses, and in doing so, forgets them. His mind never reposes for a moment upon itself; his secret is to keep it in perpetual motion, and, like a shuttlecock, to whip it back and forward with such rapidity, that although its feathers may have been ruffled, and its gilding effaced by many hard blows, yet neither you nor he have time to discover it.

Nothing can present a stronger contrast between the French and English character, and nothing evinces more clearly the superiority of the French in conversation, and the art of amusement, than the scenes which take place in the interior of a French diligence. They who go to France and travel in their own carriages are not aware of what they lose.—The interior of a French diligence, if you are tolerably fortunate in your company, is a perfect epitome of the French nation.—When you enter a public coach in England, it is certainly very seldom that, in the course of the few hours you may remain in it, you meet with an entertain-

ing companion. Chance, indeed, may now and then throw a pleasant man in your way; but these are but thinly sown amongst those sour and silent gentlemen, who are your general associates, and who, now and then eyeing each other askance, look as if they could curse themselves for being thrown into such involuntary contiguity.

The scene in a French diligence is the most different from all this that can be conceived. Every thing there is life, and motion, and joy. —The coach generally holds from ten to twelve persons, and even then is sufficiently roomy.—The moment you enter you find yourself on terms of the most perfect familiarity with the whole set of your travelling companions. In an instant every tongue is at work, and every individual bent upon making themselves happy for the moment, and contributing to the happiness of their fellow travellers. Talking, joking, laughing, singing, reciting,—every enjoyment which is light and pleasurable is instantly adopted.—A gentleman takes a box from his pocket, opens it, and with a look of the most finished politeness, presents it, full of sweetmeats, to the different ladies in succession. One of these, in gratitude for this attention, proposes that which she well knows will be agreeable to

the whole party, some species of round game like our cross-purposes, involving forfeits. The proposal is carried by acclamation,—the game is instantly begun, and every individual is included: Woe be now to the aristocracy of the interior! Old and young, honest and dishonest, respectable and disrespectable, all are involved in undistinguished confusion—but all are content to be so, and happy in the exchange. The game in the meantime proceeds, and the different forfeits become more numerous. The generality of these ensure, indeed, from their nature, a punctuality of performance. To kiss the handsomest woman in the party, to pay her a compliment in some extempore effusion, or to whisper a confidence (*faire une confidence*) in her ear—all these are hardly enjoined before they are happily accomplished. But others, which it would be difficult to particularize, are more amusing in their consequences, and less easy in their execution.

The ludicrous effect of this scene is much heightened by its being often carried on in the dark, for night brings no cessation; and we have ourselves, in travelling in this manner in the diligence, engaged in many a game of forfeits where, it is not too much to say, that our playfellows, of both sexes, were certainly nearer to

the grave than the cradle, being somewhere between fifty and fourscore. The scenes which then take place, the undistinguished clamours of young and old, the audible salutes from every quarter, which point to the perpetual succession of the forfeits, altogether compose a spectacle, which to a stranger is the most unexpected and extraordinary that can be possibly imagined.

The conversation of a Frenchman, who possesses wit and information, is certainly superior to that of a clever man of any other country. It has a variety and playfulness, which, upon subjects of taste or fancy, or literature, delights and fascinates; but even their common conversation upon the most trivial matters is of a superior order, as far as amusement goes. However shallowly they may think upon a subject, they never fail to express themselves well. This is the case equally with those of both sexes. It is true, certainly, that in their subjects for conversation, they indulge in a wider range of selection; and in consequence, far more frequently without evincing the slightest scruple, overstep the bounds of decorum and delicacy. This is the inevitable effect of the peculiarity above noticed, that they must constantly converse; as their appetite for con-

versation is inordinate, their taste is necessarily less nice; provided they continue in motion, they are careless about the ground over which they travel. One unhappy consequence of this certainly is, that such carelessness extends to the women, even amongst the highest and best bred classes; and that these ideas of delicacy and tenderness, with which we are always accustomed to regard, in this country, the female mind, are shocked and grated against by the occurrence of scenes, the employment of expressions, and the mention of books which tend rather to disgust than to amuse, and which destroy in a moment that female fascination, which can never exist without that first and most material ingredient, modesty.

The science of conversation in France, is not, as with us, confined principally to the higher classes, but extends to the whole body of the people. The reason is, that the lower ranks in that country invariably imitate the manners, style of society, and mode of conversation used by the higher orders. The lower ranks in England converse, no doubt; but then their conversation, and the subjects upon which it is employed, is exactly fitted to the rank they hold in society.

In speaking of the literature of France, we

shall have occasion to remark, that there is nothing in that country like an ancient or national poetry. This is perhaps not so much to be attributed to the excessive ignorance of the peasantry, as to the circumstance, that from the French peasantry invariably imitating the manners of the higher orders, there is no adaption of the manners of the labouring orders to the simple rank they fill in society. The innocence of rural life is thus lost. The shepherd, the peasant girl, the rustic labourer, whom you meet in France, are all in some measure artificial beings. They express themselves to any stranger they meet with ease and politeness, with a point and a vivacity which is certainly striking; but which is, of all things, the farthest removed from nature: and it is the consequence of this interchange which has taken place,—this imitation of the manners of the higher orders by the lower classes of the peasantry—that we shall in vain look for any thing in France like a simple national poetry. The truth, the simplicity, the nature, which ought to form it, are not to be found amongst any classes of the French people. The poetry of France, both ancient and modern, that of Ronsard and Marot, in earlier days; and that of Boileau, Racine, Corneille and Voltaire, in more modern

times, bears the marks of having been formed in the court. If, for instance, in Scotland, the lower ranks, the labouring classes, like those of France, had transplanted the fictitious manners of the higher classes into the innocence of their cottage, or the sequestered solitude of their vallies—where, under such a state of things, could there ever have arisen such gifted spirits as Burns, or Ramsay, or Ferguson? and where should we have found, that truth, that beauty, that genuine nature, in the lives and manners of our peasantry, which has not only furnished such poets with some of their finest subjects, but has instructed these peasants themselves to pour out, in unpremeditated strains, those ancient and beautiful songs, which art and education could never have taught them; and which, in the progress of time, have formed that unrivalled national poetry, perhaps one of the brightest gems in the diadem of Scottish genius. But we must return to France.

The French have been always celebrated for their natural gaiety of character. One exception from this is material to be noticed. It must strike you the moment you look into the countenances of the soldiery, or examine the air and manner of the generality of the lower officers. A dark and gloomy expression, if not

a suspicious, and often savage appearance, is their characteristic feature; and although this is disguised by occasional sallies of loud and intemperate mirth, these sallies are more like the desperate and reckless exertions of a troop of banditti, than the temperate and unpremeditated cheerfulness of a regular soldiery. Nor is this look confined entirely to the military. The habits of the whole nation are changed; but yet, with all this alteration, there remains enough of their characteristic gaiety to distinguish them from every other people in Europe.

Their excessive frivolity is perhaps even more remarkable than their gaiety; they have not sufficient steadiness for the uninterrupted avocations of graver life. In the midst of the most serious or deep discussion, a Frenchman will suddenly stop, and, with a look of perhaps more solemn importance than he bestowed upon the subject of debate, will adjust the ruffle of his brother *savant*, adding some observation on the propriety of adorning the exterior as well as the interior of science. * "Leur badinage," says Montesquieu, "naturellement fait

* "Their trifling, naturally intended for the toilet, seems to have become accessary to the formation of the general

pour les toilettes, semble etre provenu a former le caractere general de la nation. On badine au conseil, on badine a la tete d'une armee, on badine avec un ambassadeur."

The vanity of the whole nation, it is well known, is without all bounds; and although this is most apparent, perhaps, and less unequivocally shewn in every point connected with military affairs, it is yet confined to no one subject in particular, but embraces all—in arts, science, manufactures; in every thing, indeed, upon which the spirit and genius of a nation can be exercised, it is not too much to say, that they believe themselves superior to every other nation or country. Nay, what is very extraordinary, so much have they been accustomed to hear themselves talk in this exaggerated style; so natural to them have now become those expressions of arrogant superiority, that vanity has, in its adoption into the French character, and in the effects which it there produces, almost changed its nature.

In other countries—in our own, for instance, a very vain man is an object of ridicule, and generally of distrust. In France he is neither;

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character of the nation: They trifle in council, they trifle at the head of an army, they trifle with an ambassador."

on the contrary, there appears throughout the kingdom a kind of general agreement, a species of silent understood compact amongst them, that every thing asserted by one Frenchman to another, provided it is done with sufficient confidence and coolness, however individually vain, or absolutely incredible, ought to be fully and implicitly believed. It is this excessive idea which the French instil into each other of their own superiority, joined to the extreme ignorance of the great body of the people, which composes that prominent feature in their national character—*their credulity*—and which has long rendered them the easiest of all nations to be imposed upon by political artifice, and the submissive dupes of those travelling quacks and ingenious charlatans, who in this country are more than commonly successful in ruining the health and impoverishing the pockets of their devoted patients. An instance of this occurs to me, which happened to myself when residing in the south of France.

At one of the great fairs where I was present, there appeared upon an elevated stage, an elderly and serious-looking gentleman, dressed in a complete suit of solemn black, with a little child kneeling at his feet. "Messieurs," said he to the multitude, and bowing with the most

perfect confidence and self-possession—* "Messieurs, c'est impossible de tromper des gens instruits comme vous. Je vais absolument couper la tete a cet enfant: *Mais* avant de commencer, il faut que je vous fasse voir que je ne suis pas un charlatan. Eh bien, en attendant et pour un espece d'exorde: Qui est entre vous qui à le mal au dent?" "Moi," exclaimed instantly a sturdy looking peasant, opening his jaws, and disclosing a row of grinders which might have defied a shark. "Monsieur, (said the doctor, inspecting his gums), it is but too true. The disorders attending these small but inestimable members, the teeth, are invariably to be traced to a species of worm, and this the most obstinate, as well as the most fatal species in the vermicular tribe, which contrives to conceal itself at the root of the affected member. Gentlemen, we have all our respective antipathies; and it is by means of these that the most fatal and unaccountable effects are produced upon us.

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* "Gentlemen, it is impossible to deceive persons enlightened as you are; I am absolutely going to cut off the head of this child: But before commencing, I must let you see that I am no quack. Well, in the meantime, as an exordium, Who is there among you who has the toothache?" "I," exclaimed instantly a sturdy peasant, &c.

Worms, gentlemen, have also their prevailing antipathies. To subdue the animal, we have only to become acquainted with its disposition. The worm, Sir, at the bottom of your tooth, is of that faculty or tribe which *abhors copper*. It is the vermis halcomisicus, *or copper-hating worm*. Upon placing this penknife in the solution contained in this bottle," (continued he, holding up a small phial, which contained a green-coloured liquid), "it is, you see, immediately changed into copper." The patient then, at the doctor's request, approached. A female assistant stood between him and the crowd, and in a few minutes the tooth was delivered of a worm, which, from its size, might certainly have given the toothache to the Dragon of Wantley,

> "Who swallow'd the Mayor, asleep in his chair,
> And pick'd his teeth with the mace."

The peasant declared he felt no more pain, and the crowd eagerly pressed forward, (with the exception, we may believe, of the coppersmiths amongst the audience), and purchased the bottles containing this invaluable prescription. Before I had left the party, I discovered that the doctor, previously to the perform-

ing another trick, had borrowed from the crowd a gold piece of twenty francs, two pieces of five francs, a silver watch, and several smaller articles, nor did it appear they had the slightest suspicion that the learned doctor might have changed these articles as well as the penknife; and that although there were copper-hating worms, there might exist other kinds of human vermin, which might not reckon silver among their antipathies. This characteristic vanity, and the excessive credulity of the people, were strikingly exhibited in another ludicrous adventure of the same kind, which happened to us when I was resident at Aix.

We were alarmed one morning by a loud flourish of trumpets, almost immediately under our windows. On looking out, we beheld a kind of triumphal car, preceded by six avant couriers, clothed in scarlet and gold, mounted on uncommon fine horses, and with trumpets in their hands. In the car was placed a complete band of musicians, and it was, after a little interval in the procession, followed by a superb open carriage, the outside front of which was entirely covered with rich crimson velvet and gold lace. The most singular feature about the carriage was its shape, for there projected from it in front, a kind of large maga-

zine, (covered up also with a cloth of velvet,) which was in its dimensions larger than the carriage itself. In this open carriage sat a plain looking, dark, fat man, reclining in an attitude of the most perfect ease, and genteelly dressed. The whole cortege halted, in the course of Aix, almost immediately below our house. I joined the audience which had collected around it. Of course all was on the tiptoe of expectation. There was a joyful buz of satisfaction through the crowd, and endless were the conjectures formed by our own party at the window. At length, after a flourish of trumpets, the gentleman rose, and uncovering the large magazine, showed that it contained an almost endless assemblage of bottles, from the greatest to the smallest dimensions. He then, advancing gravely, addressed himself to the audience in these words: * "Messieurs, dans l'univers il n'ya qu'un soleil; dans le royaume de France il n'ya qu'un Roi; dans la medicine il ny'a que Charini." With this he placed his hand on his heart, bowed, and drew himself up with a look of the most glorious complacency. This exor-

* "Gentlemen, in the universe there is but one sun; in the kingdom of France there is but one king; in the science of medicine there is Charini alone."

dium was received with the most rapturous applause by the crowd, who, from having often seen him in his progress through the kingdom, had known before that this was *Charini himself*, the celebrated itinerant *worm doctor*. "Gentlemen," he then proceeded, "it has been the noble object of my life to investigate the origin and causes of disease, and fortunate is it for the world that it has been so. Attend, then, to my discoveries: Worms are at the bottom of all disease,—they are the insidious, but prolific authors of human misery; they are born in the cradle with the infant; they descend into the grave with the aged. They begin, gentlemen, with life, but they do not cease with death. Behold, gentlemen," he continued, "the living and infallible proofs of my assertions," (pointing to the long rows of crystal bottles, filled with multitudes of every kind of these vermin, of the most odious figures, which were marshalled in horrible array on each side of him), "these, gentlemen, are the worms which have been, by my art, extracted from my patients; many of them are, as you see, invisible to the naked eye;" upon which he held up a small phial of pure water. "Not a single disease is there, and not a single part of the human body which has not its appropriate and

peculiar worm. There are those whose habitation is in the head;—there are those which dwell only in the soles of the feet;—there are those whose favourite haunts are in the seat of digestion;—there are those (happy worms) which will consent to dwell only in the bosoms of the fair. Even love," said he, assuming an air of most complacent softness, and casting his eye tenderly over the female part of his audience, "even love is not an exception; it is occasioned by the subtlest species of worms, which insinuate themselves into the roots of the heart, and play in peristaltic gambols round the seat of our affections. Painters, gentlemen, have distinguished the God of Love by the doves with which he is accompanied. He ought, more correctly, to have been depicted riding upon that worm, to which he owes his triumphs. Behold," said he, holding up a phial in which there was enclosed a worm of a light colour, "behold the fatal *love-worm*, from which I have lately had the happiness to deliver an interesting female of Marseilles!" The crowd were enchanted, purchased his bottles in abundance; and I heard afterwards in Aix, that by this ingenious juggling, he had contrived to amass a fortune sufficient to purchase a large estate,

and to maintain, as we had witnessed, a cavalcade worthy of an ambassador.

It is difficult to conceive any thing more ridiculous than the characteristic vanity and scientific expressions, which are employed by the French workmen. The wig-makers, tailors, barbers, all consider their several trades as in some measure allied to science, and themselves as the only beings who understand it.—This they generally contrive to communicate to you with an air of mysterious importance. "Monsieur," said a French barber to a friend of mine, an English sea captain who came in to be shaved; "you are an Englishman—sorry am I to inform you, but I do it with profound respect, that the science of shaving is altogether misunderstood in England. In their ignorance of its principles, they have neglected the great secret of our art. Sir," said he, coming closer up to him, and putting his hand to his own chin with an air of solemn communication, "I am credibly informed that in England they actually cut off the *epiderme*. Now, mon Dieu," continued he, turning up his eyes, and raising his soap-brush in an attitude of invocation, "who is there in France that will be ignorant that, in the destruction of this invaluable cu-

ticle, the chin of the individual is tortured, and the first principles of our art degraded!"

I have already hinted at the ignorance of the French, as a component part of their national credulity. This ignorance, as far as our opportunities of observation extended, in travelling across France, appeared to be deep and general; not only amongst the lower orders, but, on many subjects, pervading also the higher classes of the people. The only subjects upon which Napoleon considered that any thing like attempts at a national education should be made, were those connected with military affairs; mathematics, and the principles of mechanical philosophy.—Schools for these were generally founded in all the principal towns in the kingdom; it was there the younger officers of the army received their military education, and there were many public seminaries for public education, in addition to the Ecole Polytechnique in Paris, where the pupils were maintained and educated at the public expence. Every other branch of education, as tending to change the direction of the public mind, from military affairs into more pacific employments, was sedulously discouraged, and the consequence is seen, in that melancholy ignorance which is distinguishable in those generations of the French

people which have sprung up since the revolution, and frequently even amongst the old nobility. * "Vous etes Ecossois?" said a French nobleman to me; 'Oui, Monsieur.' "Oh, que cela est drole." 'Et comment, Monsieur?' "C'est le pays de Napoleon. C'est un isle n'est ce pas?" 'Oh que non, Monsieur.' "Ma foi, je croyois qu'on l'appelloit *l'isle de Corse.*" Whether, in the geographical confusion of this poor Marquis's brain, he had mistaken me for a Corsican, or actually believed that Napoleon was a Scotchman, is not very easy to determine.

"You are an Englishwoman?" said the wife of a counsellor to one of the ladies of our party: "and I have been at London."—"And how did you like the people?" "Oh, they are very charmant; *bot* I like better that other town near London,—Philadelphia."

It is well known, that formerly in France the order of the Jesuits had acquired so pre-eminent an interest, as to insinuate themselves into al-

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* "You are a Scotchman?" 'Yes, Sir.' "Oh, how droll that is." 'And how is it droll, Sir?' "It is the country of Napoleon. It is an island, is it not?" 'Certainly not, Sir.' "On my faith, I thought they always called it the Island of Corse."

most every civil branch of the political government; and that, more especially, by the seminaries which they established generally throughout the kingdom, they had created a system of national education, in many respects highly beneficial to the community. As to the effects produced by this system, under the Jesuits, on the literature of France, very different opinions certainly may be entertained; and that artificial, and in many respects unnatural, style of poetry which has arisen, and still continues in France, may be perhaps attributed, amongst other causes, to that excessive passion for classical learning which was so religiously instilled, wherever the influence of these seminaries of the Jesuits extended. The utter abolition of this order is well known, and the consequence is, that where there existed formerly a general passion for that species of literature, which they cultivated, and which consisted in an intimate and critical knowledge of the languages of antiquity, and a taste for classical learning, as the only object of their imitation, there remains now nothing but a deep and general ignorance upon every object unconnected with military affairs; an ignorance which is the more fatal in its consequences, because it is founded upon contempt. It is difficult to say which of

these conditions is the worst, the former or the latter. Among physicians and lawyers, however, you meet with many individuals, who, having been educated probably in foreign countries, or under the old *regime*, preserve still a passion for that which is so generally despised.

In speaking of the education of the French people, it is impossible for any one who has at all mingled in French society, not to be particularly struck with what I before alluded to, the extreme ignorance and the limited education of the women, even amongst the higher orders. In a family of young ladies, you will but rarely meet with one who can accurately write her own language; and in general, in their cards of invitation, or in those letters of ceremony, which you will frequently receive, they will send you specimens of orthography, which, in their defiance of every established rule, are as amusing as Mrs Win. Jenkins' observations on that grave and useful gentleman, *Mr Apias Corkus*. Amongst the boys, any thing like a finished education was as little to be expected; the *furor militaris* had latterly, in the public schools, proceeded to such a pitch, as to defy every attempt towards

giving them a general, or in any respect a finished education. They steadily revolted against any thing which induced them to believe that their parents intended them for a pacific profession. Go into a French toy-shop, and you immediately discern the unambiguous symptoms of the military mania. Every thing there which might encourage in the infant any predilections for the pacific pursuits of an agricultural or commercial country, is religiously banished, and their places supplied by an infinite variety of military toys:—platoons of gens-d'armerie, troops of artillery, tents, waggons, camp equipage, all are arranged in imitative array upon the counter. The infant of the *grande* nation becomes familiar, in his nurse's arms, with all the detail of the profession to which he is hereafter to belong; and when he opens his eyes for the first time, it is to rest them upon that terrible machinery of war, in the midst of which he is destined to close them for ever.

In every country, and in every age of the world, the great and leading effects of tyranny, and of military despotism, will be discovered to have been the same. Nothing could be a stronger corroboration of this remark, than that singular and unexpected parallel which was

immediately observed by one of our party who had been long in India, between the policy adopted by Napoleon, and that followed by the Brahmins in the East. The Brahmins religiously prohibit travelling; and the *sin* of visiting foreign countries is particularized in their religious instructions. The free publication of the sentiments of travellers was never permitted under the late Emperor; and the severe regulations of the police made it extremely difficult for any Frenchman to travel. The object of both was the same, to prevent any mortifying and dangerous comparisons between the situation of their own, and the condition of foreign countries. The Brahmins made it a rule to check the progress of education, and to discourage the study of their *shasters*. As to these seminaries of education, unconnected with military subjects, Napoleon, if he did not dare actually to abolish them, at least threw over them the chilling influence of his imperial disapprobation; whilst, by that general inattention and impunity extended to vicious conduct, and the ridicule with which he regarded the clergy, he succeeded in rendering the scriptures contemptible. If, again, the condition of the French people was in many material respects analogous to the state of the Hindoos, the educa-

tion of the women among them (the effect of the same causes operating in both countries), is completely Mussulman. Singing, dancing, and playing on the guitar, with a lighter species of ladies needle-work, forms the whole education of the French women; and this similarity of political treatment has produced a striking parallel even in the minuter parts of their national character.

It is disagreeable to dwell upon the darker parts of their characters; even amongst those whose dispositions, it must be acknowledged, if formed in a purer country, and encouraged to develope themselves in all their native beauty, would have done honour to any nation. Such is the laxity of moral principle, that a woman of unimpeached character is but rarely to be found; and I can speak from my own observation and experience, that examples of criminal conduct, being of frequent occurrence and generally expected, have ceased to be the objects of reprobation, and are no longer the subjects of enquiry. What is more extraordinary, and shews a deeper sort of depravity, is the circumstance that such instances are entirely confined to the married women. These are, in their conversation and conduct, indulged, by a kind of general consent, with every pos-

sible freedom, and, by the extraordinary state of manners, are presented by their husbands with every possible facility they could desire. A husband and wife in France have generally separate apartments, or rather inhabit separate wings of their *hotel*. The lady's bed-room is appropriated to herself alone. Its walls would be esteemed polluted by any intrusion of the husband. It is there that, in an elegant dishabille, she receives the visits of her friends. It is secure against observation, or interruption of any kind whatever. It, in short, is the sacred palladium of female indiscretion. Much of this mischievous licence may, I think, be easily traced to the treatment of the younger and unmarried women. They are confined under a superintendance which is as rigorous, as the licence allowed to their mothers is unbounded. All those affections which begin in their early years to develope themselves—all those dispositions which are natural to youth, the innocent love of pleasure, and the passion for the society of those of their own age, are violently restrained by a system of confinement. In their early years, they are either banished by their parents to the seclusion of a convent, or are confined in their own houses, under the care of a set of severe and withered old women,

whom they term *bonnes*. The consequence is, that the sullen influence of these unkindly beings is reflected upon their pupils, and that when, after their marriage, they are permitted to come forth from their prison, and mingle in general society, all the sweetness and gentleness of their original nature is gone for ever. But to return from this digression upon the ladies, other strong points of resemblance might easily be pointed out between the French and the native Indian character. The same low cunning, the same restless spirit of intrigue, the same gross flattery, the same astonishing command of countenance, and invariable politeness before strangers, the same complete sacrifice of every thing, character, principle, reputation, to the love of money; all these strong and melancholy features are clearly distinguishable in both. A servant who wishes for a place, a workman who is a candidate for employment, a shopkeeper who is anxious for customers, all invariably, as in India, pay money to some one who recommends them; and such is the poverty of the higher orders, that they compromise the meanness of the transaction, and receive these bribes with all the alacrity imaginable; and this system, which begins in these lesser transactions, is, in the dis-

posal of offices under government, and the regulation of the patronage of the crown, the prime mover in France. If an office is to be disposed of, the constant phrase in France is, as in India, *il faut grassier la pate.* I was acquainted with two judges in France, who made not the least scruple to acknowledge that they owed their appointments to bribes, delicately administered. The bribes consisted in presents of *fruit*, presented in *a gold dish.* The similarity between the French and the inhabitants of eastern countries, on their hyperbolical compliments, had been observed by Montesquieu, in his Persian Letters, before the revolution; and by the effects of that lengthened scene of guilt and of confusion, as well as by the consequences of the military despotism under Napoleon, it has been increased to so great a degree, as to present a parallel more apt and striking than can be easily conceived.

The excessive poverty of the higher orders, more particularly amongst the old nobility, has not only subjected them to this meanness of taking bribes, but has produced also amongst them a species of fawning servility of manner towards their inferiors; and this has, in its turn, in a great degree destroyed that high feeling of superior rank and su-

perior responsibility, and that standard of amiable and noble manners, which are amongst the happiest consequences resulting from the institution of a hereditary nobility. The consequence of this servility amongst the *noblesse*, has inevitably produced a corresponding arrogance and insolence in the lower orders. One may see a French servant enter his master's room without taking off, or even touching his hat, engage in the conversation whilst he is mending the fire, throw himself upon a chair, and thus deliver the message he has been entrusted with, arrange his neckcloth at the glass, and dance out of the room, humming a tune. To an Englishman, this familiarity, from its excessive impudence, creates at first more amusement than irritation; but it becomes disgusting when we consider its consequences upon national manners, and that its causes are to be traced to national crime. I have seen a French gentleman take his grocer by the hand, and embracing him, hope for his company at supper. This submissive meanness towards their tradesmen, is of course much increased by their dread of the day of reckoning; and is therefore ultimately the consequence of their poverty.

It happened that an English nobleman, who

lately visited France, had shewn much kindness to one of the *ancienne noblesse* during his stay in England. For upwards of a year, he had insisted on his living with him at his country seat. Upon the eve of leaving England for France, he wrote to his old acquaintance, desiring him to take suitable apartments for him in Paris. The Frenchman returned a most polite answer, expressing how much he felt himself hurt by the idea that his Lordship should dream of taking apartments, whilst his hotel was at his service. The English nobleman, accordingly, lived for two months at the hotel; but to his astonishment, upon taking his departure, Monsieur presented him with a regular bill, charging for every article, and including a very high rent for the lodgings. This is hardly to be credited by those unacquainted with the present condition of France; but I am induced to believe the story to be in every particular correct, as the authority was unquestionable. This excessive poverty amongst the higher classes, their being often unable, from their narrow circumstances, to support a house and separate establishment, their living in miserable lodgings when they are low in purse, snatching a spare meal at some cheap restaurateur's, and being unaccustomed to the

comfort of regular meals in their own house, is the cause that they are all devotedly and generally attached to good eating, whenever they can get it, and that to such an excess, that a stranger, in attending a ball supper in France, or treating a French party to dinner, will be astonished at the perseverance of their palates, and the wonderful expedition with which both sexes contrive to travel through the various dishes on the table. The behaviour of Sancho at Camacho's wedding, when he rolled his delighted eyes over the assembled flesh-pots, is but a prototype of what I have witnessed equally in French men and French women upon these occasions.

At a ball supper, where it is often impossible in England to prevail upon the ladies to taste a morsel, you may see these delicate females of France, regale themselves with dressed dishes, swallow, with incredible avidity, repeated bowls of strong soup, and after a short interval, sit down to potations of hot punch, strong enough to admit of being set on fire. Nothing can certainly be more destructive of all ideas of feminine delicacy, than to see a beautiful woman with one of these midnight bowls burning before her, and when her complexion is rendered livid by its flames, looking

through this medium like some unknown but voracious inhabitant of another world.

An English family of our acquaintance, who had settled at Aix, and who wished to see company, imagined, naturally, that it would be necessary to go through all the tedious process of preliminary introductions, which are necessary in England. A French friend was consulted upon the subject, and his advice was as simple as it was effectual: * "Donnez un souper, cela fera courir tout le monde." Sometime after this, happening to be conversing with the same gentleman upon this subject: † "Soyez bien sur, Monsieur, (said he), que si le diable donne a *souper, tout le monde soupera dans l'enfers.*"

Versatility, that ruling feature in the French character, ought not to be forgotten. They have of late been so accustomed to change, that change has become not only natural, but, one would imagine, in some measure necessary to their happiness. They change their leaders and their sovereigns, with as much apparent

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* "Give a supper; that will make every body run."

† "Even if Old Nick should ring his supper-bell,
The French would lick their lips, and flock to H—ll."

ease as they do their fashions. On the slightest new impulse, they change their thoughts, their oaths, their love, their hatred. In this particular, a French mob is the most remarkable thing in the world; they cannot exist without some favourite yell, some particular watch-word of the day, or rather of the hour. One day it is, * "*A bas le tyran! A bas les soldats!*" the next it is "*Vive l'Empereur! Vivent les Marchaux! Vive l'armée!*" or it is, "*Vive Louis le desiré! Vive le fils de bon Henri!*" and in the next breath, "*Vive le nation! Point des loix foedaux! Point des rois! Point de noblesse!*" then, "*Point des droits reunis! Point de conscriptions!*" and during the desolating æra of the revolution, their favourite cry presented an exact picture of the character of the nation—of the same nation, which, in these dark days of continual horror, could yet amuse itself by an exhibition of dancing-dogs, under the blood-dropping stage of the guillo-

* "Down with the tyrant! Down with the soldiers! Long live the Emperor! Long live the Marshals! Long live the army! Long live Louis, the wished-for Monarch! Long live the descendant of Good Henry IV.! Long live the nation! No feudal laws! No Kings! No nobility! No assessed taxes! No conscription."

tine; their cry was then, * "*Vive la Mort!*" Utterly inattentive to these inconsistencies, the French people continue willingly to cry out whatever rallying word may be given to them by those agents who, working in secret, according to the ruling authorities and the prevailing politics of the day, are employed to excite them. The calamitous consequence of this mean and thoughtless principle is, that they submit themselves to the regulation of all the spies and police emissaries who, as the pensioned menials of government, are continually insinuating themselves amongst them. Louis XVIII., unaccustomed to this system, from his long residence in England, has employed fewer spies than Napoleon, and the consequence has been, that the cry of Vive le Roi has never been re-echoed with that same high-sounding, though hollow enthusiasm, with which they vociferated Vive l'Empereur. An instance of the pliability of a French mob occurred a short time before our coming to Aix: When Napoleon, on his way to Elba, passed through Moulines, his carriage having halted at one of the inns, was immediately surrounded by a

* "Long life to death!"

mob, amongst whom a cry of Vive l'Empereur was instantly raised. The Emperor's servants began laughing, and some one amongst the mob imagining it to be in derision, exclaimed, with manifest disappointment, " Eh bien, Messieurs, que voulez vous donc; mais allons mes amis! crions tous Vive le Roi;" and having once received this new impulse, they not only raised, with one consent, a shout of Vive le Roi, but next moment, by their menaces, compelled Napoleon, who began to tremble for his person, to join in the cry of loyalty. Such was the miserable situation of that man, who, in the words of Augereau, * " apres avoir immolé des millions des victimes, n'a su mourir en soldat;" and such the treatment of a French mob to one whose name, the moment before, they had extolled with all the symptoms of the most devoted enthusiasm.

Jai vu l'impie, adorè sur le terre
Pareil au cedre, il cachoit dans le cieux
Son front audacieux.
Il sembloit a son grè gouverner la tonnere,
Fouler aux pieds ses enemis vaincus,
Je ne fis que passer, il n'etoit deja plus.

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* " Who, after having sacrificed millions of victims, could not die like a soldier."

Amidst all their misfortunes, the French people, and more especially the peasantry, have contrived to preserve their characteristic gaiety. They are still, without doubt, the most cheerful people in Europe, the least liable to any thing like continued depression, and the most easily amused by trifles. If we except the peasantry, whose situation is comparatively comfortable, they are subject to continual deprivations. They are wretchedly poor, and driven by this poverty to meannesses which they would in other situations despise. Their labour is frequently demanded where refusal is impossible, and obedience attended with no remuneration. They themselves are hurried away, if young, to fill up the miserable quotas of the conscription; torn from the happiest scenes of their youth, and banished from every object of their affection. If old, they are doomed to pass their solitary years uncomforted, and unsupported. The hopes of their age may have fallen, but amidst all this complicated misery, it is indeed most wonderful that they yet continue to be cheerful. The accustomed gaiety of their spirits will not even then desert them; and meeting with a stranger who enters into conversation with them, or seated with a few friends at a caffé, they will sip their liqueurs,

smoke their segars, and talk with enthusiasm of the triumphs and glory of the *grande nation*, although these triumphs may have given the fatal blow to all that constituted their happiness, and in this glory they may see the graves of their children. This is not patriotism: It is a far lower principle. It is produced by national pride, vanity, thoughtlessness, a contempt or ignorance of domestic happiness, and all this allied to an unconquerable levity and heartlessness of disposition. It is not therefore that severe but noble principle, the silent offspring between thought and sorrow, which soothes at least where it cannot cure, and alleviates the acuteness of individual sufferings, by the consolation that our friends have fallen in the courageous execution of their duty. It has in its composition none of those higher feelings, but is more an instinct, and one too of a shallow and degrading nature, than any thing like a steady and regulating moral principle.

This, however, which makes them unconscious to any thing like unhappiness, renders them, under imprisonment, banishment, and deprivation, more able to endure the hardships and reverses of war than any other troops.

It is perhaps an improper word in speaking of imprisonment and banishment to a French-

man, to say they endure it better; the truth is, they do not feel it so acutely, and the reason is, that the military, owing to their restless and wandering life, are comparatively less attached than other troops to their native country. They suffer better, because they feel less.

In courage the English soldiers certainly equal them, and in physical strengh they far surpass them; but the mind of a Frenchman is, for hard service, far better constituted than that of an Englishman. Nothing, it is well known, is so difficult as to rally an English force after any thing approaching even to a defeat. This is by no means the case with the French, and the history of the last campaign, preceding the restoration of the Bourbons, contains a detailed account of many successive defeats, after which the French army rallied and fought as undauntedly as before; and during the last war there was not perhaps a single battle contended with more determination than that of Toulouse.

In regard to the lower orders of the peasantry, it is amongst them alone that we can yet distinctly discern the last traces of the ancient French character. They are certainly, from the sale of the great landed estates at the revolution, (which, divided into small farms,

were bought by the lower orders,) for the most part comparatively in a rich and independent situation; and poverty is far more generally felt by the higher classes of the nation, than by the regular peasantry of the country. Yet with all this, they have become neither insolent nor haughty to their superiors; and you will meet at this day with more real unsophisticated politeness, and more active civility amongst the present French peasantry, than is to be found among the nobility or the soldiery of the nation.

It is to them alone that the hopes of the revival of the French nation must ultimately turn. It is from this quarter that France, if she is ever to possess them, must alone derive those pacific energies, which, whilst they may render her as a nation less generally terrible, will yet cause her to be more individually happy.

In every country, we must regard the peasantry as the sinews and stamina of the state. They are, in every respect, to the nation what the heart is to the individual; the centre from which health, energy and vigour must be imparted to the remotest portions of the political body. If such is the rank held by the peasantry *in all countries*, much more important is the station which they at present fill in *France*,

and far more momentous (owing to the circumstances in which that kingdom now stands), are the duties which they owe to their country. It is there alone that any sufficient antidote can be found for that political misery, occasioned by such a course of unprincipled national triumphs, as had been so long the boast of France, and which we have so lately closed in all the splendour of legitimate victory. It is to them that the court must look for the restoration of that moral principle, which, under the administration of the late Emperor, it so thoroughly despised: It is to them that the army must look for the restoration of those high feelings of military honour, which we shall seek in vain in the present soldiery of France: It is from them that the great landed proprietors and the country gentlemen (if that honourable name is ever again to be realised in France), must learn to sacrifice their schemes of individual enjoyment, and to renounce the dissipations of the capital for the severer duties which await them in the interior of the kingdom.

I have before mentioned that civility and politeness which is still so characteristic of the peasantry of the kingdom. In addition to this, from every thing I could observe, they appear-

ed to be really comfortable, and their invariable cheerfulness was accompanied by that flow of easy unpremeditated mirth, which gave us the impression that they were really happy. In the streets of Paris, and in the different ranks of society in the capital, you see, I think, the same outward symptoms of happiness; but, in many instances, their high sounding expressions of joy appear more like the wish to be happy, than the sober possession of happiness. The soldiery, in particular, seem, by their loud and repeated sallies, to have embraced a desperate kind of plan, of actually roaring themselves into forgetfulness; whereas the peasantry of the kingdom, after having passed the day in the labour of their fields or vineyards, dispersing in little troops through their village, the old to converse over the stories of their youth, the young dancing to the pipe and tabor, or singing in little groupes, arranged on the green seats under their orchard trees, appear, without effort, to sink into that enviable state of unforced enjoyment, which falls upon their minds as easily and calmly as the sleep of Heaven upon their eyelids.

Amongst the French, dancing is the strong and prevailing passion which is found in every rank in society, which is confined to no sex,

nor age, nor figure, but is universally disseminated throughout every portion of the kingdom; from the cottage to the court, from the cradle to the grave, the French invariably dance when they can seize an opportunity. Nay, the older the individual, the more vigorous seems to be the passion. Wrinkles may furrow the face, but lassitude never attacks the limbs.

It is their singular perseverance in this favourite pursuit which renders a French ball to a stranger more than commonly ludicrous. In England, when the company begins to assemble, you are delighted with the troops of young and blooming girls, who throng into the dancing room, with faces beaming with the desire, and forms bounding with the anticipation of pleasure. In France, you must conceive the room to be superbly lighted up, and the walls covered with large mirrors, which, in their indefinite multiplication, suffer nothing, however ludicrous, to escape them. The folding doors slowly open, and there begins to hobble in, (as quick as their advanced years will permit them,) unnumbered forms of aged ladies and gentlemen, intermixed with some possessing certainly the firmer step of middle life, but few or none who dare pretend to the activity of youth. On one side comes the old *Marquis*, dressed in the extre-

mity of the fashion, every ruffle replete with effect, and not a curl but what he would tremble to remove, stepping, with the most finished complacency, at the side of some antiquated dame of sixty, who minces and rustles at his side in the costume of sixteen. Previous to the dancing, it is indeed ridiculous to observe the series of silent tendernesses, the sly looks and fascinating glances with which these old worthies entertain each other. Meanwhile the music strikes up, und the floor is instantly covered with waltzers. It is well known, that the waltz is a dance, above all others, requiring grace and youth, and activity in those who perform it. Nothing, therefore, to a stranger, can be more entertaining, than the sight of those motley and aged couples, who, with a desperate resolution, stand up to bid defiance to the warnings of nature; and who, after they have first swallowed a tumbler of punch, (which is their constant practice,) begin to reel round with the waltzers, putting you in mind of Miss Edgeworth's celebrated Irish horse, *Knockegroghery*, who needed to have porter poured down his throat, and to be warmed in his harness, before he could achieve any thing like continued motion. In England, few ladies, unless those who are extremely young, ever

dream of dancing after their marriage. In France, the young ladies before marriage are seldom admitted into company; after marriage, therefore, their gaiety instantly commences, and continues literally until the total failure of the physical powers of nature puts an end to the ability, though not to the love of pleasure. Any thing, therefore, it may be well believed, which comes between the French ladies and this mania for dancing, produces no ordinary effect. One of our party observed at a ball, a French lady of quality in the deepest mourning. On coming up to her, she remarked to the English lady, with a face of much melancholy, that her situation was indeed deplorable. "Look at me," said she, "these are the weeds for my mother, who has only been two months dead. Do you see these odious black gloves; they will not permit me to join in your amusements; but oh! how the heart dances, when the feet can't." "Come, come," said another female waltzer of fifty, whose round little body we had traced at intervals, rolling and pirouetting about the room; "come, we forget that the fast of Ash Wednesday begins at twelve. We may sup well before twelve, but not a morsel after it. We have but one short hour to eat, but we may dance, you know, all night."

By our acquaintance with the best society in Aix, we have enjoyed no unfavourable opportunity of forming an idea of the present condition of society in the south of France. One of the first circumstances which we all remarked, and which has probably occurred to most who have associated in French society, was the wide range over which the titles of nobility extended. We indeed heard, that at Aix, where we resided, and at Toulouse, there were to be found more of the old nobility than in any other parts of France. These towns were, on account of the cheapness of living, the depôts of the emigrant gentlemen whose fortunes had been reduced by the revolution, the receptacles of the ancient aristocracy of France. Yet even making every allowance for this circumstance, when we recollect the appearance and manners of many who were dignified by the titles of Marquis, Counts and Barons, it was impossible not to feel that, when compared with our own country, there was a kind of profanation of the aristocracy; and I should not be much surprised, if it was afterwards discovered, by some who would take the pains to investigate the subject narrowly, that in these remote parts of the kingdom, there subsisted a species of silent understood compact, by which the parties

agreed, that if the one was dignified by his friends with the title of *Marquis*, he would in his turn make no scruple to favour the other with the appellation of *Count*. Certainly, when requested to explain the principles upon which titles of dignity descended, the account given by these noblemen themselves was quite unsatisfactory, and nearly unintelligible. The different orders also of knighthood, appeared to us to be very widely extended. The Chevaliers de St Louis were literally swarming. You could scarcely enter a shop, where you did not instantly discover one or more of these gentry sitting on the counter, conversing with the shopkeeper, or flirting with his daughter or wife. In their dress and general appearance in the forenoon, there appeared to be an unlimited latitude of shabbiness allowed both to the ladies and gentlemen; while in the evening, on the contrary, whether at home or abroad, we found them uniformly handsomely, and, making allowance for the difference of national costume, often elegantly drest. Nothing, indeed, could be more singular than the contrast between the extraordinary apparel of the same ladies (and those ladies of quality, marchionesses and countesses) whom we had visited at their own houses

in the forenoon, and their appearance, when we met them in the evening, at the public concerts or private parties given at Aix. In the morning, you will find them receiving visits in their bed-rooms in the most complete dishabille; their night-cap not removed, a little bed-gown thrown carelessly over them; their hair in papillots, and their handsome ancles covered by coarse list slippers. In the evening, the *bonnet de nuit* is discarded, and a snow-white plume of feathers waves upon its former foundation; the little bed-gown is thrown aside, and a superb robe of satin rustles and glitters in its stead; the head, instead of being bristled with papillots, is clothed with the most luxuriant curls; and the unrivalled foot and ancle display at once, in the beauty of their shape and the elegance of their decoration, the bounty of nature and the unwearied assiduity of nature's assistant journeymen—the shoemakers. The style of French parties is certainly very dissimilar to those we are accustomed to in our own country. And this difference is easily to be traced to the remarkable differences in the character of the two nations. To the prevailing influence of the fancy, the power of imagination and the love of amusement amongst the French, and to those ideas of sober sense,

that spirit of phlegmatic indifference, and the engrossing influence of public employments, which are remarkable in the English nation. During our residence in the south, we were invited by the Countess de R—— to a ball, which, she told us, was given in honour of her son's birth-day. We went accordingly, and were first received in the card-rooms, which we found brilliantly lighted and decorated, and full of company. We were then conducted into another handsome apartment fitted up as a theatre. The curtain rose, and the young Count de R—— tripped lightly from behind the scenes, with the most complete self-possession, and at the same time, with great elegance, begun a little address to the audience, apologising for his inability to amuse them as he could have wished, and concluded his address, by singing, with a great deal of action, two French songs. He then skipped nimbly off the stage and returned, leading in the principal actress at the theatre here, M. de ———. They performed together a little dramatic interlude composed for the occasion; the company then adjourned into the card-rooms, and the evening concluded by a ball. At another private party we attended when the company were assembled; a folding door flew open, and a party of ladies

and gentlemen, fantastically drest as shepherds and shepherdesses, flew into the room, and to our great amusement, began acting with their pipes and crooks and garlands, and all the paraphernalia of pastoral life, those employments of rural labour, or scenes of rustic courtship, which, in their public amusements, we have before remarked as peculiar favourites with the French people.

If, as we have above remarked, for the hopes of the restoration of truth, and honour, and principle, in France, we must turn to the lower orders, it will not, I trust, be thought too trifling to observe, that any thing like real excellence in music, another favourite national propensity, is, as far as we could observe, to be found in the peasantry alone. The music of the capital, the modern compositions performed at the opera, the prevailing songs of the day, are all noisy, unmeaning, unharmonious (I speak, of course, merely from personal feeling, and with deference to those better able to form an opinion upon the subject;) but it is impossible to hear the unharmonious crash which proceeds from the orchestra of the opera, without immediately recollecting the celebrated pun of Rosseau: "Pour l'Academie de musique, certainement il fait le plus du bruit

du monde." On the other hand, it is amongst the peasantry alone that you now find the ancient music of France. Those airs which are so deeply associated with all the glory and gallantry of the old monarchy; those songs of olden times, which were chanted by the wandering Troubadours, as they returned from foreign wars to their native vallies, and whose simple melody recalls the days of chivalry in which they arose: these, and all others of the same æra, which once composed in truth the national music of this great people, are no longer to be found amongst the higher classes of the community. But they still exist among the peasantry. The vine-dresser, as he begins, with the rising sun, his labours in the vineyards; or the poor muleteer, as he drives his cattle to the water, will chant, as he goes along, those ancient airs, which, in all their native simplicity, he has heard from his fathers; and which, in other days, have echoed through the halls of feudal pride, or have been sung in the bowers of listening beauty. Of the prevalence of this refined taste in poetry among the lower orders of the peasantry, the following fragment of an old ballad, still very commonly sung to the ancient Troubadour air by the peasantry of Provence, may be given as a familiar instance:

LE TROUBADOUR.

Un gentil Troubadour
Qui chant et fait la guerre,
Revenait chez son Pere
Revant a son amour.
Gages de sa valeur
Suspendus en echarpe,
Son epèe et sa harpe
Croisaient sur son cœur.

Il rencontre en chemin
Pelerine jolie
Qui voyage et qui prie
Un rosaire a la main.
Colerette aux longs plies
Couvre sa fine taille,
Et grande chapeau de paille
Cache son front divin.

" Ah! gentil Troubadour,
Si tu reviens fidele,
Chant un couplet pour celle
Qui benit ton retour."
" Pardonnez mon refus,
Pelerine jolie,
Sans avoir vu m'amie,
Je ne chanterai plus."

" Ne la revois tu pas—
Oh Troubadour fidele,
Regarde la—C'est elle,
Ouvre lui donc tes bras.

Priant pour notre amour
J'allois en pelerine
A la vierge divine
Demander son secours.

I believe no apology need be made for subjoining here, another very favourite song in the French army: One of our party heard it sung by a body of French soldiers, who were on their return to their homes, from the campaign of Moscow.

LA CENTINELLE.

L'Astre de nuit dans son paisible eclat
Lanca ses feux sur les tentes de la France,
Non loin de camp un jeune et beau soldat
Ainsi chantoit appuyè sur sa lance.

" Allez, volez, zephyrs joyeux,
Portez mes vœux vers ma patrie,
Dites que je veille dans ces lieux,
Que je veille dans ces lieux,
C'est pour la gloire et pour m'amie.

L'Astre de jour r'animera le combat,
Demain il faut signaler ma valence;
Dans la victoire on trouve le trepas,
Mais si je meurs au coté de ma lance,—

Volez encore, zephyrs joyeux,
Portez mes regrets vers ma patrie,

Dites que je meurs dans ces lieux,
Que je meurs dans ces lieux,
C'est pour la gloire et pour m'amie."

It is certainly productive of no common feelings, when, in travelling into the interior of the country, you find these beautiful songs, so much despised in the metropolis of the nation, still lingering in their native vallies, and shedding their retiring sweetness over those scenes to which they owed their birth.

How much is it to be desired that some man of genius, some lover of the real glory of his country, would collect, with religious hand, these scattered flowers, which are so fast sinking into decay, and again raise into general estimation the beautiful and forgotten music of his native land.

In a discussion upon French manners, and the present condition of French society, it is impossible but that one great and leading observation must almost immediately present itself, and the truth of which, on whatever side, or to whatever class of society you may turn, becomes only the more apparent as you take the longer time to consider it; this is, that the French *carry on every thing in public*. That every thing, whether it is connected with busi-

ness or with pleasure, whether it concerns the more serious affair of political government, or the pursuit of science, or the cultivation of art, or whether it is allied only to a taste for society, to the gratification of individual enjoyment, to the passing occupations of the day, or the pleasures of the evening—all, in short, either of serious, or of lighter nature, is open and public. It is carried on abroad, where every eye may see, and every ear may listen. Every one who has visited France since the revolution must make this remark. The first thing that strikes a stranger is, that a Frenchman has *no home:* He lives in the middle of the public; he breakfasts at a caffé; his wife and family generally do the same. During the day, he perhaps debates in the Corps Legislatif, or sleeps over the essays in the Academie des Sciences, or takes snuff under the Apollo, or talks of the fashions of the Nouvelle Cour, at the side of the Venus de Medicis, or varies the scene by feeding the bears in the Jardin des Plantes. He then dines abroad at a restaurateur's. His wife either is there with him, or perhaps she prefers a different house, and frequents it alone. His sons and daughters are left to manage matters as they best can. The sons, therefore, frequent their favourite caffés, whilst the daugh-

ters remain confined under the care of their *bonnes* or *duennas*. In the evening he strolls about the Palais, joins some friend or another, with whom he takes his caffé, and sips his liqueurs in the Salon de Paix or Milles Colonnes; he then adjourns to the opera, where, for two hours, he will twist himself into all the appropriate contortions of admiration, and vent his joy, in the strangest curses of delight, the moment that Bigottini makes her appearance upon the stage; and, having thus played those many parts which compose his motley day, he will return at night to his own lodging, perfectly happy with the manner he has employed it, and ready, next morning, to recommence, with recruited alacrity, the same round of heterogeneous enjoyment. Such is, in fact, an epitome of the life of all Frenchmen, who are not either bourgeoise, employed constantly in their shops during the day, or engaged in the civil or military avocations—of those who are in the same situation in France, as our gentlemen of independent fortune in England. Another peculiarity is, that the Frenchmen of the present day are not only always abroad, in the midst *of the public*, but that they invariably flock from the interior of the kingdom into Paris, and there engage in those public exhibitions, and bustle about in that endless routine

of business or pleasure, which is passing in the capital. The French nobility, and the men of property who still remain in the kingdom, invariably spend their lives in Paris. Their whole joy consists in exhibiting themselves in public in the capital. Their magnificent chateaus, their parks, their woods and fields, and their ancient gardens, decorated by the taste, and often cultivated by the hands of their fathers, are allowed to fall into unpitied ruin. If they retire for a few weeks to their country seat, it is only to collect the rents from their neglected peasantry, to curse themselves for being condemned to the *triste sejour* of their paternal estate; and, after having thus replenished their coffers, to dive again from their native woods, with renewed strength, into all the publicity and dissipation of the capital. This was not always the state of things in France. Previous to, and during the reign of Henry IV. the manners, the society, and the mode of life of the nobility and gentlemen of the kingdom, were undoubtedly different. The country was not then deserted for the town; the industry of the peasantry was exerted under the immediate eye of the proprietor; and his happiness formed, we may believe, no inferior object in the mind of his

master. If we look at the domestic memoirs which describe the condition of France in these ancient days, we shall find that even from the early age of Francis I. till the commencement of the political administration of Richelieu, the situation of this country presented a very different picture; and that the lives of the country gentlemen were passed in a very opposite manner from that unnatural state of the kingdom to which we have above alluded. Even the condition of the interior of the kingdom, as it is now seen, points to this happier state of things. Their chateaus, which are now deserted,—their silent chambers, with tarnished gilding and decaying tapestry, remind us of the days when the old nobleman was proud to spend his income on the decoration and improvement of his property; the library, on whose walls we see the family pictures, in those hunting and shooting dresses which tell of the healthier exercises of a country retirement; whilst on the shelves, there sleeps undisturbed the forgotten literature of the Augustan age of France—all this evidently shows, that there was once, at least, to be found in the interior of the kingdom, another and a different state of things. In the essays of Montaigne, the private life of a French gentleman is admirably

depicted. His days appear to have been divided between his family, his library, and his estate. A French nobleman lived then happy in the seat of his ancestors. His family grew up around him; and he probably visited the town as rarely as the present nobility do the country,—the education of his children,—the care of his peasantry,—the rural labours of planting and gardening,—the sports of the country,—the *grandes chasses* which he held in his park, surrounded by troops of servants who had been born on his estate, and who evinced their affection by initiating the young heir into all the mysteries of the chase, the enjoyment of the society of his friends and neighbours; all these varied occupations filled up the happy measure of his useful and enviable existence. The life of the country proprietor in these older days of France, assimilated, in short, in a great degree to the present manner of life amongst the same classes which is still observable in England.

It is impossible to conceive any thing more striking than the difference between this picture of a French chateau in these older days, and the condition in which you find them at the present moment. We once visited the chateau of one of the principal noblemen in

Provence; and he himself had the politeness to accompany us. The situation of the castle was perfectly beautiful; but on coming nearer, every thing showed that it was completely neglected. The different rooms, which were once superb, were now bare and unfurnished. The walks through the park, the seats and temples in the woods, and the superb gardens, were speedily going to decay. The surface of his ponds, in the midst of which the fountains still played, were covered with weeds, and the rank grass was waving round the bases of the marble statues, which were placed at the termination of the green alleys; every thing showed the riches, the care, and the taste of a former generation, and the carelessness and neglect of the present. On remonstrating with the proprietor, he defended himself by telling us how lonely he should feel at such a distance from Paris: "*C'est toujours ici (said he), un triste sejour.*" A collation was served up, and after this, being in want of amusement, he opened a closet in the corner of the room, and discovered to us, in its recess, a vast variety of toys, which he began to exhibit to the ladies, telling us, "that when forced to live in the country, he diverted his solitary hours with these entertaining little affairs."

Nothing certainly can be more striking than this contrast between the modern and ancient life of a French proprietor or nobleman; and it is a question which must necessarily arise in the mind of every one, who has observed this remarkable difference, what are the causes to which so great a change is owing? Perhaps, if we look into it, this extraordinary change will be found to have arisen chiefly out of the vigorous, but dangerous policy of that age, when, under the administration of Richelieu, the power of the sovereign rose upon the ruins of the aristocracy—when the institution of standing armies first began to be systematically followed—and when, by the perfection of their police, and that vilest of all inventions, their espionage, the comfort, the security, and the confidence of society was destroyed, by the secret influence of these poisonous and pensioned menials of government. In the successful accomplishment of these three great objects, was involved the destruction of that older state of France, which was to be seen under Henry III. and IV. The schemes by which Richelieu succeeded in drawing the nobility from the interior of the country to Paris, the style of splendid living, sumptuous expences, and magnificent entertainments which he introduced, produced

two unhappy effects; it removed them from their country seats, and forced them at the same time to drain their estates, in order to defray their increasing expences in the capital. It made them dependent in a great measure upon the crown; and thus tied them down to Paris. On the other hand, by what has been termed his *admirable* police, by his encouragement to all informers, by the jealousy of any thing like private intercourse, he rendered the retirement of their homes, the fire-side of their families, instead of that sacred spot, around which was once seated all the charities of life, the very center of all that was hollow, gloomy, and suspicious. It was in this manner that the French seem actually to have been driven from the society of their families, to seek a kind of desperate solitude in public; and that which was at first a necessity, has, in the progress of time, become an established habit. But I have to apologise for introducing, in a chapter of this light nature, and that perhaps in too strong language, these vague conjectures upon so serious a subject as this change in the condition of French society.

One necessary effect of the taste for publicity, formerly mentioned, is, that in France every thing is in some way or other attempted

to be made a *spectacle;* and this favourite word itself has gradually grown into such universal usage, that it has acquired such power over the minds of all classes of the people, as to be hardly ever out of their mouths. Whatever they are describing, be it grave or gay, serious or ludicrous, a comedy or a tragedy, a scene in the city or in the country; in short, every thing, of whatever nature or character it may chance to be, which is seen in public, is included under this all-comprehensive term; and the very highest praise which can be given it, is, "Ah Monsieur, c'est un *vrai* spectacle. C'est un spectacle tout a *fait superbe.*" It is this taste for spectacles, this inordinate passion for every thing producing *effect*, every thing which can add in this manner to what they conceive ought to be the necessary arrangement in all public exhibitions, which has, in many of these exhibitions, completely destroyed all the deeper feelings which they would otherwise naturally be calculated to produce. It is this taste which has created that dreadful and disgusting anomaly in national antiquities, the Museé des Monumens François, which has mangled and dilapidated the monuments of the greatest men, and the memorials of the proudest days of France, to produce in Paris a

spectacle worthy of the *grande nation.* It is this same taste, which, in that solemn commemoration of the death of their king, the *service solennel* for Louis XVI. contrived to introduce a species of affected parade,—a detailed and theatrical sort of grief,—a kind of meretricious mummery of sorrow, which banished all the feelings, and almost completely destroyed the impression which such a scene in any other country would inevitably have produced. Any thing, it may be easily imagined, which gratifies this general taste for public exhibitions, and any thing which is fitted to increase their effect, is greeted by the French with the highest applause. One would have imagined, that the first appearance of Lord Wellington in the French opera, would, to most Frenchmen, have been a circumstance certainly not to make an exhibition of: Very far from it—The presence of Lord Wellington added greatly to the general effect of the spectacle. This was all the French thought of; and he was received, if possible, with more enthusiastic applause, and more reiterated greetings than the royal family of France. Would a French conqueror have met with the same reception in the opera at London?

When the reviews of the Russian troops were daily occurring in the Champ de Mars, an

anxiety to examine the state of their discipline, and the general condition of their army, induced us punctually to attend them. What was our astonishment, when we saw *several* barouches full of French ladies, seemingly taking the greatest delight in superintending the manœuvres of the very men who had conquered the armies, and occupied the capital of their country; and delighted with the attentions which were paid them by the different Russian officers who had led them to victory?

But there is yet another exhibition in Paris, which is at once the most singular in its nature, and which shows, in the very strongest light, this general deep-set passion in the French, for the creation of what they imagine the necessary *effect* which ought to be attended to in every thing which is displayed in public, I mean that extraordinary exhibition which they term the Catacombs. These catacombs are large subterraneous excavations, which stretch themselves to a great extent under Paris; and which were originally the quarries which furnished the stones for building the greater part of that capital. You arrive at them by descending, by torch light, a narrow winding stair, which strikes perpendicularly into the bosom of the earth; and which, although its height

is not above 70 feet, leads you to a landing-place, so dark and dismal, that it might be as well in the centre of the earth as so near its surface. After walking for a considerable time through different obscure subterranean streets, you arrive at the great stone gate of the catacombs, above which you can read by the light of the torches, "*The Habitation of the Dead.*" On entering, you find yourself in a dark wide hall, supported by broad stone pillars, with a low arched roof, the further end of which is hid in complete obscurity; but the walls of which, (as they are illuminated by the livid and feeble gleam of the torches), are discovered to be completely formed of human bones. All this, as far as I have yet described,—the subterranean streets which you traverse,—the dark gate of the great hall, over which you read the simple but solemn inscription,—and the gloom and silence of the chambers, whose walls you discover to be furnished in this terrible manner, is fitted to produce a most deep and powerful effect. To find yourself the only living being, surrounded on every side by the dead; to be the only thing that possesses the consciousness of existence, while millions of those who have once *been* as you *are*—millions of all ages, from the infant who has just looked in upon

this world, in its innocent road to heaven, to the aged, who has fallen in the fullness of years; —and the young, the gay, and the beautiful of former centuries, lie all cold and silent around you :—it is impossible that these deep and united feelings should not powerfully affect the mind,—should not lead it to rivet its thoughts upon that last scene, which all are to act alone, and where, in the cold and unconscious company of the dead, we are here destined to " end the strange, eventful history" of our nature: But unfortunately, the guide, who now approaches you, insists upon your examining the details, which he conceives it is his duty to point out; and it is then that you discover, that this prevailing taste for producing effect, this love of the arrangements necessary to complete the *spectacle*, has invaded even this sacred receptacle. The ornaments which he points out, and which are curiously framed of the whitest and most polished bones; little altars which are built of the same materials in the corners of the chambers, and crowned with what the artists have imagined the handsomest skulls; and the frequent poetical quotations, which, upon a nearer view, you discern upon the walls;—all this, in the very worst style of French taste, evinces, that the

same unhallowed hands which had dared to violate the monuments of their heroes, have not scrupled to intrude their presumptuous and miserable efforts, even into the humbler sanctuary allotted to the dead.

I have above described the singular, and, to a stranger, most entertaining scenes which take place at the French balls. If, however, owing to this extraordinary state of manners, to the ludicrous ardour of the old ladies, and the very moderate proportion of the young ones, a French ball is more the scene of aged folly, than of youthful pleasure, it must be allowed, that in another style of society, their lesser parties, they far excel us. The conversation in these is easy, natural, and often even fascinating. The terms of polite familiarity with which you yourself are regarded, and with which you are encouraged to treat all around you; the absence of every thing like stiffness, or formality; the little interludes of music, in which, either in singing, or in performing on some instrument, most of those you meet are able to take a part; the round games which are often introduced, and where all forget themselves to be happy, and to make others so,—this species of party is certainly something far superior to those crowded assemblies, engrafted now, as it would appear,

with general consent, upon English society; and which, with a ludicrous perversity, we have denominated by that sacred word of Home, which has so long connected itself with scenes of tranquil and unobtrusive enjoyment.

After having given such a picture of the general state of French society, as we have presented in this chapter, it would be highly unjust if we did not mention, that to the above descriptions of life and manners, we found many exceptions. That we met with many very intelligent men, of liberal education and gentlemanly conduct; and that in the town where we resided, and indeed generally during our travels, we experienced the greatest hospitality and kindness. The most amiable features in the French character are shewn in their conduct to strangers. But this is one of the few points in which we think they deserve the imitation of our countrymen; and we have been the more full in our observations upon their faults, because we trust that there may ever remain a marked difference between the two nations.

The present we consider as the moment when all those who have had opportunities of judging of the French character, ought in duty to make public the information they have collected; for it is now that a more perfect in-

tercourse must produce its effects upon the two nations; and taking it as an established maxim, that "vice to be hated, needs only to be seen," we have thus hastily laid our observations before the public, claiming their indulgence for the manifold faults to which our anxious desire to avail ourselves of the favourable moment has unavoidably given rise.

REGISTER OF THE WEATHER.

The climate of the south of France is, very generally, recommended for those invalids who are suffering under pulmonary complaints. The author of the foregoing work having resided at Aix, in Provence, during the winter months, has thought it right to publish the following short Register of the Weather, for the use of those who may have it in view to try the benefit of change of climate. His object is to show, that although, in general, the climate is much milder than in England or Scotland, yet there is much greater variety than is generally imagined. Upon the whole, he conceives, that he derived considerable benefit from his residence at Aix. But such were the difficulties in travelling, and so great was the want of comfort in the houses in the south of France, that he is of opinion, that in most cases a residence in Devonshire would be found fully as beneficial.

From experience in his own case, he can venture to affirm, that where the patient, labouring under a pulmonary complaint, visits the south of France, he should perform the journey by sea, which appears to him as beneficial as the land journey is hurtful.

In keeping the following Register, the thermometer was in the shade, though in a warm situation. The time of observation was between 12 and 1 in France, and between 10 and 11 in Edinburgh.

Dec.		Ther
12.	Air delightful, like a fine day in June—sun very powerful, - - - -	60¼
13.	The air rather damp and heavy—the sun very powerful, - - - - -	65¾
14.	Excepting in the sun, it was cold to-day, like to a spring day—the *Vent de Bise* prevailed in the morning, - - -	59
15.	Frosty day—but between twelve and two the sun powerful, and the climate delightful, -	56¾
16.	The air frosty, but the sun very powerful—temperature delightful, though sharp and bracing—air very dry, - - - -	56¾
17.	Air more mild—sun exceedingly hot—this was a charming day—the air still sufficiently bracing,	59
18.	No sun to-day—very mild air, but damp, -	54½
19.	No sun to-day—air very damp, and a little rain—a mild day, but very disagreeable, -	56¾
20.	Rain all night—thick mist in the morning, air damp—at twelve, the day broke up, and it was pleasant, - - -	54½
21.	Rain in the night—day damp, raw and cold,	52¼
22.	Day cleared up about twelve—air rather damp and raw—a great deal of rain in the night, -	52¼
23.	Clear day, but wind fresh and cold—pleasant in the sun, - - - - -	53¼
24.	Clear day—wind fresh and unpleasant—air damp,	53½
25.	Clear day—wind very cold, but pleasant in the sun	52½
26.	Day very cloudy, with rain—rain all night—air damp and very cold, - -	50
27.	Day still cloudy, though clearing up—air rather raw, - - - -	52½

Dec.		T'er
12.	Misty and damp—cleared up at mid-day, the thermometer rose to 54, - -	44
13.	Fine clear day, - - -	45
14.	Mild and damp, - - - -	40
15.	Showery and disagreeable, - -	45
16.	Wind and rain, - - -	47
17.	A great deal of rain and very stormy, -	44
18.	Incessant rain—very windy at night, -	42
19.	Heavy showers of rain and sleet, -	39
20.	A fine clear day, - - -	32
21.	A fine day, - - - -	31
22.	A fine day, - - - -	37
23.	A cold east wind, - - -	32
24.	A very cold N. E. wind, - -	35
25.	Cold wind and showers of snow, - -	33
26.	Cold wind and showers of snow, -	33
27.	Cold north wind—damp and dark -	34

Dec.		Ther
28.	Day clear, morning frosty, but at noon temperature delightful, - - - -	54½
29.	Day clear, frosty, at twelve most charming	54½
30.	The same as yesterday, - - -	54½
31.	Ditto, ditto, - - -	54½
1815. Jan. 1.	Day frosty, very cold in the morning, ice of one-fourth of an inch on the pools; at twelve most delightful in the sun, - - -	52½
2.	Clear frosty day, very pleasant in the sun, -	52½
3.	Dark, cloudy, raw and cold; no going out,	45½
4.	A clear frosty day, very cold, but pleasant in the sun, - - - - -	47½
5.	Intensely cold and cloudy; no sun, -	40
6.	Intensely cold, a bitter wind, cloudy, and no sun,	41
7.	Not quite so cold, but raw, windy and disagreeable; snow at night, - - -	47¾
8.	Very cold, but pleasant in the sun; no wind,	44½
9.	The same as yesterday, - - -	43½
10.	Air much milder; very pleasant in the sun,	50
11.	Cold and windy; air rather raw; the *mistral* blowing,	50
12.	Cold and windy; *mistral* blowing, - -	45½
13.	Wind fallen, but cold continues; air more dry,	44½
14.	Snow in the night, rain in the morning; cold and raw day, - - - -	45½
15.	Cold, but more dry; no sun, very unpleasant, and every appearance of snow, - -	43½

Dec.		Ther
28.	Dark and damp	34
29.	A good deal of snow,	33
30.	Stormy and tempestuous,	45
31.	A fine day	35
1815. Jan. 1.	A fine day,	35
2.	Cloudy and damp,	47
3.	Cloudy,	44
4.	Very rainy,	45
5.	Mist and rain,	38
6.	A fine day,	34
7.	Damp, and a good deal of rain,	38
8.	Clear frost—some snow,	30
9.	Wind and rain,	42
10.	Snow in the forenoon—a perfect tempest of wind and rain at night,	33
11.	A great deal of snow during the night,	32
12.	A fine day,	34
13.	A fine day—snow melting,	37
14.	A fine day,	40
15.	A fine day,	30

Jan.		Ther
16.	Snow in the night, dry cold day, but brilliant and powerful sun, - - - -	41
17.	Very high *mistral*, blowing intensely cold; air milder than yesterday, - - -	43¼
18.	Still very cold, but pleasant in the sun; no wind,	43¼
19.	Cold increased, hard frost; no wind, -	34¼
20.	Cold continues, but not so severe, - -	38¾
21.	Clear frosty day, but cold diminished; delightful in the sun, - - - -	43¼
22.	Clear frosty day, but cold; sun very powerful	43¼
23.	Clear frosty day, sun pleasant, - -	48¼
24.	Cloudy and damp, but air milder; no sun,	43¼
25.	Rain the greater part of the day, cloudy and damp; air milder, - - - -	43¼
26.	Cloudy all day, but air milder, - -	47¾
27.	Cloudy and damp; but the air very mild, -	50
28.	Ditto ditto ditto, -	50
29.	Day clear and sunny; very pleasant -	54½
30.	Rainy all day long; air colder, - -	50
31.	Day clears up, but air moist; air mild, -	54½
Feb. 1.	Day cloudy and damp; air mild, - -	52½
2.	Day very clear, delightful sun, - -	54
3.	Day cloudy and damp, air very mild, -	52½
4.	Day clear, very windy, but air very mild, -	56¾
5.	Day very clear, bright sun, no wind, but air colder,	52½

Jan.		Ther
16.	A good deal of rain,	37
17.	A fine day,	35
18.	Very gloomy,	32
19.	Hard frost in the night—very gloomy,	32
20.	A great deal of snow,	35
21.	Snow	34
22.	Clear fine day,	31
23.	Very hard frost in the night—fine day,	25
24.	Very cold,	29
25.	Good day, but very cold,	22
26.	A great deal of snow,	32
27.	Snow—a cold north wind,	34
28.	Snow and hail,	32
29.	Rain and snow—very wet,	36
30.	Very wet and disagreeable,	36
31.	A fine mild day,	35
Feb. 1.	Very damp—heavy rain in the evening,	38
2.	Rain, and very thick mist,	40
3.	A fine day,	38
4.	Damp and rainy,	38
5.	A fine day,	40

Feb		Thermometer
6.	Day very clear, bright sun, no wind, air mild	54½
7.	Ditto ditto ditto ditto	54½
8.	Ditto ditto ditto ditto	54½
9.	Day cloudy, a little rain, air colder,	52½
10.	Day very cloudy, a little rain, air mild, but damp, heavy, and unpleasant,	54½
11.	Ditto ditto ditto ditto	54½
12.	Day clearer, but still heavy, and rather damp; air mild	54½
13.	Day damp, cloudy, great deal of rain and wind, air cold,	50
14.	Much the same,	50
15.	Fine clear day, sun very hot, air mild,	56½
16.	Raw and damp, a little rain,	54½
17.	Delightful day, but good deal of wind; sun very powerful,	56½
18.	Delightful day, no wind, sun very powerful,	61½
19.	Ditto ditto, high wind,	61½
20.	Ditto ditto, less wind,	61½
21.	Ditto ditto ditto ditto,	61½
22.	Ditto ditto ditto ditto,	61½
23.	Ditto ditto ditto ditto,	61½
24.	Ditto ditto ditto ditto,	61½
25.	Ditto ditto ditto ditto,	61½
26.	Ditto ditto ditto ditto,	64
27.	Ditto ditto ditto ditto,	64

Feb.		Ther.
6.	Damp and rainy,	40
7.	Very mild, but damp and cloudy,	45
8.	A fine day; rain in the evening,	45
9.	A very fine day; quite summer,	38
10.	A fine day,	32
11.	A pretty good day; rather damp and cloudy,	45
12.	A fine forenoon, rain from two o'clock,	45
13.	A fine day,	45
14.	Cloudy and damp,	45
15.	Cloudy and some rain,	44
16.	Damp and showery,	43
17.	A fine day,	41
18.	Cloudy, and a cold N. E. wind,	41
19.	Damp and rainy, very windy in the evening,	45
20.	A cold north wind; showers of rain,	42
21.	Showery,	45
22.	A pretty good day, but windy,	50
23.	Quite a summer day,	49
24.	A good deal of rain in the morning,	47
25.	Rain; very tempestuous at night,	45
26.	A cold north wind,	38
27.	A pretty good day,	38

Feb.					Ther
28.	Ditto	ditto	ditto	ditto,	64
Mar. 1	Ditto	ditto	ditto	ditto,	61½
2.	Ditto	ditto	ditto	ditto,	64½
3.	Delightful day, sun very powerful,			-	64
4.	Ditto	ditto	ditto	ditto,	64
5.	Ditto	ditto	ditto	ditto,	64
6.	Ditto	ditto	ditto	ditto,	64
7.	Ditto	ditto	ditto	ditto,	50
8.	Day damp and raw, rain in the evening			-	54½
9.	Fine day, but high wind,		-	-	60½
10.	Day damp and raw,	-	-	-	54½
11.	Day very cold, high wind, a little hail,			-	52½
12.	Cold and raw, high wind and a little rain,			-	54½

Feb.		Ther
28.	A charming summer day, - -	48
Mar. 1	Rainy, - - - -	48
2.	A very fine day, - - - -	38
3.	A pretty good day, but windy, - -	45
4.	A very fine day, - - -	42
5.	A fine day, - - -	45
6.	A very fine day, - - -	43
7.	A pretty good day, but a perfect tempest of wind and rain in the night, - - -	43
8.	A very good day, - - - -	44
9.	Showers of snow, - - - -	36
10.	A very cold north wind, - -	32
11.	A very cold day, - - - -	35
12.	A very cold wind, and showers of snow,	40

FINIS.

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PRINTER, EDINBURGH.